

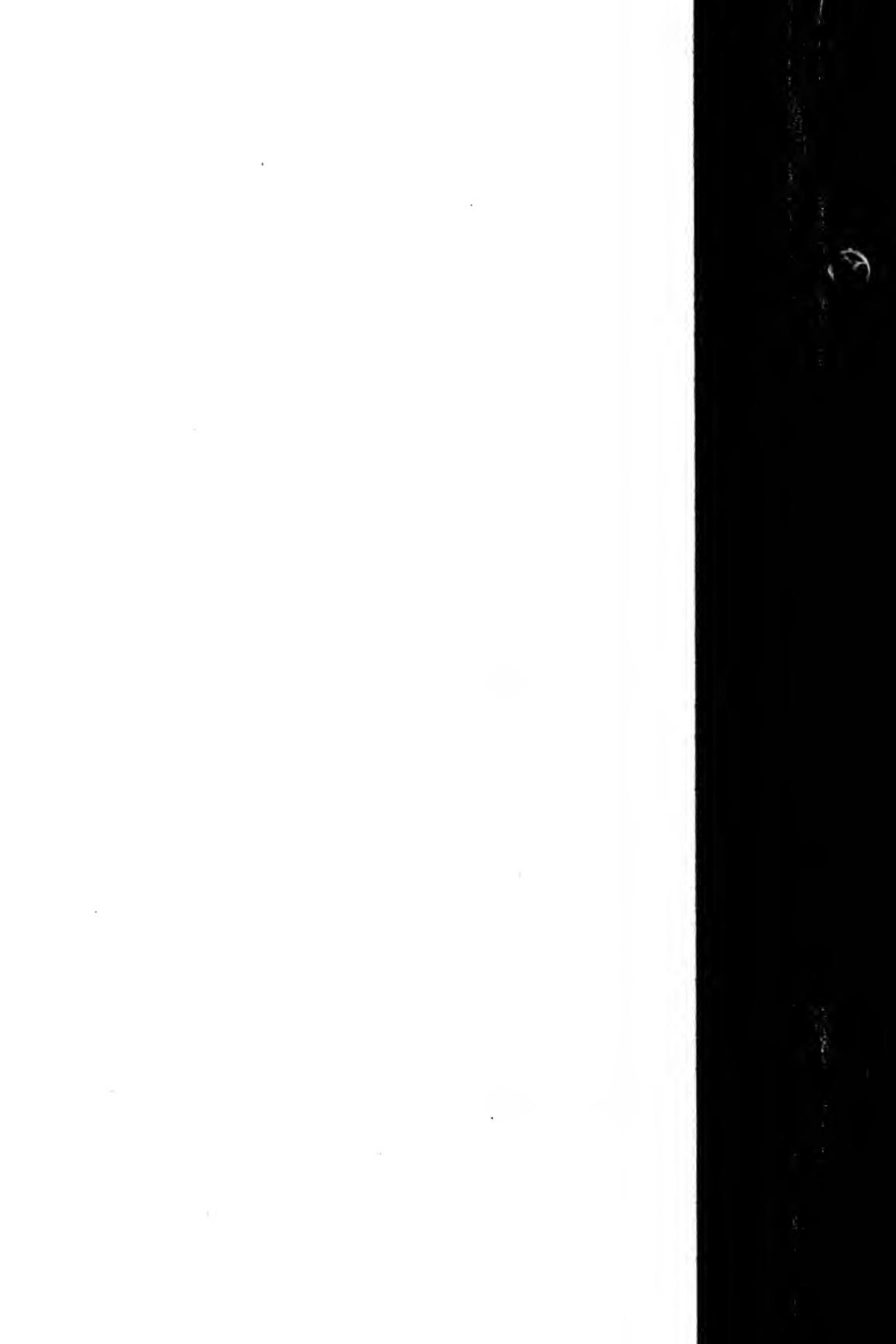
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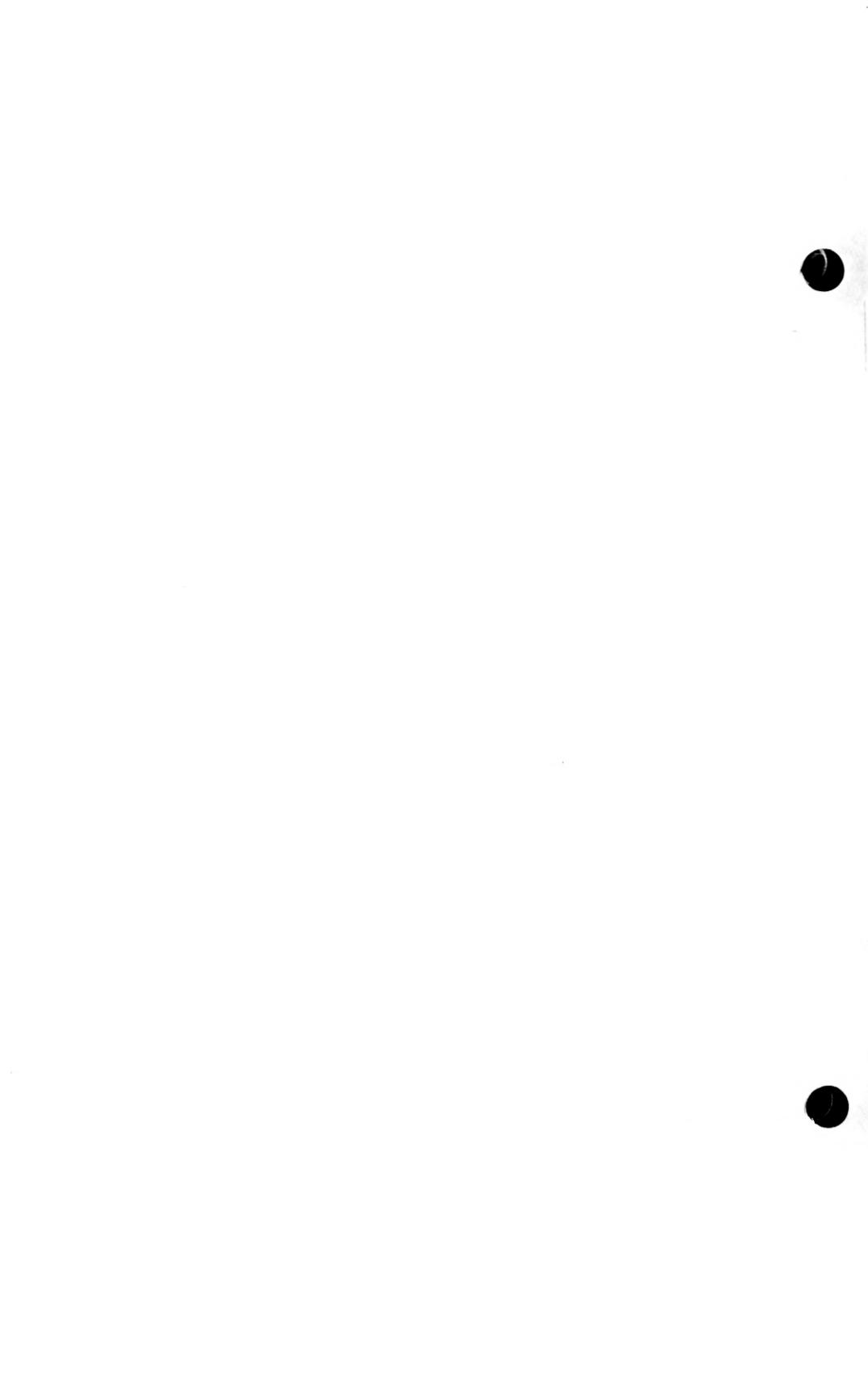
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University of Illinois
THE GREEN CALDRON

THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



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CONTENTS

<i>Thomas J. Finneran: It's a Wacky Game</i>	1
<i>Thelma Allen: Steinbeck's Nostalgia</i>	2
<i>Larry Brandt: Stalemate</i>	3
<i>William Shockley: Shake Hands with Yourself</i>	5
<i>Michele Gloor: The Necessity of Meaning</i>	6
<i>James Miller: The Lonely Hours</i>	7
<i>Burt Miller: Justice for Americans</i>	8
<i>Haskell Hart: Modern Tragedy</i>	9
<i>Elliot Smith: Distinguishing Capitalism</i>	11
<i>J. A. Sessler: Death of a Sad Man</i>	12
<i>Howard Cary: The Eminent Dignity of Man</i>	13
<i>Janet Wendel: A College Disease and Its Cure</i>	14
<i>Clark Robinson: Should America Convert to the Metric System?</i>	16
<i>Mary K. Behrens: 'I Should Not Seem Part of It'</i>	17
<i>Rhet as Writ</i>	22
<i>Winners</i>	23
<i>The Contributors</i>	24

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It's a Wacky Game

THOMAS J. FINNERAN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 4

MY FRIENDS INFORMED ME THAT A MAN BEGAN CHASING a little white ball around a field when he became too old to chase anything else. Despite this sage advice, I tore up my little black book, canceled my subscription to *Playboy*, and leaped blindly into the world of golf. Since the day of that fatal plunge, I've been subjected to sunburn, windburn, heat prostration, colds, pneumonia, torn ligaments, muscle sprains, and countless other aches and pains. I have pursued that white gutta-percha ball across the sandy wastes of deserts, through damp tropical jungles, up mountain slopes, and into snow covered tundra.

The innovation of golf is attributed to Scottish shepherds who became bored with viewing future tweeds on the hoof and began knocking stones about the pasture using their knotted crooks as clubs. Why couldn't they be content to play upon the flute and compose odes to those smelly, woolly, bleating mammals? They created a pastime, although it has been altered through the decades, that became an international institution. When prehistoric man beat upon the ground with a cudgel, he was a savage; the modern man pommels the earth with a stock, but he is classified as a sportsman. His club is now fabricated of highly chromed steel, has a molded grip of expensive leather with a price tag to match. Be he President or plumber, his equipment is the finest manufactured and he wields it mightily. Since I've become addicted to golf, my bank account has dwindled to an all-time low, but I possess a formidable array of equipment, gadgets, and accessories. My room is littered with countless volumes of golf instruction manuals and books, plus one small, dusty trophy. This award was presented by my fellow golfers for discovering portions of the golf course never before explored. Around the clubhouse they refer to me as "the Christopher Columbus of Sleepy Hollow."

My first impression of the golf course was a beautiful panorama of lush green landscapes, stately elms, majestic lakes, and serenity. It appeared to be a world of pastoral delights, where gentle breezes skipped playfully across multi-colored sun-drenched grass, paused momentarily to caress the flowers, and then leaped gayly into the outstretched branches of the trees. This illusion vanished with my first stroke. It was then that I realized I had been ensnared in a giant maze of pitfalls and hazards, which had been strategically placed to encompass my ball. These traps and snares are still present, but gone forever is that one vivid memory of scenic beauty.

In spite of the historical facts, it is my belief that golf is a sport initiated by the Devil to recruit more acolytes. This expensive hobby was created by sadists and fiends to disprove the theory that all men are created equal.

Steinbeck's Nostalgia

THELMA ALLEN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 2

JOHN STEINBECK'S "FLIGHT" SEEMS TO SUPPORT DONALD Heiney's statement that "Steinbeck is a modern example of the modern American nostalgia for the primitive, the counter reaction to the triumphant urbanization of American culture which took place the first half of the twentieth century." To help produce this effect Steinbeck has isolated the Torres family, especially Pepe, from all modern civilization. Another factor to be considered is Steinbeck's continual reference to animals and Pepe's reduction to an animal-like existence.

In the first paragraph, the Torres farm is located "on the wild coast" below Monterey. The farm itself is similar to the pioneer farms—"Two horses, a red cow and a red calf, half a dozen pigs and a flock of lean, multi-colored chickens stocked the place," and "a little corn was raised . . ." and ground to flour with a "smooth stone metate" (p. 41). Then, too, the family depended upon the ocean for much of its food. Evidently, there were no close neighbors, for there is no mention of any, except the mysterious "dark watching men." Even the man who eventually kills Pepe remains unseen except during the short time it took for him to pass Pepe on the trail.

When Pepe started his flight he rode a saddled horse, wore a hat and jacket, carried a rifle, and had provisions—water, jerky, and a bedroll. The first night on the trail he left the hat under a tree. When his horse was killed on the next day, he lost his provisions as well. That night he discarded the coat; the following night he lost the rifle. Thus, the few evidences of civilization with which he began his journey were removed one by one. This loss, when coupled with Pepe's semi-primitive philosophy, makes him appear to be a primitive fugitive.

Steinbeck's setting is populated only by Pepe and his unknown follower in addition to the animals. Even so, animals are mentioned more times than is absolutely necessary. Several are mentioned only in passing and have no direct bearing on the story: lizards and rabbits which hurried away as he approached, a screaming red-tailed hawk, and the lizards on the mountain, one of which he killed; these, more than anything else, emphasize Steinbeck's nostalgia. The mention of others is necessary to achieve the full primitive effect of the incident—the doves, quail, and wildcat by the spring (p. 46), the night animals (p. 46), the buzzards (p. 47), the doe (p. 47), and the mountain lion (p. 48).

In addition, Steinbeck describes Pepe as an animal. Following the death of his horse, he moves with "the instinctive care of an animal. Rapidly he wormed his way . . ." (p. 47). Later he raised himself "With the effort of a

hurt beast" (p. 49). When he drew out the poison, "Instantly he threw back his head and whined like a dog" (p. 49). Near the end he was able only to hiss rather than to make words.

All of these elements, while necessary to the plot, were overemphasized. There could have been a near neighbor at least mentioned; the farm could have been more modern; at the end Pepe could have had some contact with civilization; his philosophy could have been more complex; there could have been fewer references to animals; Pepe's actions could have been described as less animal-like. On the whole, Steinbeck left the impression that although these points were not necessary, it was imperative that he include them to express fully his feeling. This feeling, nostalgia, must have been very strong because Steinbeck's primitivism is made so obvious. If he weren't nostalgic, the episode would have been presented in a different style, one which made less appeal to the readers' primitivism. Thus, Steinbeck strongly exemplifies the "modern American nostalgia for the primitive, the counter reaction to the triumphant urbanization of American culture."

Stalemate

LARRY BRANDT

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

"CHECKMATE!" I JOYFULLY EXCLAIMED AS I MANEUVERED my queen between my rook and my opponent's king. Reflecting on the moves that preceded the checkmate, I realized how similar the cold war is to a game of chess. The white pieces could be compared to the Communist Bloc and the black pieces to the Free World. Since white always has the first move in chess, the Communist Bloc represented by white is the aggressor at the start of the game. And so it is in the cold war. The Communist Bloc, since it is the "bad guy," invariably is the aggressor, and the Free World, since it is the "good guy," invariably is the defender. Since, in the cold war, as in chess, the defender seldom wins, it is essential that we "reserve the opening" if we are going to win the cold war.

As I thought more about this analogy between the cold war and chess, I realized that the comparison was much more involved. I saw that the kings could represent the main principles upon which the two opposing forces are founded. The main principle of the Free World is that all nations be free while the main principle of the Communist Bloc is that all countries be Communistic. The king, in chess, is of little tactical value; however, the game is over as soon as the king is captured. Likewise in the cold war, these principles seem to have little tactical value, yet the war will be over if the principle of either side is destroyed.

The black queen could represent the United States while the white queen could represent Russia. In chess, the queen is by far the most valuable piece, excluding the king. Although her capture does not end the game, it places her side at such a disadvantage that it can win only by the opposing side's blundering. Likewise, the "capture" of the United States or Russia would not end the cold war immediately, but would probably lead the side of the "captured" nation to eventual defeat.

The knights could represent the subversive activities of the opposing powers. In chess, the knight is the most maneuverable piece since it does not move in a straight line as all other pieces must, but moves two spaces to either side or frontwards or backwards, and then one space to the left or right. Because of this unusual move, knights are most effective in destroying the defense of the opposing side. Similarly, subversive activities are extremely effective in destroying the defense of the opposing nations.

As I continued the analogy, I saw that the black bishop could represent the Church while the white bishop could represent the antichrist or the Communistic movement to destroy Christianity. Since atheism is as detrimental to democracy as Christianity is to Communism, both opposing powers began with equally powerful forces, as in chess.

The rooks could represent the knowledge of the opposing sides. In chess, rooks have a dual mission. The first is to aid the other pieces in their mission—winning the game. The second, and more important, is to guard the king, usually by castling. Likewise, knowledge serves a dual mission in the cold war. The first is to serve as a topic for propaganda and thus be a powerful offensive weapon. The second, and more important, is to guard the principle upon which the nation is founded.

The pawns could represent the tools of propaganda of the opposing forces. In chess, each pawn is of little value by itself. However, several pawns together may provide a good attack. The maximum value of a pawn is achieved when it reaches the eighth rank, since then it can be exchanged for a more powerful piece which greatly aids its side. Similarly in the cold war, each bit of propaganda is of minor importance by itself. However, several bits of propaganda together can be a powerful weapon. When a bit of propaganda achieves its goal—that of swaying a neutral nation to alliance with the nation that published the propaganda—a powerful aid is given to the side that issued the propaganda.

After finishing my analogy, I marveled at how perfectly analogous such an apparently complex matter as the cold war is to a comparatively elementary one as chess. "If the cold war actually is no more complex than a game of chess, why haven't we won it?" I asked myself. Then I realized that chess has definite rules which must be followed, whereas war of any kind follows no rules. It is this lack of rules in the cold war that makes the game of life infinitely more complex than the game of chess.

Shake Hands with Yourself

WILLIAM SHOCKEY

Rhetoric 102, Theme 8

THE MOTTO OF THE WORLD TODAY IS "CHANGE." IT IS the age of progress. Liberalism is sweeping the nations. Each day, more new inventions are created; new things are discovered. After years of being social outcasts, scientists are being idolized. The emphasis in everything is "be modern." The age of progress seemingly began with a new attitude of thought, and is being continued with this same attitude, which is summed up by James Harvey Robinson in his essay "Four Kinds of Thinking" where he says "the fact that an idea is . . . widely received is no argument in its favor, but should immediately suggest the necessity of carefully testing it. . . ." When Martin Luther questioned the Catholic Church, the Protestant Church was born. When Columbus questioned the "obvious" flatness of the earth, he stumbled onto a new land. The reader can probably recall many such examples. And so it seems that changes come about when people take an "old" idea and check to see if it holds water. More and more this skepticism toward traditional ideas is becoming an accepted way of thinking. The people looked up to today are "free thinkers." The scientists are the doubters "par excellence." If a politician is not "liberal" and "progressive," he may as well pack up his bandwagon and leave. In short, the tremendous wave of skepticism begun by the medieval "doubting Thomases" such as Galileo and Newton has grown so greatly, that now it is the vogue to disbelieve "old" ideas and traditions.

The question is, is such skepticism of "accepted" ways really good? It would seem so. Because questioning minds pry into previously accepted ideas, we have the United States, democracy, thousands of labor-saving inventions, a new religion, and countless other things. But we also have decreasing church attendance, high divorce rates, juvenile delinquency, and other such "skeletons in the closet."

Traditions are built up over the years. They represent the ideas found best or most expedient by people of the past. Often they are absurd or ridiculous. The earth is not flat. Snakes will die in the daytime. The sun does not revolve around the earth. Yet often traditions are sound. It is still sound to treat women as a "fairer sex." It is still sound to believe in one God. And apparently, it is still sound to believe that "sparing the rod spoils the child." These traditions are still sound, yet because it is the vogue to refute tradition, virgins, God, and the hickory stick find themselves closeted with the skeletons. The traditional Victorian attitude toward women has been replaced with one less restrained. The Mona Lisa of today looks like Brigitte Bardot, clothed in

slightly less than next to nothing. The accepted methods of raising children have also been refuted. Now we use psychology. "I know Junior keeps pulling Matilda's hair, Mrs. Brown, but it's just a phase. He'll grow out of it." True. He does stop pulling her hair. He "matures" into the next phase, where hair-pulling is not what he has in mind for Matilda.

Earlier it was asked whether or not such skepticism is good or bad. Most of the world has accepted it as good. A liberal is looked up to; a conservative is laughed at. The "best set" mocks tradition. It is "smart" to advocate "change." As to the question of rightness or wrongness, the author makes no answer. He merely leaves you with this thought; "the fact that an idea is . . . widely received is no argument in its favor, but should immediately suggest the necessity of carefully testing it"

The Necessity of Meaning

MICHELE GLOOR

Rhetoric 102, Theme 12

IF ONE BASES ONE'S LIFE ON THE BELIEF THAT ITS ONLY importance lies in its special relationship to a deity and the immortality of the soul, then without a god or a life after death, life does become a meaningless horror. However, if one can find another reason for life and an importance aside from the supernatural, the existence or nonexistence of a deity and the mortality or immortality of man became vaguely interesting but hardly basic side issues.

People don't try to declare that the existence of a seagull would become a meaningless horror if human beings did not exist. Seagulls manage nicely quite independent of the comings and goings of men. They don't have the faculties to question the reason for their existence as man does, but without the ability to reason, they also lack one of man's most satisfying answers.

Postulating that there is no God and no life after death, one finds all remains very far from nothingness. The existence of anything gives it, so long as it exists, a meaning. If for no other reason, it exists to exist. It is something, not nothing. After it ceases to exist, it derives meaning from the effect it had on those things which continue to exist. A dandelion which is pulled derives meaning from the effect it had on the puller and on anyone who saw it, whether the reactions to it were pleasant or unpleasant. It derives meaning from the grass it displaced, the water and minerals it absorbed, the carbon dioxide it converted to oxygen, the future dandelions it did or did not leave to the world.

The same purely physical meaning can be found for a man. He has more meaning because of his mobility, his longer life, and his ability to change

things in order to serve himself. He absorbs a great deal more water and minerals, converts a great many more materials of one kind to materials of another, and displaces a great deal more than grass. Because of the greater effect his children will in turn have on other existing things, his leaving or not leaving behind the progeny is also of greater importance.

Besides these direct physical relationships to other existing things, another complicating factor is added to man's existence. His ability to affect other things which he shares with all other existing things, and his ability to feel emotion, pleasant, unpleasant, or mixed, which he shares with other animals, are enhanced and complicated by his ability to reason. He is able to affect more in more varied ways than any other being with the help of his reason. He is able to feel more deeply and in more varied ways because he can reason.

With these expanded or singular powers, each person becomes more important than any existing being without them. His own importance is further expanded by his ability to affect other beings of equal importance. As long as he exists and after he no longer exists, he is not meaningless.

The Lonely Hours

JAMES MILLER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 7

ABOVE THE SOUTHWESTERN HORIZON I COULD SEE THE flashing beacon of the inbound Constellation. I guessed that it was about ten minutes from the field. I had hoped for some extra time to relax, but I should have known that I would not get it. I had to check out the C-26 auxiliary power unit before the aircraft arrived. Perhaps I could relax later.

I checked the power unit and found it to be operating properly. I'd had trouble with it in the past; I knew I had to watch it closely. I'd almost forgot to switch from twenty-one-hundred to twelve hundred amperes. A mistake of that kind could burn up the electrical system of a "Connie." I thought to myself, "Keep on your toes, boy—this is a serious business you're engaged in."

I looked up toward the control tower, and waved at Steve. He was talking into the hand mike, probably to the pilot of the "Connie." He saw me and waved. Perhaps if I could hurry this bird on its way, Steve and I could make some coffee and talk for a short time.

The Constellation was only a few minutes from the field. Its landing lights were on, and it was on final approach. I followed every move of the bird until it was safely on the ground. If anything had gone wrong, if there had been a crash, I would have been the only one who could offer immediate help.

Often I felt frightened to think what might happen, to think that I would be the only one, other than the tower operator, on night duty at the University

of Illinois airport during an emergency. I was responsible for sixty-five aircraft owned by the University, and some thirty aircraft privately owned. I was responsible for anything and everything that occurred on the airport ground, all 565 acres. There was no one to tell me what to do, or when to do it. I was to make my own decisions, and they had to be made correctly. The responsibility for fueling all types of aircraft, for proper aircraft starting procedures, and for numerous other jobs was mine alone.

The bird settled at last onto the runway. It was a perfect landing, and as the "Connie" taxied to the terminal, I walked across the ramp to prepare to park it.

Slowly and precisely it came. To me, it was a beautiful sight.

"That's it, come straight ahead, easy now. Easy."

Justice for Americans

BURT MILLER

Rhetoric 102, Final Examination

IN A DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY JUSTICE IS AS HARD TO DEFINE as democracy itself. The word *justice* means something vague to Americans; it is shrouded in myth and shaped by prejudice. The myths are evident in connection with our courts, and these myths encompass topics such as the myth of the certainty of our law, the myth of absolute separation of the courts and politics, and others. Prejudices must be taken into consideration, for when a man talks of justice he may not mean one set pattern of justice for all men. This elusive concept is often criticized as dealing with men as objects rather than human beings, but actually justice in America has two sides which must be considered before a judgment can be made.

The primary manifestation of justice in America is our elaborate system of laws and courts. These laws have developed over the centuries, taking the most practicable from the Greeks, the Romans, and the English. In the administration of justice the law appears to be quite impersonal, and on the surface it appears to ignore completely the importance of the individual in a society where the worth of each individual is a fundamental precept. This apparent impersonal attitude of the law is rooted in the nature of our system of law and its constituent parts. For example, some offenses are dealt with by merely checking the regulations which have been established in a set code while other offenses are dealt with by comparing the case to previous legal decisions in the same area. This process surely does not seem to exhibit the popular concept of what justice should be, but beneath this exterior of impartiality there teems the world where most of our justice originates.

The hidden world is the personality and the opinion of those who deal in justice. Lawyers, judges, politicians, legislators—all these men are individuals themselves. These men are all aware of the probable results of their actions when they must judge their fellow men, and they all take into consideration such factors as public opinion, the world situation, and the entire meshing of all the environmental factors which are known to men. Because these men who administer the laws are human, they introduce into our system of justice a factor which tends to smooth the rough edges of impartiality and to give to the individual a measure of human understanding.

The laws may often be too objective in dealing with people, but justice itself is relative in the long run. In some cases, the law is taken too seriously and the balance of justice tips too far towards the impersonal side, but in other cases the balance is tipped too far in favor of the individual and as a result the system of order which law establishes in our society is threatened. This process is characteristic of the compromise inherent in a domestic form of government, but it is the citizens who must preserve this balance if they wish to secure justice for themselves. In order to maintain a system of justice which gives consideration to each man as an individual, each one must pursue actively this justice which he seeks. The surest way to be treated as an object or a thing is to act like one. If men continue to exhibit the apathy of a rock in relation to the affairs of government, then it can be assured that they will receive justice as a *thing* deserves to receive it.

Modern Tragedy

HASKELL HART

Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

IN HIS ESSAY "THE TRAGIC FALLACY," JOSEPH WOOD Krutch describes modern man's inability to grasp the classical concept of tragedy. Classical tragedy, characterized by an inward victory over external calamities, is an expression of a belief in the greatness of human nature and human values. Because of the decline of the human values present in classical tragedy and a disbelief in the nobility of man, modern literature is capable of expressing only pathos, characterized by the complete failure of the protagonist. As a result, the modern reader experiences no reconciliation to life, no faith in human values with which he can justify living. Krutch's thesis is very clearly exemplified by the movie *The Hustler*.

The story describes a crisis in the life of a gambling pool player and reveals the pathetic society in which he lives. Eddie and his manager travel across the United States to match the former's skills with those of the famous "Minnesota Fats" in an attempt to win some high stakes. After winning

\$18,000 in a twenty-five hour duel, Eddie, exhausted but anxious to achieve fame, continues the game and loses everything. He now leaves his manager and sets out to raise, through poolroom gambling, enough money for a return match. He meets Sarah, a girl of questionable morals, and the two fall in love and live together without marrying. Sarah, Eddie, and his new manager travel to Louisville, Kentucky, to take advantage of the Kentucky Derby crowd. Unable to tolerate Eddie's incessant urge to gamble and attempting to save him from it, Sarah blames his manager for the failure of the three and begs Eddie to break the contract if he loves her. He tells her to get out of his life. That night, while drunk, Sarah engages in sexual intercourse with the manager and afterwards commits suicide. In the final scene, Eddie returns to defeat Minnesota Fats and, under the threat of physical torture, refuses to share the winnings with his manager, who reminds him of the contract. The manager consents but assures Eddie that he will use his influence to blacken his name in gambling circles and thus end Eddie's career as a gambling pool player. The story is indeed sad, but it is not tragic.

To be sure, the movie does present human values; but they are cheap or false and certainly not the same values which are presented in classical tragedy. The most obvious value is money acquired easily through gambling. Every conceivable ethical and moral principle is discarded or distorted so that a few financiers and gamblers can become rich at the expense of many. Finally, even the rich become dissatisfied and seek to rob each other of money and, more important, of human dignity and pride. The entire society, of which the gamblers and hoodlums are only a part, lives and dies violently. It moves rapidly but knows not where it goes because it is satisfied with the sensual pleasures of the present and has no interest in the future except as it pertains to the pleasures which will then constitute life. The story portrays man's disbelief in the dignity of his fellow man and, hence, his disbelief in himself.

The pathetic death of Sarah provides the most forceful case against any pretensions to classical tragedy. Her supposed lover, rejecting her in favor of his desire to win, was responsible for her suicide. Sarah's actions prior to her suicide were expressions of both despair and spite because she hated the manager and could not possibly have had any inclinations toward him. Thus, love is not revealed as a human value victorious over death. Love is defeated by the lure of the game and the baseness of human nature. Nor does Eddie's final defiance of the cruelty of his manager prove that his love of Sarah is the value in view of which all else is insignificant. He faced the possibility of physical torture with bravery only because of his own despair, hatred, and greed. His bravery was outwardly noble, but his motivations were ignoble, and certainly motivations rather than actions determine values.

In view of the society presented and the facts surrounding the major calamity, *The Hustler* can hardly be called a modern tragedy. Instead of

presenting the nobility of man and his values, it demonstrates that neither man nor his values are honorable; instead of strengthening the viewer's faith in man, it furthers the destruction of any such faith which he may have had. In short, its effect is exactly opposite to that of the classical tragedy. Fortunately, however, the absence of the tragic spirit in modern literature cannot be deduced from the examination of a single work.

Distinguishing Capitalism

ELLIOT SMITH

Rhetoric 102, Theme 11

CAPITALISM IS A TERM OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD. IT HAS nothing to do with democracy or things used in a productive process. A simple definition of capitalism would not be a sufficient explanation of the term. Instead, capitalism should be isolated from all other economic systems. This can be done by classifying capitalism by explaining the institutions inherent in it.

"Private property" is one of the fundamental institutions of capitalism. This term means that a person's property can be used in whatever way he so chooses. Private property permits productive activity because people have the power to control capital goods in the manner they designate. Also, this institution can induce the accumulation of wealth, or in other words, personal savings. Producers can benefit from the productivity of their goods and thus invest profits back into their businesses.

Competition among buyers and among producers is another institution of capitalism. Competition causes free markets, which, in turn, function to create fair prices for consumers and producers. Capitalism is the only system in which prices are determined in this manner.

The profit motive is the most characteristic institution of capitalism. It promotes action because of pecuniary gain. This could exist only in a capitalist economy. Other economic systems have incentives for increased production also, but only in capitalism is the sole incentive based on profit. It is the only reason for economic decisions.

Capitalism can be better defined by breaking it down into its component parts and explaining them rather than by just giving a straight definition. The component parts, or institutions, of capitalism, except for the profit motive, are found individually in other economic systems. However, capitalism is the only economic system in which they are all present. Thus, capitalism is distinguished from all other economies.

Death of a Sad Man

J. A. SESSLER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 9

IT MAY BE DIFFICULT TO DETERMINE WHETHER OR NOT *Death of a Salesman* fits the classical definition of tragedy, but there is no difficulty in seeing that it is one of the most moving and important contributions to the realm of modern theater. The problem which confronts Willy Loman is one which almost every human being must face at one time or another during his life. What do you do when you find that your dreams will never be anything more than dreams? What do you do when your self image is tarnished and dented and finally destroyed by reality? What do you do when you fail?

Willy Loman suffers from his ineptness more than the average person because he has made success the basis for his whole life, and success is one thing which Willy has never achieved. Most people discover failure early in their lives and are able to make the necessary adjustments to keep their personal world and goals in perspective. Sooner or later we all realize that only a gifted few will ever conquer their environment and that the rest of us will have to be content with an uneasy compromise. Happiness can be found within the confines of a family. The bond of love can be the basis for any life. Unfortunately, Willy Loman has always frosted over his defeats and failures; he has never come to grips with himself and his problem. Because of this, he has never really been able to appreciate Linda, the wife who has loved him so faithfully despite all his faults. Through his constant deification of success, he has warped the values of his two sons until they hold the same views which have been Willy's downfall.

The strongest bond which Willy has been able to build between himself and another person is the one with his oldest son Biff. As Willy starts to grow older, he subconsciously begins to realize that the goals he has set for himself are unattainable. But, he tells himself, there is still one way open. Through Biff, Willy feels he can accomplish the things which up to now he has only dreamed of. Now the world will see what a Loman is made of. It almost seems possible, for Biff idolizes his father, but Willy's relationship with his son carries the seed of its own destruction. It is inevitable that Biff will realize that his father and everything his father believes in constitute nothing more than one lie piled on top of another. When Biff finds his father in a cheap hotel with a strange woman seeking the low and common pleasures which ill befit a man of success and character, he is lost and betrayed. The father whom he had idolized never really existed. His father's principles, in which he had believed, are nothing but lies and falsehoods. What can he do

but reject his father and everything he stands for? Everything which had motivated him to love and admire his father before now fosters hatred and disgust.

And where does this leave Willy? It leaves him without any hope of making his mark upon the world. Now the failures, and defeats, and trivialities of a lifetime, which the intricacies of the human mind had so mercifully spared Willy, come back to him and he is forced to accept them for the realities which they are. It is a slow process, one which can last for years. It is also a tragic process, especially for a man whose life has had a basis the like of Willy Loman's. Can any man look back on a life of failure when he knows that his failures have destroyed not only himself but the son for whom he had wanted so much? If there is such a man, it is not Willy Loman.

The Eminent Dignity of Man

HOWARD CARY

Rhetoric 102, Final Examination

ETIENNE GILSON HAS WRITTEN: "ITS [WESTERN creed's] most fundamental feature is a firm belief in the eminent dignity of man." To Gilson, man is the highest thing in nature and man is distinguished from lower forms by his faculty of reason. Man, in order to achieve this "eminent dignity," must know himself. How is man able to know himself?

Man is not only a creature of reason, but also a creature of will and responsibility. Joseph Krutch indicates that man must use this will and responsibility to keep from falling a victim of conformity—a victim of a crystalline society. These characteristics enable man to become something other than what sociologists and psychologists predict that he will become. These characteristics are "the most important things about a man," writes Krutch.

Reason, will, and responsibility are the faculties that man will use to achieve his "eminent dignity." Ortega y Gasset's "excellent man" is the man capable of using these faculties to live a life of "nobility." In leading a life of nobility, man makes great demands on himself and strives to meet these demands by leading a life of effort—by attempting to become something he is not expected to become. "The excellent man" never turns from a challenge; he greets that challenge with open arms. If the challenge is to know himself, he makes every effort—every super-effort—to gain that knowledge of himself. The "excellent man" becomes the eminent man.

Matthew Arnold's definition of culture is "to know the best which has been thought and said in the world." To obtain culture, man must live a life of nobility. He must always search and make every effort to know the best that has been thought. As man attempts to know the best, he must constantly relate the knowledge to his "power of conduct," "power of intellect and knowledge," "power of beauty," and "power of social life and manners." In other words, the cultured man, who has obtained this knowledge through a life of nobility, knows himself.

Therefore, the man who has achieved his "eminent dignity" is the man who has used his reason and will to lead a life of effort—he is an "excellent man," a cultured man, and an eminent man. He, as the highest form of life and the image of God, has a knowledge of himself. He is not the impotent, indecisive, directionless, purposeless J. Alfred Prufrock of T. S. Eliot. This man could never say, as Prufrock says:

I should have been a pair of ragged claws
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

The man who knows himself and has attained his "eminent dignity" is, indeed, the highest form of life.

A College Disease and Its Cure

JANET WENDEL

Rhetoric 102, Final Examination

RECENTLY MUCH ATTENTION HAS BEEN DIRECTED TO this campus as a result of a campaign to focus attention on one of the more prevalent diseases of university life—cheating. In a valiant attempt to determine the range of this illness, the campus newspaper established a system by which observers of cheating practices could report their observations by calling a certain telephone number. The reports would be analyzed and tabulated, and the results supposedly would provide a general idea of the extent of the cheating problem; perhaps a solution for the situation would be indicated. Unfortunately, this plan, I feel, will not be as effective as it was hoped it would be. A basic laziness, laxness, or indifference of human nature plus an aversion to "becoming involved" would prevent many students from making known instances of cheating. Thus, the survey will show that not much cheating exists on campus, the furor will die, and students will continue to attain grades dishonestly.

Since the cheating disease will continue, what should be done about it? An easy first answer would be to say, "Make cheating more difficult. Give

the students less opportunity to crib, copy, or otherwise connive on examinations. Separate the desks; add more proctors. Then we will see the rate of cheating go down." Superficial as this solution seems, it contains a kernel of validity. A large proportion of cheating cases are spur-of-the-moment affairs, an impulse on the part of the student to glance at the work of his neighbor to see how he is getting along and to ascertain if certain answers are identical. Some cheating may even start as an accident; in rooms tightly packed with working students, avoiding a glance at another's paper is often difficult because of the proximity of the students. If this glance at another's paper covers an answer about which the glancer is not too certain, the natural result would be an erasure and a change of markings. A rectification of occurrences such as these could be implemented simply by spacing students well apart throughout the room in which the examination is being given and by providing an adequate number of proctors to supervise proceedings.

Also, some cheating is due to laziness on the part of instructors. This laziness is manifested in several forms. Sometimes an aversion to grading tests results in the creation of a multiple-choice, true-false, or simple answer examination rather than in an essay type which requires a comparatively long time to grade. Certainly checking off the proper answers in a multiple-choice examination is easy for the grader, but it is also easy for the students taking the test to compare answers with their neighbors. It would be far better if more examinations were of the essay type, because possibilities of cheating would be reduced and students would also be given an opportunity to use the knowledge obtained in the course rather than simply repeating facts. Another instance of laziness or indifference of instructors—their failure to guard thoroughly copies of the test before it was given—was mentioned in the recent cheating survey. Apparently some teachers neglected to take proper precautionary measures with test questions; as a consequence, copies found their way out of offices into the hands of students. Cases like this are inexcusable because so little effort is involved in locking a test in a drawer or other safe place until the time has arrived for it to be given.

Another possible cause of cheating can be traced to the very foundation upon which most American colleges rest—the grade system. Too often, the complete emphasis of a course is placed upon a letter or number that appears upon sheets of paper sent to the student and placed on permanent record at the end of each semester. At the present time that grade is the only official recognition and judgment of the student's work in a course. This grade fails in a large part to measure the true value of a topic of study—the satisfaction a student has obtained in learning and using a body of knowledge. Perhaps one aspect of the course especially interests the student, and he would like to pursue it further. Unfortunately, he cannot; time is too short for both that project and the remainder of the course as determined by the instructor. In order to maintain his grades, the student must know the material deemed

essential by the instructor because this material will appear on examinations. At this point the temptation to cheat grows strong.

I am not advocating a complete abolition of the grading system, but rather, a de-emphasis. Perhaps an evaluation of each student's progress at the end of the semester would be more desirable, or perhaps a change to the European style of determining the granting of degrees—an extensive examination at the end of the student's course of study, or even a combination of these two methods. However, let us rectify the present unholy fascination with a grading system of letters and numbers.

Cheating is widespread and serious, but not incurable. With a degree of evaluation and subsequent correction of various educational practices, I feel that a large part of it can be eradicated.

Should America Convert to the Metric System?

CLARK ROBINSON

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

I MUST CONFESS, AT THE OUTSET, THAT I AM OFTEN SYM-pathetic to those who urge the adoption of the metric system of measurement in the United States. The metric system, as everyone knows, neatly relates everything to the basic measurements of the world we live in. There is no question that our own comically illogical method of measuring things is inferior to the European method. The story goes that an eminent scientist lined up twelve men, good and true, coming out of church one Sunday. He then (presumably having requested that they remove their boots) measured each man, averaged the results, and thus determined the foot. Our entire system of weights and measure is based on similarly haphazard standards. Gabriel Fahrenheit decided that a certain locality in Scotland was as cold as any self-respecting Christian place had a right to be. There, on a cold winter morning he measured a quantity of mercury and gave us the Fahrenheit thermometer. Old Isaac Newton hitched a nice, average horse to his own system of weights and pulleys and applied the whip. Hence, the horsepower. The metric system, however, is defined in terms of exact universal things, such as the diameter of the earth, the properties of water, and so on.

Why then, do I not embrace the metric system and advocate its general acceptance in our country? Because our English system, slovenly and unembraceable though it may be, is firmly and *physically* implanted in America. All the machinery and products of American industry are based on measure-

ments in feet and inches. These machines require millions of parts, all measured in inches. Take, for example, a simple screw. A national set of standards measures screws in two ways. First, screws have diameters, which are always even divisions of an inch. Next a screw is measured in terms of number of threads to the inch. These are evenly numbered, for example, one hundred threads to the inch. Many machines operate for as much as one hundred years, so adoption of the metric system would require engineers to work with such figures as 87.362 threads to the centimeter.

In the United States all boundary lines, real estate holdings, and roads are laid out in miles, acres, and feet. The entire rural midwest is covered by a north-south, east-west grid of roads forming squares of one mile. Here the mile is literally etched on America itself. To change this would be an impossibility. In thousands of county seats throughout the country are vast files devoted to the description and history of land-holdings. These are written in terms of townships, sections, acres, and (again) feet. A conversion to the metric system would mean that the whole country would have to be re-surveyed. Then a giant task force of lawyers would have to rewrite the legal description of each and every piece of property in the United States. The new metre-based townships would undoubtedly leave many landowners straddling town lines. A special branch of the Supreme Court would have to be established to settle with citizens who felt their new boundary descriptions cheated them of a few inches—pardon me, centimeters—of real estate.

So, I am afraid, my friends who seek to establish the metric system in America must join the ranks of idealistic dreamers. I will concede, however, that small advances in this direction can, and should, occur. Adoption of the centigrade thermometer is both workable and desirable. General adoption of the metric system is inconceivable. Man cannot fight the physical realities of his environment, even if he created them. And, to recall our discussion of screws, if one is to have a centimeter screw, one must have a centimeter hole in which to put it.

“I Should Not Seem Part of It”

MARY K. BEHRENS

Rhetoric 102, Research Paper

WEATHER IS FIRST INTRODUCED INTO THE BOOK *Wuthering Heights* by the title. In Lockwood's words, *wuthering* is a “significant provincial adjective, descriptive of the atmospheric tumult to which its station is exposed in stormy weather.”¹ Bruce McCullough has written,

We may conclude that in giving her novel such a title the author wished to suggest the warring of the elements. She wished to suggest that human passions are not unlike the ceaseless contention going on between the inanimate forces surrounding us, which follow laws of their own, hardly to be understood.²

Though this may not be a legitimate conclusion from so little evidence, the title is certainly a hint that weather will play a role in the action of the novel.

Weather does not play an obvious part in *Wuthering Heights*. Weather and landscape are kept in the background. "We are aware of it, as people who lived on the moors are sure to have been. But it, like everything else, is reduced to essentials. It marks the passage of time, provides alternations between periods of calm and storm, and reflects the recurrent cycles of change characteristic of all matter, both animate and inanimate."³ Naturalistic description is not overworked or ostentatious, but, rather, Emily Bronte sketched in the main features of her scene—sky, trees, heath—in general terms, and briefly, not painting elaborate landscape descriptions. Though landscape and weather are kept in the background they are not mere still-life scenery, but are an expression of a living force showing the vitality of nature.⁴ There is a dynamic quality about the weather in *Wuthering Heights* that makes it a part of the scene rather than the mere setting of the scene.

There are a few purely functional uses of weather where weather affects the actions of the characters rather than their moods. If it had not been snowy, wintry weather, Lockwood might never have caught a cold which made him a convalescent and gave him an opportunity to listen to Nelly Dean's story. If Nelly had not caught a cold from her experience in the rain, Cathy might not have been able to sneak away to see Linton as frequently as she did. Their relationship might not have developed so that Heathcliff could effectively force their marriage.

Many of Emily Bronte's analogies and descriptions are rooted in naturalistic images and comparisons. Heathcliff says to Hareton, "Now, my bonny lad, you are *mine*! And we'll see if one tree won't grow as crooked as another with the same wind to twist it!"⁵ Nelly Dean says of Catherine's relationship with the Lintons, "It was not the thorn bending to the honeysuckles, but the honeysuckles embracing the thorn. There were no mutual concessions."⁶ Again referring to Catherine, Nelly says, "Catherine had seasons of gloom and silence now and then."⁷ Mark Schorer says that, "the natural elements provide at least half of the metaphorical base of the novel."⁸

Weather, though seemingly insignificant on a hasty reading, plays a vital part in the story when one realizes that Bronte deals largely with the spiritual nature of her characters and that this spiritual aspect of the characters correlates closely with the weather. V. S. Pritchett wrote, "Emily Bronte is not concerned with man and society, but with his unity with nature. He, too, is a natural force, not the product of a class."⁹ The

personalities of the inhabitants of Wuthering Heights and Thrushcross Grange are as different as are the two places. David Cecil explains this as:

The setting is a microcosm of the universal scheme as Emily Bronte conceived it. On the one hand, we have Wuthering Heights, the land of the storm; high on the barren moorland, naked to the shock of the elements, the natural home of the Earnshaw family, fiery, untamed children of the storm. On the other, sheltered in the leafy valley below, stands Thrushcross Grange, the appropriate home of the children of calm, the gentle, passive, timid Lintons.¹⁰

Interestingly, Emily Bronte does not see man in conflict with nature. She does not consider man helpless against ruthless natural forces,¹¹ nor does she "suggest that nature is indifferent to the sufferings of man."¹² "Men and nature to her are equally living and in the same way. To her an angry man and an angry sky are not just metaphorically alike, they are actually alike in kind; different manifestations of a single spiritual reality."¹³

As Edgar F. Shannon, Jr., noted, "there seems to be no dichotomy in the novel between the human and the eternal worlds. The thunderstorm and the shift in weather at crucial points . . . reflect outdoor nature in tune with human conditions."¹⁴ Weather changes in *Wuthering Heights* center around the emotions and actions of the two major characters, Catherine Earnshaw and Heathcliff. Almost all emotional scenes occur in the late fall, winter, or early spring.¹⁵ Even in childhood, the day of Catherine's and Heathcliff's rebellion against being forced to attend Joseph's sermon, occurred on a cold rainy day. Heathcliff runs away in the summer, but as Nelly says, "It was a very dark evening for summer."¹⁶ "About midnight, while we still sat up, the storm came rattling over the Heights in full fury. There was a violent wind, as well as thunder, and either one or the other split a tree off at the corner of the building. . . ."¹⁷ The weather is a reflection of Heathcliff's turbulent emotions at the time. The violent scene at Thrushcross Grange between Catherine, Heathcliff, and Edgar occurs in January. One of Catherine's last wishes was to be buried in the open air. The morning after her death it was bright and cheerful outside, for she had found momentary peace. But on the day of her funeral the weather changed.

That Friday made the last of our fine days for a month. In the evening, the weather broke: the wind shifted from south to northeast, and brought rain first, and then sleet and snow. On the morrow, one could hardly imagine that there had been three weeks of summer: the primroses and crocuses were hidden under wintry drifts; the larks were silent, the young leaves of the early trees smitten and blackened. And dreary, and chill, and dismal, that morrow did creep over!¹⁸

After the funeral services, Heathcliff digs Catherine's grave in snowy weather. Heathcliff dies in May on a rainy evening. Nelly, describing the day, says, "The following evening was very wet: indeed it poured down till

day-dawn; and, as I took my morning walk around the house, I observed the master's window swinging open, and the rain driving straight in."¹⁹

Bronte's characters are not unaware of their relation to nature; they themselves recognize that natural forces play an important part in their lives. There is a passage in *Wuthering Heights* where young Cathy discusses Linton's and her ideas of the perfect way to spend a hot July day. Linton favored lying on a bank of heath with bees humming and birds singing, while the blue sky and bright sun shine steadily and cloudlessly. Cathy says, "That was his most perfect idea of heaven's happiness: mine was rocking in a rustling green tree, with a west wind blowing . . . and the whole world awake and wild with joy."²⁰ Cecil writes,

In this passage Linton's and Catherine's choices represent no chance preference, but the fundamental bias of their different natures. Each is expressing his or her instinctively felt kinship with that aspect of nature of which he or she is the human counterpart. When Linton says that he could not "breathe" in Catherine's heaven he is stating a profound truth. He draws the breath of his life from a different spiritual principle.²¹

The elder Catherine realizes this spiritual difference as she discusses her love for Heathcliff, "Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same; and Linton's is as different as a moonbeam from lightning, or frost from fire."²² She continues, "My love for Linton is like the foliage in the woods: time will change it, I'm well aware, as winter changes the trees. My love for Heathcliff resembles the eternal rocks beneath: a source of little visible delight, but necessary."²³ It is this natural force which makes Heathcliff's and Catherine's love eternal.

The weather changes between Lockwood's first and last impressions of Wuthering Heights are significant. Lockwood first noted the wildness and the windiness. This was during the time when Heathcliff and Catherine were separated. After the death of Heathcliff, after Catherine and Heathcliff are united spiritually, Lockwood notices a different atmosphere at Wuthering Heights. This time, instead of noting the barrenness and the thorns, he notices the splendid moon, the fragrance of flowers, and fruit trees.²⁴ The peacefulness of Wuthering Heights is symbolic of the peace Heathcliff and Catherine have found. Lockwood also visits the graves of Catherine and Heathcliff and notes, "I lingered round them, under that benign sky; watched the moths fluttering among the heath and harebells, listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass, and wondered how anyone could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth."²⁵

Emily Bronte viewed weather and nature as more than mere scenery or setting for her story. Natural forces are closely united with human spiritual forces. Catherine expressed this viewpoint when discussing her love for Heathcliff, "if all else remained and he were annihilated, the universe would turn to a mighty stranger; I should not seem part of it."²⁶ It is this oneness

of all parts of the universe which makes weather so important to *Wuthering Heights*. Weather is the indicator of human emotions.

¹ Emily Bronte, *Wuthering Heights*, ed. Royal A. Gettman, (New York, 1950), 4.

² Bruce McCullough, *Representative English Novelists*, (New York, 1946), 187.

³ McCullough, 193.

⁴ David Cecil, *Early Victorian Novelists*, (Indianapolis, 1953), 183-4.

⁵ Emily Bronte, 219.

⁶ Emily Bronte, 108.

⁷ Emily Bronte, 107.

⁸ Mark Schorer, "Introduction" *Wuthering Heights* by Emily Bronte, (New York, 1950), xiv.

⁹ V. S. Pritchett, "Implacable, Belligerent People of Emily Bronte's Novel, *Wuthering Heights*," *New Statesman and Nation*, 31 (June 22, 1946), 453.

¹⁰ Cecil, 174.

¹¹ Cecil, 163.

¹² McCullough, 195.

¹³ Cecil, 163.

¹⁴ Edgar F. Shannon, Jr. "Lockwood's Dreams and the Exegesis of *Wuthering Heights*," *Nineteenth-Century Fiction*, 14:2 (September 1959), 107.

¹⁵ C. P. Sanger, *The Structure of "Wuthering Heights"*, (London, 1926), 21.

¹⁶ Emily Bronte, 99.

¹⁷ Emily Bronte, 100.

¹⁸ Emily Bronte, 199.

¹⁹ Emily Bronte, 396.

²⁰ Emily Bronte, 291-2.

²¹ Cecil, 164.

²² Emily Bronte, 95.

²³ Emily Bronte, 97.

²⁴ Melvin R. Watson, "Tempest in the Soul: The Theme and Structure of *Wuthering Heights*," *Nineteenth-Century Fiction*, 4:4 (September 1949), 99.

²⁵ Emily Bronte, 400.

²⁶ Emily Bronte, 96.

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Rhet as Writ

[Hero and Leander had] a great flame for each other. one killed themself for the other.

* * *

Study Day should mark the end of his studding and the beginning of a "brush up" session.

* * *

I have seen a pheasant out run a dog after he was shot, so I'm sure a man would not stand much of a chance.

* * *

The unions help to get things like pay raises, better working condition, workman's compensation and even prophet sharing in some plants.

* * *

Houseman is easier to understand than Yeats, and in the poem, the *Second Coming*, Yeats uses the word "gyre" he also uses it in *Sailing to Byzantium* because of its rarity it could be said to be used by the same author.

* * *

Use of the word *data* in a sentence: September 18, 1962 is the data that U.C.L.A. plays the Air Force Academy in football.

* * *

God help those who help themselves.

* * *

Throughout the whole story the author attains the reader's undevoted attention by making him feel as though he were part of this great adventure of nature between man and fish.

* * *

India is a very backward country. Most of her people have only essentials such as food, clothing, shelter and heat.

* * *

Overcrowdings produce an increase in death rate, infant morality, congenial disease, infectious disease, and reducing physical stamina.

* * *

Van Gogh in his later life, cut off the lobe of his ear and presented it to a woman in an envelope.

* * *

Roderick Usher, the protagonist, tells of his problems of illness and how he fears a dreadful future without his sister and his end.

* * *

Variant spellings of *perilous*: parrollist, peraless, periless, parallus, parilous, paralous, perilaus, parilus, perilus.

* * *

Geographical dilemma: While in the Near East, he finally settled in Paris.

* * *

Definition of use of *sophist*: a learn person. A sofist has much studing to do.

* * *

Flappers were wearing thin dresses, short sleeveed, and rolled stockings below their knees.

The Winners

The following are the winners of the prizes for the best themes
in the May issue of the *Caldron*

First: Elaine Goldstein, *In Your Hands*

Second: Eloise Johnson, *The Search*

Third: Charles Peterson, *I Remember Sunday School*

The Contributors

Thomas J. Finneran—Thornton Fractional, North Calumet City

Thelma Allen—Dunlap High School

Larry Brandt—Danville High School

William Shockey—Rich Township East, Park Forest

Michele Gloor—Glenbrook High School, Northbrook

James Miller—Urbana High School

Burt Miller—Proviso East, Maywood

Haskell Hart—Oak Park-River Forest, Oak Park

Elliot Smith—Sullivan, Chicago

J. A. Sessler—Calumet High School, Chicago

Howard Cary—Edinburgh High School

Janet Wendel—Crete Monee High School, Crete

Clark Robinson—University High School, Urbana

Mary K. Behrens—Champaign High School

AWARDS

The *Caldron* will continue its policy of giving awards to the five best themes in each issue. The winners will be selected by the votes of the members of the freshman rhetoric staff.

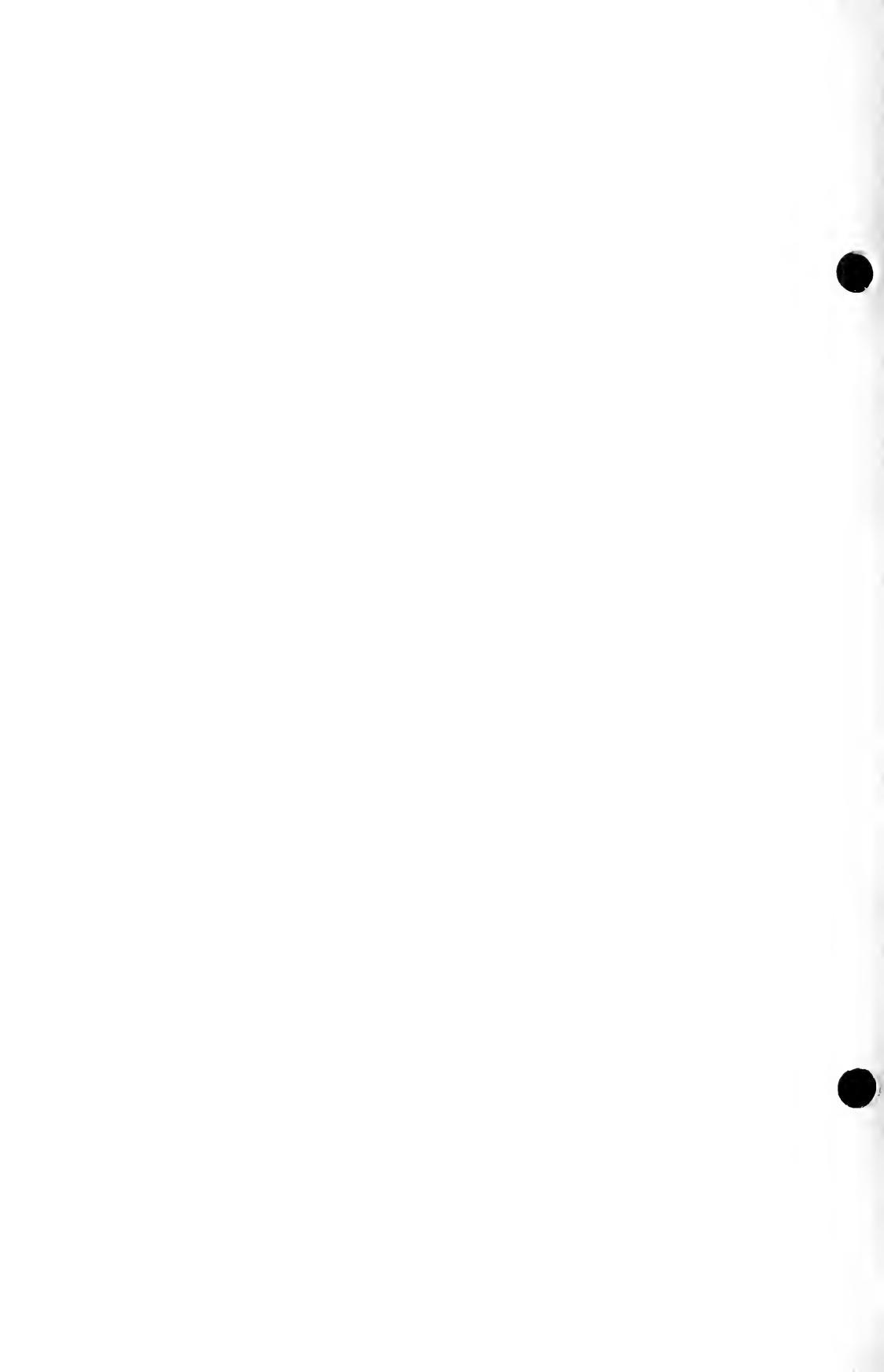
The schedule of awards is as follows:

- First: Fifteen dollars and five dollars worth of books**
- Second: Ten dollars and five dollars worth of books**
- Third: Five dollars and five dollars worth of books**
- Fourth: Five dollars worth of books**
- Fifth: Five dollars worth of books**



We wish to thank the following bookstores for their generosity in providing prizes:

- Campus Book Store**
- Follett's College Book Store**
- Illini Union Book Store**
- U. of I. Supply Store (The "Co-Op")**



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THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING

THE GREEN CALDRON
DEC 3 1962
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



CONTENTS

<i>Sandra Hertel: The Tyranny of Words</i>	1
<i>P. Frederick Frommherz: Who Goes There?</i>	2
<i>Peter Rolland: The Tyranny of Words</i>	3
<i>Haskell Hart: 'Love—Or the Life and Death of a Value'</i>	6
<i>Robert C. Amendola: Noble as Kings</i>	8
<i>Jill Jeffrey: God Is Death</i>	10
<i>Linda Goldman: 'The Seventh Seal'</i>	11
<i>Eugenie Vercillo: Similar Sagas</i>	12
<i>James A. Martin: Man's Fascination with Sounds</i>	14
<i>Shirley Heffernon: The Beginning of Wisdom</i>	15
<i>Thomas E. Kingery: 'The Scarlet Letter'</i>	18
<i>Jeanne Rosenmayer: A Silent Influence</i>	20
<i>Thomas Brooks: Science and Liberal Education</i>	21
<i>Rhet as Writ</i>	23
<i>The Contributors</i>	24

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THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for all full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, are published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

Members of the committee in charge of *The Green Caldron* are Thomas K. Ehret, Patrick Geoghegan, H. H. Hart, Michael Svob, and Robert Bain, chairman.

The Tyranny of Words

SANDRA HERTEL

Rhetoric 107, Thcmc 3

EVERYONE has at one time or another fallen into a verbal trap, or as the old cliche says, "put his foot in his mouth." To no one, however, does this happen as often as to the philosopher. Paradoxically, it is not the student philosopher but the professor who is most plagued by the intricacies of languages. The student does not usually learn enough about logic, aesthetics, or the other branches of philosophy in one or two semesters to be thoroughly confused by them. His ideas may be altogether wrong, but at least he is reasonably sure of them. Unlike most students, however, the philosophy instructor has learned to analyze with cold logic the concepts which many amateurs take for granted.

As the would-be philosopher soon finds out, it is very difficult to learn to express thoughts in a clear, concise, logical manner. It is often the case that an idea or a basic premise, ". . . although logically true, will seem fallacious or clumsy when expressed verbally." I have realized this fact during my first few weeks in a class called "Philosophy 101." After discussing (for approximately two weeks) one of the preliminary concepts involved in Plato's argument for the immortality of the soul as expressed in the *Phaedo*, the instructor of this course finally arrived at the conclusion: "If something . . . becomes x (x being one of a pair of contraries and y the other), then that something must have been y at some previous time, and vice versa." Obviously this logical but clumsy statement could not help causing confusion in a class of virtually untutored philosophers. The confusion was due, for the most part, to the use of the word "becomes." Undaunted by his class's evident lack of understanding, the professor proceeded to illustrate his point by relating a short "fairy tale."

He said, "If I have a small, rather oddly marked black and white mouse, which I have trained with care, and, if that mouse loves me and lives in my pocket, and, further, if I chop that mouse up into pieces one sixteenth of an inch thick, burn them, pulverize the ashes, and then have an astronaut take the residue into space and scatter it over thousands of miles, then it might be safe to say that the mouse is dead. If, however, a mad scientist constructs a machine that gathers the residue of the mouse from the atmosphere, and he pushes a button, and out of the machine runs a small mouse which has unusual markings, which loves me and lives in my pocket, then I might logically say that the mouse *became alive*."

In the professor's fairy tale, his mouse corresponds to the "something" in the conclusion drawn from Plato's argument. The states, dead and alive, are contraries, taking the place of x and y in the conclusion. The teacher

conveyed through this unique little story the idea that the mouse died, assuming the state of one of the pair of contraries, and then, that the mouse *became alive*, thus assuming the other of the pair of contrary states. In this way the tale showed the relationship between the professor's conclusion and "every-day" occurrences.

This fantasy may seem clumsy in construction and a little too imaginative, but it certainly went far towards clarifying the point in question. There have been (in my philosophy class) many instances which parallel this one, and there will, no doubt, be many more. This example should suffice to show that the English language, or any other language, is not altogether compatible with the study of philosophy. I think it is an interesting example, also, of how language tends to influence man's thoughts and sometimes to thwart his best intentions.

Who Goes There?

P. FREDERICK FROMMHERZ

Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

THE DEFINITION AND USAGE OF TWO DECIDEDLY DIFFERENT words, "Friend" and "Acquaintance," are frequently confused.

This confusion is most apparent when these words are used in the conversation of the two largest classes of modern-day society: the "ins" and the "outs." The "ins" are striving fervently to maintain the *status quo*. Therefore, to avoid infiltration by the "outs," the "ins" are always precise in their language. If they use the word "friend," they invariably mean "one who is respected, honored and trusted." They use the term "acquaintance" only to refer to someone "who is tolerated because he must be tolerated." The "outs," on the other hand, are always striving to get in. They feel that this end will justify whatever means to which they must resort. Thus, in an effort to appear more sophisticated than the "ins" themselves, they (the "outs") will use whichever of two or more suitable words is the longest, most complex and most difficult to pronounce. This choice of expression causes them (the "outs") to appear to be as sophisticated as the "ins," making other "outs" believe that they (the first "outs") are really "ins." "Friend," to the "outs," is nothing more than a slang term meaning "acquaintance," which is a sophisticated twelve-letter word defined rather fuzzily by the "outs" as "friend." Thus, the "outs" aren't quite sure what they're saying, and the "ins" aren't quite sure what the "outs" mean when they say it, a fact which inevitably and frequently results in confusion.

The Tyranny of Words

PETER ROLLAND

Rhetoric 107, Theme 3

LANGUAGE IS ONE OF MAN'S GREATEST CONSTRUCTIVE creations and has played a tremendously important role in the expansion of human knowledge. Man, however, has not been content to use language solely as a constructive tool, but has often abused it and taken advantage of its power as a destructive weapon. Man seeks to discover truth, but self-imposed semantic difficulties often create insurmountable obstacles to his success. To paraphrase H. G. Wells, the forceps of the mind are clumsy forceps and crush the truth a little when grasping it. In this essay I shall try to identify some of the common abuses of language and to point out the tyrannical power of words used in a careless or destructive manner.

Language consists chiefly of verbal symbols for objects and ideas. Most symbols represent groupings of objects or actions with certain common qualities. Examples of this type of symbol would be the words "pencil," "clothes," and "to walk." Few misunderstandings could arise over the meaning of the word "pencil." However, a great deal of semantic confusion arises from the use of words which are abstract and undefinable, such as the words "justice," "truth," "reason," and "freedom." Few persons could explain precisely what they understand by these words and fewer still would agree in the definitions they give. The reason is that abstract words are meaningful only when they are applied to specific situations.

Despite their ambiguity, abstract words (such as those mentioned above) abound in common speech. One reason for this is that their use tends to lower any discussion from a factual to an emotional level. A great many words in the English language have from time to time strong implications of good or bad because of the public sentiment toward the things they symbolize. Examples of such words are "ignorant," "foreigner," "science," "communist," "capitalist," "Nazi," "nigger," and "labor agitator." When a speaker uses a word with an unfavorable connotation, such as "labor *agitator*," to describe his opponent in a discussion, each person in the audience is forced to make value decisions according to his group allegiance. If public opinion is at the time strongly against labor unions, the audience will feel antagonistic to the speaker accused of being a "labor agitator." This type of verbal chicanery is really nothing more than name-calling.

Name-calling is an old and powerful weapon. A classic example of the terrible power of the word is the burning of heretics and "witches" in New England during the 17th century. Those who were accused of being witches had little defense against the emotional furor of the "good townspeople," and the motto "guilty until proven innocent" caused the death of many innocent

persons. For many, however, the shoe was on the other foot; the tyranny of words was for them an effective means of getting rid of unwanted neighbors.

For a more recent example, one might look to the ranks of the German Army during World War II. At the time, the greatest civil or military offense in Germany was treason. German soldiers often killed oppressive commanding officers and used the above fact as subterfuge: by shooting them and claiming, "He was a *traitor* and *betrayed* der Führer," they could usually assure themselves security from punishment.

Name-calling recurs in a milder form in man's tendency to classify everything as black or white and as right or wrong. This type of thinking does not admit possible merits of the opponent's point of view, and it allows no middle ground on which compromise can be reached. When this type of thinking is prevalent in the arguments of both sides, it will probably end unsatisfactorily.

This type of word tyranny was discussed in a recent television production called "The American Economy." The film pictured two college graduates arguing the present administration's farm program. One student defended the program by claiming that the farmers could not survive without federal support. The other argued that any and all government intervention violated the natural law of supply and demand, and he obstinately insisted that such intervention is socialistic. Regardless of the points made by the first student, the second tossed them aside as socialistic. Of course, the argument went around in circles.

As can be inferred from the previous example, economics, the sacred cow of the social sciences, is a sanctuary for several types of verbal tyrants. Economics has its own distinct vocabulary which is confusing to the layman. It borrows its terms from common speech, defines them in a sense different from their accepted meanings, erects a stone wall of logic on concealed semantic foundations, and defies the layman to scale it. There can be little effective communication between the economist and the layman. Under this semantic aegis, economists have for centuries argued and theorized about questions which are meaningless and unresolvable but which are too lofty and intellectual for the layman to doubt their validity. Here are some examples: Is man by nature competitive or cooperative? Is centralization better than decentralization? Is capital more important than labor? It is as useful to discuss these questions as it is to worry about which came first, the chicken or the egg.

Economics also provides a barrage of "factual" ammunition for any and all who need "scientific proof" to support their claims. One frequently hears speakers argue that "The facts prove that economic recovery is well on its way," and "It's an economic fact that a strike would throw the nation into an inflationary spiral." The fact is that *anyone* can find economic facts and economic laws to validate almost *any* statement.

Politics, like economics, often falls prey to the tyranny of words. Bad language is the most powerful weapon in the arsenal of despots and politicians. Campaign orators often use emotionally "loaded" words to influence their audiences. Consider this sequence of newspaper headlines reported by a government textbook:¹

SENATOR BLACK ACCUSES WHITE OF RED LINKS
WHITE SAYS NATION'S MAIN THREAT IS BLACKISM
WHITE TOOL OF LABOR BOSSSES, BLACK CHARGES
BLACK AGENT OF WALL STREET, WHITE SAYS
DEFEAT WHITE TO SAVE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE, URGES
SENATOR BLACK
OPPOSITION DESPERATE, WILL GO TO ANY LENGTHS—
WHITE SAYS

Propagandists, too, use word tyranny to their advantage. For example, fascist propagandists used emotional blackmail to regiment support for the Spanish fascist movement of 1938. Witness one of their pamphlets:

Anarchists! Why are you fighting to help your enemies, the Communists?

The Communists are hirelings of Moscow. They are the enemies of Spain. Help us save the Fatherland.

"Anarchists," "enemies," "communist," "hirelings," and "Fatherland" are all used as verbal tyrants to evoke feelings of hatred for the enemy and feelings of guilt in the "traitor."

Ironically, the tyranny of words often misguides philosophical thought. I have often wondered why I found many philosophical works unreadable. I have many times pondered over the meaning of the long-winded, big-worded sentences that I found in these works and gotten the feeling that I was butting my head into a stone wall. I am now confident that in most cases this was due to the books' meaningless conglomerations of undefinable, ambiguous, and often unrelated terms. I am therefore inclined to agree with William James, who when asked for his definition of philosophy said, "Words, words, words."

Logic is the last fortress of semantic confusion in the domain of word tyranny that I shall discuss. Formal logic requires a high degree of semantic precision in order to prevent any confusion in meaning. It is not unusual, therefore, for amateurs poorly versed in the exactitudes of logical thought to fall prey to the tyranny of words and arrive at illogical and often highly amusing conclusions. Here are some examples.

No cat has eight tails. All cats have one more tail than no cat. Therefore all cats have nine tails.

I never tell the truth. Therefore, the previous sentence is false. Hence, I sometimes tell the truth.

Language as currently used is often meaningless. Rolland uses current language to demonstrate the above statement. Therefore, Rolland is often meaningless.

The arguments and examples which I have submitted to the reader in this essay have, I hope, pointed out several shortcomings and the destructive

¹James Burns and Jack Peltason, *Government by the People*, p. 3.

power of words when used carelessly. Some persons might be tempted to agree with the Chinese proverb:

Those who know do not tell:

Those who tell do not know.

However, this essay was not intended to present this opinion. Abstention from speech is not the best way of avoiding semantic confusion. On the contrary, it is very important that people learn to recognize verbal tyrants and the uses that are made of them. Semantic discipline is necessary for effective communication.

'Love—Or the Life and Death of a Value'

HASKELL HART

Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

IN HIS ESSAY "LOVE—OR THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A Value," Joseph Wood Krutch reveals the evolution of human love from a completely unimaginative, reproductive activity to the highest human value of the Victorian Age. Krutch defines the love of the past century as a purely human (as opposed to natural) creation which assigns to sexual experience an end of life. In the last two generations, however, love has lost all attributes which once distinguished it from the complex, but understandable, biological functions at its foundation. The modern mind has even come to view it as trivial. This significant reassessment of a value has not been accompanied by a corresponding change in the role of love in the realm of human experience. We accept the opportunity to love as willingly as our Victorian ancestors, if not more so. The problem facing all mankind, then, is one of establishing a consistency between human practice and human values. Either love must regain its mysterious, spiritual value of Victorian times, or it must play as casual a role in the whole of human endeavor as our intellect dictates.

A major factor contributing to the apparent triviality of modern love is the trend in reduced dating and courting ages. Only a generation or two ago, the average young man was well toward the end of his teens before he began entertaining thoughts of marriage. There were, of course, many exceptions, especially in rural areas, where a generally less extensive education permitted the male to embark on his career slightly earlier in life. The advent of the age of pre-teen and early teen dating has exposed the modern youth to

sex and sexual inclinations at a much younger age, resulting in widespread accessibility of an emotion formerly considered even rare.

A general change in dating and courting procedures has also added to the accessibility of love. Not so long ago parents from both families would confer before their respective offspring were permitted to associate. Today, however, a casual acquaintance with little or no mutual understanding is sufficient grounds for an evening out. Furthermore, far fewer evenings out constitute a basis for marriage. Thus, the freeing of love has resulted in its devaluation to the role of the trivial. It has become too commonplace to appreciate.

As a result of early exposure to sex and love—vicariously, through television, the theatre, and current literature, and first hand through personal associations—modern youth is dealing with an emotion which, in general, it is not mature enough to appreciate or respect. This fact does not indicate that earlier associations with the opposite sex should be discouraged; it merely demonstrates the need for a youth more mature than its counterpart of a generation ago. It is precisely our failure to develop emotional maturity at a rate consistent with emotional experience that has resulted in a society unable to view love as an end of life. In fact, the attitude toward sex generally taken by youth today as revealed through writings, actions, and conversation is disgustingly lacking in sound principle, values, and decency.

Nor can it be said that the youth of the age are the only propagators of lovelessness in sex. Krutch describes modern men and women as so “absorbed in the pursuit of sexual satisfaction” that they “never find love and are scarcely aware that they are seeking it.” Apparently, people do not recognize the distinction between sex and love. Sex is the mere biological process through which reproduction is possible. Love is the human value attached to sex and without which sex is no more significant than breathing or eating. The mass media of today are transmitting to both youth and adults the commonplace experiences of mere sex devoid of love, and the public is interpreting them as a goal instead of a means to that supreme end, love. As a result, society is gradually losing the satisfaction once afforded by love because it has mistaken sex for love.

Any hope for the return of the mystical, religious, spiritually rich love of our Victorian ancestors must stem from the fact that, as Krutch points out, we are far from satisfied with the inconsistencies in modern love. It is man's acute awareness of himself, his consciousness, which distinguishes him from the animal; and it is through the discontent arising from his awareness that he will once again establish love as a goal. It is toward this result that man must move, for a return of the valueless love of savagery would mark the death of a value which we can ill afford to lose. Furthermore, we realize our need for love. Values and ends of life are rapidly falling prey to the modern intellect as shaped by science, but love is the one value which we must retain if life is to have any meaning beyond mere survival.

Noble as Kings

ROBERT C. AMENDOLA

Rhetoric 102

(Instructor's Note: After the study of sentimentality in writing and the selections "How Love Came to General Grant" and "The Winning of Barbara Worth," this student submitted this "note" in explanation of the condition of a rain-drenched theme.)

Dear Instructor,

The obvious condition of the attached theme is, of course, deplorable. However, one should at least consider the circumstances under which said theme received its baptism. I beg your indulgence.

To begin with, my father was born of poor, but very honest stock. He raised a large family far from the brilliant lights of society and the evil corruption of city business. He worked very hard, when there was work, and he did his best at all times. He is a good, good man. He raised me to be a considerate, sensitive, self-sufficient individual. How could I help but succeed with such a good and noble upbringing? I was malleable stuff then, willing to alter my waywardness, to yield to the blows, the kind-hearted, well-meant blows of my fine father. He molded a little of his knowledge and character into me.

I began my education by learning to steal pieces of burnable stuff from the local coal and lumber yard. Those were hard times, and many a waif like myself had to fight for the dirty, warmth-giving lumps. I would carry the coal or bits of wood in a gunny-sack; it weighed scarcely less than myself, my frail body. Sneaking down alleys and hiding behind dusky trees, I would make my way home.

When I arrived, a great cheer would issue from the house. From the kitchen, the cheers would come, for there was warmth from the sad stove on which our frugal meals were cooked. My mother, standing amid the steam from the kettles, would cheer and laugh with the rest of the family, but I noticed the tears in her pale eyes. I was too young to know how she felt; I was but six. The others knew.

My father knew how Mother felt, but said nothing. Putting his good arm around her tiny waist, he comforted her and gave her strength. He was a proud man with a great heart.

In later years I developed into the person I am. I make no excuses; I fear no one; I merely try to stand upright and good, as my father does. Society and the Military have distorted my views. I am in constant turmoil as to the ways by which I might combat the evil of these bits of deviltry. But I am, like most humans, a weakling. Society, with its gay lights and the bright life it offers, is a great temptation. My "friends" call on me to

attend parties and partake of a-l-c-h-l-c beverages. At times, through weakness of character, I succumb. I am left in a d-r-n-k-n state by the side of some ill-known road, and my "friends" drive off in shiny automobiles, laughing like kings. They are not so noble as kings.

Those who are most like kings are the officers of the Navy. I was an enlisted man, and I have known these noble men as friends. They are good and gentle people as a whole. But I was (Oh, ye Gods) an enlisted man. I was thrust among the foul-tongued hypocrites and satanic impulsives who found their pleasures in degrading and tormenting others, others like myself, a person who would do no harm to anyone. They would not give me peace until I had taken drink. They would not leave me to my books and thoughts until I actually spoke to a p-r-s-t-t-e on a street in Japan. They would not leave me alone. Oh! The horror, the abominable sins of these, my fellow creatures. Where was the sweet beauty of Walden Pond? Where could I find peace? I had to get out of the Navy!

After my release, I found myself back at home. The family (what was left of it) had moved. It had, in fact, moved thrice, being burned out of two homes and evicted from the third because of non-payment of rent. My father had too many hospital bills to afford to pay the rent too. I was home, jobless, without opportunity. My Father was, as always, kind, loving, gentle, good. Mother, too, was much the same, her snow-white hair combed carefully back; she was but forty-five and old beyond her years from hard work and anguish. Then, miracle of miracles. I found that I could go to *college* on a scholarship. My father said, "I knew he could do it!"

My relatives cried, "We're so proud of him!" But they could contribute no money; they, too, were out of jobs.

So it was that by hard work and study I made my way to college. Here I am, then, working nights to pay my way. A poor, but honest student. I try my best; who could ask more? I work at night and go home to my small, dingy room at about 12:30 A.M.

So it was that on this night, I began work and found that rain fell slowly past my window. After a time, the rain stopped, and I thought everything safe. I had carried my books with me faithfully this day, and since I took a modest meal away from my room, I had had no opportunity to put the treasured writings safely on my bookshelf. Thus, I finished my work at eleven and walked into the clean, rainwashed air to a local establishment wherein a group of students regularly gather to discuss their philosophies and partake of modest spirits as college students are wont to do. Near the closing hour, the wind blew afresh, ushering in great clouds of moist air. As we were forced to depart, driven into the threatening breeze, we had little choice but to do what we could against the elements. I clutched my theme to my bosom, fearful of damage should the droplets invade the vulnerable threads of paper. It was to no avail! I had some five blocks to walk, and ere I started the journey, the droplets became enlarged and swooped down with such abun-

dance and ferocity that I knew not where to turn for refuge; I trudged through the streaming rain, terrified at the thought of allowing my paper to moisten. What could I do? Where could I go? Nowhere, but home.

So it was that I walked home; so it was that my precious writing was wetted, yea, frayed and ragged, smeared and smudged, nearly torn from my grasp by the soggy winds.

So it is that my theme is in its present condition and that I sit to write this plea.

Consider the circumstances and have a kind thought for a poor, wretched student who, through little fault of his own, allowed his paper to be conditioned thus.

Your humble student,
R. C. AMENDOLA

God Is Death

JILL JEFFREY

Rhetoric 102, Theme 10

INGMAR BERGMAN HAS INCORPORATED INTO HIS LITERARY cinema, *The Seventh Seal*, an almost uncountable number of traceable themes, but most forceful and obvious is the pervading religious pessimism of the film, the light in which Christianity appears. An incessant intermingling of death with religion is forcefully introduced when the squire stops to interrogate a lone, cowled figure and finds himself addressing the partially deteriorated face of a rotting corpse. Thenceforth in their travels the knight and squire and those that they encounter are surrounded by pain, suffering, and death. The knight's anguish, obvious in his brooding gaze, arises from his desire but inability to accept without tangible proof God's existence or His concern for man. Ironically, even the true Christian believers, represented by an awe-inspiring procession of flagellants later in the film, lead a wretched existence of penance and sacrifice, continually flogging one another and intent only on averting God's wrath or the pestilence. Bergman's theme is further supported by the use of the identical crucifix, that of a tortured, writhing Christ, in several settings. It is significant also that the knight, Antonius Block, has a conversation with a priest who proves to be Death. Finally, the squire, upon discovering a painter who is applying the last colors to a grotesquely detailed mural of the wretched state of humanity, comments hopefully, "It can't be as bad as all that." The painter tersely replies, "It is much worse." The crux of Christianity becomes not that God is Love but that God is Death.

The knight, who has resisted Death throughout the story by engaging him in a game of chess, ends his search for knowledge most unexpectedly in

what is perhaps the culmination of Bergman's skepticism. Realizing his imminent defeat in the game, Antonius Block resolves at least to uncover something of God's identity. He asks of Death, "Now that you've beaten me, tell me your secrets." But to his distress Death replies, "I have no secrets."

In the final scene Death appears heading a procession of six of the main characters silhouetted in the distance by a calm, bright sky. They are those who resisted Death: the blacksmith, Lisa, Ravall, Antonius Block, the squire, and Skat. Five are spared: the girl rescued by the squire, the knight's wife, who invited Death into her home, and the holy family of three. All those taken by Death share only one common mistake; aside from this, Death appears indiscriminate. Neither the serious nor the humorous people, the devout nor the skeptical escape.

'The Seventh Seal'

LINDA GOLDMAN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 10

THROUGH A FUSION OF RICH THEMATIC MATERIAL, VISUAL imagery, symbolism, and deep character analysis presented within the medium of astounding photography, blending light and shadow, and effective sounds—Ingmar Bergman creates an experience of sense impressions and vivid, significant content—*The Seventh Seal*.

The motif of Death is prevalent throughout the film both in the personified form and the carefully manipulated allusions—the black vulture circling the sky in the first scene, the hideous corpse encountered along the way, the catastrophic Black Plague itself, and the burning of the "witch," an innocent, frightened, and bewildered child. Death is pursuing the Knight, an unfulfilled man in search of faith, the answers to the eternal questions, and some essential meaning in life with which to identify himself. Throughout the film Death is the pursuer; the Knight is the willing victim who must first, however, perform one "meaningful act."

Along the way to his castle at Elsinore, the Knight and his squire, a perfect foil for his master both in temperament and in the latter's complete rejection of faith, encounter many people and become subjectively involved in their experiences. The most significant of these are the wandering minstrel family Joseph, Mary, and Michael, the child. Joseph is the good and spiritually beautiful who possesses insight into life, both good and evil. To him alone is revealed the vision of the Holy Virgin walking with her child and, too, he alone sees that the Knight is playing a fatal game of chess—with Death

as his opponent. Mary is the pre-Fall woman—pure, innocent, and holy. These two have conceived Michael (i.e., miracle), the child who will one day “perform the one impossible trick.” This is the Earth family, symbolizing and fulfilling faith and life. In protecting them from Death and providing for their escape, the Knight does accomplish one significant action and thus his respite from death is fraught with purpose and meaning and accomplishment.

Skat, the rogue; Lisa, the temptress; Plog, the poor, bothered, unappreciated—all become entangled in the Knight’s remaining time on earth. He remains alone and aloof, though, while the Squire involves himself in their lives with humor, insight, and love of “la vie pour la vivante.” He is joined by a melancholy, tragic young girl, with the look of deep suffering and fear in her eyes. At the end of the film she embraces Death and, by means of facial expression, the viewer infers that she also embraces faith and God. “It is finished,” she says, as did Christ on the cross.

The Seventh Seal is an organic experience, the impact of which can never be forgotten. Violence and tenderness, ugliness and beauty, death and life—this is *The Seventh Seal*.

Similar Sagas

EUGENIE VERCILLO

Rhetoric 102, Theme 7

THE HISTORY OF SCARMENTADO'S TRAVELS, WRITTEN by Voltaire in 1756, may very well have been intended to be the rough outline for the story *Candide*, which was not written until three years later. In both stories, the main heroic character is an adventuresome young man who finds himself in one predicament after another while traveling around the world. In the original story, Scarmentado visits Italy, France, England, Holland, Turkey, and other countries. Candide, in the later adventure, not only tours these identical countries, but also manages to get himself into similar difficulties.

The sole means of escape from many of these difficulties is the use of sequins¹ or other forms of bribery. When Scarmentado reaches Persia, he is believed to be making fun of the two Persian parties, the Black Sheep and the White Sheep:

so that already at the gates of the city I found myself with violent trouble on my hands; it cost me another large number of sequins to get rid of the sheep.

Similarly, Candide, in his search to deliver Cunégonde, has to ransom the Baron and Pangloss;² therefore, “They sent for a Jew, to whom Candide

¹ Venetian gold coins.

² From the Greek: “all Tongue.”

sold for fifty thousand sequins a diamond of the value of a hundred thousand. . . ." Obviously enough, both Scarmenado and Candide make excellent use of the money they possess (and they both have sufficient amounts of it), not only to save their own lives immediately, but also to further their flights to safer countries.

In some predicaments, however, both Scarmenado and Candide are unable to buy safety; thus, they are mistreated. It is here that the reader notices sharp, unexpected contrast within Voltaire's sentences in both the *History of Scarmenado's Travels* and *Candide*. For example, when Scarmenado is in Spain,

there arrived in my room two familiars of the Inquisition together with the Holy Hermandad: they embraced me tenderly, and without saying a word to me took me into a very cool dungeon. . . .

Candide experiences a similar situation while he is in Bulgaria. While Candide is congenially conversing with a few gentlemen about the King of the Bulgarians, the gentlemen suddenly interrupt the conversation.

'That is sufficient,' they say to him, 'you are now the prop, the support, the defender, the hero of the Bulgarians; your fortune is made, and your glory is assured.' They immediately put irons on his legs and they take him to the regiment.

Although this contrast employed in both stories by Voltaire is obvious, it remains extremely effective because it occurs when the reader is least expecting it.

Likewise, Voltaire has Scarmenado and Candide draw unexpected conclusions or make unexpected references. While Scarmenado was in Rome,

A young lady with very sweet ways, named Signora Fatelo,³ took it into her head to love me. She was being courted by the Reverend Father Poignardini and the Reverend Father Aconiti, young votaries of an order that no longer exists: she reconciled them by granting her good graces to me; but at the same time I ran the risk of being excommunicated and poisoned. I left very pleased with the architecture of St. Peters.

This type of incongruent conclusion is also noticeable in *Candide* when Cacambo proposes to his Master that they eat.

'How,' said Candide, 'can you expect me to eat ham, when I have killed the son of My Lord the Baron and find myself condemned never to see the fair Cunégonde again in my life? What will it profit me to prolong my wretched days, since I must drag them out far from her in remorse and despair? And what will the Journal de Trevoux ⁴ say?'

This technique of unexpectedness (which is so much an intricate part of Voltaire's style) can be found in other incidents in both the *History of Scarmenado's Travels* and *Candide*.

Another favorite technique of Voltaire is the indifferent statement of atrocious abuses or absurdities as if they were everyday occurrences. Scarmenado nonchalantly announces that the day he arrived at the Hague, "They

³ In Italian, "Do it."

⁴ The Jesuit Journal, founded in 1701.

were cutting off the head of a venerable old man. . . ." In the *Candide* story, a Negro calmly reports that,

When we work in the sugar mills and we catch our finger in the millstone, they cut off our hand: when we try to run away, they cut off a leg; both things have happened to me.

Although these types of examples used by Voltaire in both stories are very horrifying, they nevertheless please the reader because they are morbidly unique—a type ordinarily not used by other authors.

The reader will notice one more similarity between the *History of Scarmendado's Travels* and *Candide*. This is the manner of replies made by both Scarmendado and Candide. When one would expect an intelligent answer from either of the two characters, a weak "Alas!" or "Ah!" is often all that is uttered. This tends to add further proof to the conviction that both Scarmendado and Candide are naïve individuals.

It is at this point that one can definitely see the likenesses of Scarmendado and Candide and their stories. Although these tales of adventure were written three years apart, it remains quite feasible that the original *History of Scarmendado's Travels* was meant to have been the first draft of the story *Candide*.

Man's Fascination with Sounds

JAMES A. MARTIN

Rhetoric 107, Theme 2

SUSANNE LANGER EXPRESSED THE OPINION THAT THE creation of language was due chiefly to man's aesthetic appreciation of sounds and his desire to produce them, to shape them, and to match them with his feelings, thereby giving them added significance.

John Lotz stated, "Only the human infant is endowed with a babbling instinct."

From personal experience we all appreciate our own occasional preoccupation or fascination with a sound of one type or another. Possibly it is the resonance of a hollow log, the sound of a rock falling into water, or the sound of a certain person's voice. Possibly it is the sound of a huge machine with contrapuntal rhythms, of a car engine murmuring quietly at high speed, or of the weird music of a computer console. Langer and Lotz have both expressed a certain phenomenon to which everyone else can also attest. Man has a fascination with sound.

The musical composer has taken this real but nebulous interest, studied it, experimented with it, and created from it a form of art with a potential for appeal infinitely greater than the random sounds of nature. He has produced concerti and symphonies, minuets and mazurkas, scherzos and rhaps-

sodies. With some composers this fascination has become passion—men are not merely interested but moved literally to tears by the sounds these men have assembled.

The poet has taken this fascination and wedded it to ideas and images to produce his poetry. He has written:

It cracked and growled, and roared and howled . . .

and,

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!

and,

Wake! For the Sun, who scattered into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night . . .

and,

And the little reeds sighed, "Abide, abide,
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall."

He has taken words—common words—and made them fascinating and delightful in melodic patterns and rhymes.

The orator has taken man's fascination with sound and linked it to ideas and emotions. He has not said, "How many times do I have to tell you?" but, "I tell you again and again and again. . . ." He has sometimes used it to make sound outweigh sense, as Hitler did in stirring Germany.

Whether or not we accept the suggestion that man's natural interest in sounds is the chief reason for the development of language, it seems apparent that it is one of the vital forces of language, along with the need to communicate.

Not only did this fascination have a profound, and perhaps formative, effect on what man once did with language, but it continues to have a profound effect on what man now does with language and what he has yet to attempt.

The Beginning of Wisdom

SHIRLEY HEFFERNON

Rhetoric 107, Theme 3

THE PROBLEM OF THE JUSTICE OF THE GODS VERSUS the justice of man is the main consideration of Sophocles in his play *Antigone*. In this grim story, which centers around the indignities offered to a dead body, the young girl Antigone represents the eternal justice of the gods while her uncle Creon represents the justice of man. What will happen when these two opposing forces clash? Will one prove stronger than the other, or will they simply exist simultaneously? These are the questions that Sophocles proposes to answer as he unfolds his intensely moving drama.

The conflict is revealed immediately in the prologue as Antigone relates to her sister, Ismene, the recent decree of Creon concerning the burial of their two brothers, Eteocles and Polynices, both of whom were slain while fighting each other over the right to rule Thebes, their native city. The order is that Eteocles is to receive a proper and honorable burial befitting a man who died fighting against the invasion of his city. But Polynices is to be left where he fell, "... unwept, unburied, welcome provision for the birds who watch for such-like prey" (p. 28),¹ because he died trying to storm the city of his birth. Antigone is outraged at the disgrace accorded Polynices and resolves to bury him even though death is promised to anyone who dares touch the body.

Antigone's response to Ismene's plea not to defy Creon's orders is one of the first indications of her concept of justice and *points out* the basic pattern of thought that she will follow throughout the story. She knows that she will die for her deed, but this thought does not sway her as she tells Ismene:

Be what your will, I will bury him. Good it will be to die in doing so. For longer must I satisfy those there below than the people here, for there I shall lie forever. But you, if you think well, keep disregarding what the gods regard! (p. 30)

In sharp contrast to this point of view is Creon's plea of justice, which he explains in the next scene while speaking to the Chorus of the aged citizens of Thebes. He is telling the Chorus why he has assumed the role of ruler of the city, and his code of justice is shown in the words:

Never by act of mine shall bad men have more honor than the just. But he who is well-minded toward this state alike in life or death by me is honored. (p. 36)

It is easy to see why Creon considers Polynices, who tried to besiege his own city, a traitor and worthy only of the most humiliating form of disgrace.

A watchman abruptly ends Creon's speech with the shocking news that someone has dared to perform the death rites over the body of Polynices. When Antigone is accused of the treacherous act, she readily confesses what she has done and calmly accepts the death sentence. Again, her strong conviction that justice lies with the gods is shown as she speaks against Creon's decree.

It was not Zeus who gave this edict; nor yet did Justice, dwelling with the gods below, make such laws like these for men. I did not think that such force was in your edicts that the unwritten and unchanging laws of God you, a mere man, could traverse. These are not matters of today or yesterday, but are from everlasting. . . . And if I seem to you to have been working folly, it may be he who charges folly is the fool. (p. 48)

Creon's stand, however, is unchanged. Even the arguments of his son Haemon, who is betrothed to Antigone, fail to convince Creon that perhaps he is wrong in condemning the girl to death. Not until the old seer Tiresias fore-

¹ Citations from *Antigone* in my text are to Sophocles, *Antigone*, trans. George Herbert Palmer (Boston, 1927).

casts the doom that will befall the entire state as well as Creon's household does the ruler decide to make amends for his hasty actions. But to his dismay, Creon finds that it is too late to remedy the situation. Antigone is already dead; Haemon, in despair, has taken his own life; and Eurydice, Creon's wife, has done the same. There is nothing left for Creon to do but die also. His honor is gone and with it all that is worth living for. With a lament Creon bids his servants lead him away.

Thus, through Antigone and Creon, has Sophocles portrayed two aspects of justice. The contrast between them is great. Antigone's justice, the unchanging justice of the gods, has given her courage and honor, while Creon's man-made and therefore unstable justice has brought him only sorrow. He has failed because he believed only in himself. But since tragedy is concerned with the fatal flaw in character that finally destroys a man, Creon's concept of justice has perhaps the more important bearing on the play. Through a study of Creon's character and motives it may be possible to see what message Sophocles has for the reader.

The scene between Creon and his son in which they argue about the fairness of sentencing Antigone to death best explains both the ruler's character and the reasoning behind his actions. His obsession for loyalty to the State and his fierce pride are revealed when he tells Haemon that he has condemned Antigone because she had deliberately disobeyed the authority of the State, and there is no greater crime than this. Also, Creon's honor is greatly involved at this point, for he cannot possibly revoke his decree without suffering immense personal humiliation. And to revoke it for the sake of a woman would be even worse, for he has an overwhelming fear of being laughed at by others if he admits that he is wrong. "Better to be pushed aside, if need be, by a man than to be known as women's subjects" (p. 60).

Haemon, being younger and more flexible in his views, tries to persuade Creon that there is no dishonor in confessing one's mistakes and that justice can better be carried out when there are less rigid rules which allow for human nature. He pleads,

Do not then carry in your heart one fixed belief that what you say and nothing else is right. However wise a man may be, it is no shame to learn, learn much, and not to be too firm. You see along the streams in winter how many trees bend down and save their branches; while those that stand up stiff go trunk and all to ruin. Be yielding, then, and admit change. (p. 62)

But by the time Creon is willing to yield, the damage has been done. Wisdom, which is the greater part of justice, comes too late. The gods have had their vengeance, and all those around Creon have been destroyed.

So Sophocles has shown that the justice of man has lost in its struggle with the gods. The unchangeable, the absolute, reigns supreme. But through man's loss Sophocles does not see failure. Instead, he sees a significant gain towards justice when he says, "Large language, bringing to the proud large chastisement, as last brings wisdom" (p. 92).

‘The Scarlet Letter’

THOMAS E. KINGERY

Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

HOW DO YOU DO? MY NAME IS LUCIFER. I LIVE DEEP IN the dark of the forest, where the gnus gambol daily, except on Sunday, of course, and near the spa where the satyrs drink, especially on Satyrday, of course.

Things have been looking up for me recently, or “down,” if you don’t mind. (It’s really all in your point of view.) I had begun to fear for a while that there was going to be a recession in my business, but I’m heartened by a recent turn of events. As a matter of fact, things have just been preternaturally phantasmagoric lately. Let me speak of it with you, I pray . . . Pray?

It all started while I was communing with a certain Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale recently. I suggested several pleasant diversions to him—teaching nasty words to little boys, stealing a nice fat watermelon,—things like that—when lo and behold, I saw that he was contemplating bigger things. He had in mind an affair with a married woman, a Mistress Prynne. Naturally, I would never have suggested such a thing to a minister. It isn’t ethical. But seeing that he was determined, I could hardly intervene. That would have been even less ethical. So by and by the affair was consummated, not without some novel suggestions from me, if I may say so.

Then, seeing how successfully I had corrupted the good character of both these individuals, I conceived a plan to bring the whole sordid matter out into the light, so that it might suggest similar actions on the part of many who thus became aware of it. Of course you well know that the most enticing transgressions are those by which people may prove their cunning, outdoing the next fellow, as it were. So this is what I did: in the mind of the Governor, I encouraged an already germinating idea which consisted of indelibly branding the Mistress (sic) Prynne so that all might know of her indiscretion. Furthermore, she was to be put on public display on a high scaffold for a time. Oh, what a joyous day it would be when I saw her there for all to scorn. I alone realized that many of the onlookers would take a vicarious pleasure in the spectacle, wishing that they had been a part of at least the early stage of the drama. Thus began my plan to ensnare many in the same net.

My next step was to suggest to one of my most able workers, a Miss Hibbens, that she spread all manner of stories concerning Mistress Prynne about the town, thereby adding fuel to other persons’ already kindling phantasms. She did this quite well, being most adept at that sort of thing.

Mr. Prynne, who had remained in England, and was involved in scholarly pursuits, had sent his wife ahead, planning to follow her at a later date. There are always those who, by such inconsidered actions, give me able assis-

tance in the matters that concern me. I made it my business to converse with this gentleman again, and to suggest in my devilish way that it might be well nigh time for him to follow his lovely wife. (He protested that it was I who had influenced his original decision to send her there alone. Naturally, I denied that allegation.) But at my urging, he did leave straight-away for the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Upon his arrival there, he witnessed the aforementioned public mockery of his wife. It immediately occurred to him (at my suggestion, I must modestly confess) to take a pseudonym, that he might not be forced to share the shame of his wife. It seemed to me that he could better suit my purposes in this guise. He elected to call himself Roger Chillingworth. Upon my counsel, he made it his sole purpose in life to find the man who had defiled his wife, and to subject him to a very especial kind of torture.

As I contemplated the sundry ways in which I might cause others to be corrupted by this drama, I realized that the lovely daughter of Mistress Prynne would be an effective instrument for me. It is not often that I am able to ensnare young children, you know, but this particular one, in the very midst of such a delightful comedy, was easy prey. You see, she had not the prerogative of running about and playing with other children, for she was looked upon as a witch-baby. She would often sit alone, idly plucking the petals from flowers or contemplating a bee-circuit. That offered me ample time to befriend her, almost adopt her, as it were. So, offering her my own unique views of life, and especially my views of those people she chanced to meet, I suggested unusual things she might say to them. As a consequence, they began to regard her as a "child of the devil." How very delightful!

As time passed, things worked out nicely for me, as divers other incidents took place as a direct result of the story I relate. One dark night I was even privileged to see the young Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale ascend that same scaffold, so deep was his guilt. Forgive me, but I could not resist causing Hester Prynne to traverse that same street while he was there. Seeing him there, she was compelled to join him, with the child as well. There they stood, partners all in the ignominy. I was delighted. But I have said it was the dark of night, and for my drama to command only such a secretive finale was unthinkable! It must needs be done in the bright light of a noon-day sun to befit the foregoing parts, I reasoned.

So I determined to cause these three to gather there once again, but in the eyes of all and in the light of day. Of course I was able to accomplish that, and I did see them stand there all, before the townspeople and those of rank and dignity, though I must confess it did not go exactly as I had planned. My man Chillingworth let me down just as the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale was about to ascend the scaffold for all to see. He actually tried to dissuade Dimmesdale from confessing his guilt. And Dimmesdale himself managed to wrest himself away from me at the very last moment. It was almost as if

he were suddenly assisted by some unseen hand to ascend the scaffold steps with ease, while visibly only the tired frame of Hester Prynne herself lent him any support.

A Silent Influence

JEANNE ROSEN MAYER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

THE PORCH STAIRS RESOUNDED TO THE MEASURED tread of firm rapid steps. The door bell impatiently announced the arrival. I hurried through the inner door to the glass front door fully aware of the figure that would greet me. A tall, erect old woman whose height was increased by well-heeled shoes, stepped into the hall. With a practiced briskness she proceeded with the ordeal of removing her coat and overshoes. A somewhat archaic hat remained on her head at all times, covering tight curls whose texture was like the angel hair trim on artificial Christmas stockings. All the while she kept up a conversation about the weather; then, after depositing her discarded vestments with me, she entered the living room. My piano teacher had arrived.

How many times that scene was repeated in summer and spring, fall and winter, over the course of eight years. There were times when, to my immature mind, that arrival was a dreaded occasion. It often seemed as inevitable as the sequence of day and night, and I never really stopped to think about the brisk old lady who walked in and out of my life, one brief hour a week, for eight years.

Her name was Rose A. Larson, and she was a "Miss" well past any hope of changing. Somehow a married life was incompatible with her character. She was as precise as the steady tick of a metronome, as rigid in form as a two-part invention by Bach. But even Bach has his beautiful moments of melody. Miss Larson's melody was the kindness that radiated from her blue eyes; the infinite endurance she showed by listening to dischord after dischord and patiently correcting; the solicitousness with which she inquired after each member of my family, not as a matter of form, but because she was genuinely concerned.

Miss Larson drove a car that was very much like her, old but still usable. It had a delightful habit of breaking down about once every two months, stranding Miss Larson. I remember my father on two or three occasions helping her start it.

Once, Miss Larson invited me to dinner, broadening the ties of our relationship. It was a very proper affair. I ascended the steps of an old brown-

stone house at exactly 11:55 and rang the door bell. Through the glass front door I could see her coming. How strange that our positions were exactly reversed! For a while we sat chatting in the "parlor." It seemed to be a scene out of an Arnold Bennett novel. The couch was purple velvet and very ornate; the windows were curtained with lace; a faded patterned rug covered the floor; a huge grand piano massively crowded one corner and overflowed toward the middle of the room. Each piece of furniture seemed to depict the past kept alive. Miss Larson showed me tiny shoes, some made of wood and some of glass, that she had collected over many years. Later, we had chicken croquettes and iced tea.

As a piano teacher Miss Larson had little effect on me. I rather suspect it was the raw material she had to work with. However, as a person, her effect is just now being realized. I had my last piano lesson the week before I left for college. She had been such an intrinsic part of my life that it seemed impossible her weekly visits were coming to an end. When it came time for her to go, my family gathered in the front room. "You've watched Jeanne grow up," my mother said. I wondered how many others she had watched and loved. After she had left, my brother told me there were tears in her eyes. I wouldn't know; I couldn't see through the tears in my own.

Science and Liberal Education

THOMAS BROOKS

Rhetoric 107, Theme 3

THE TWO BOOKS CHOSEN FOR THIS DISCOURSE ARE J. W. N. Sullivan's *The Limitations of Science* and Mark Van Doren's *Liberal Education*. Sullivan's book is written to present the so-called layman with a survey of the main fields of science as it exists today, and to suggest that science is not necessarily the best medium for solving man's problems. Van Doren's book brings forth a denunciation of education as it is carried on in the United States today and expresses his belief that to be truly educated one must have a more or less evenly mixed background in science and the humanities, what he calls a "liberal education."

The essence of *The Limitations of Science* seems to be that science is at its best when dealing with the material universe, but becomes less effective as it approaches matters dealing with the problems of life and consciousness and the nature of the mind. Sullivan enumerates and explains, in terms easily comprehensible, the various advances and modifications made in certain areas of scientific thought up through the first quarter of the twentieth century. These changes in ideas, according to Sullivan, are brought about through a rather cyclical type of process, involving an old theory, a new

discovery which does not fit the old theory, development of a new theory to explain the new discovery, correlation of the new theory with the happenings explained by the old one, general acceptance of the new theory, and more new discoveries, which will either substantiate the new theory or create the necessity for a slight alteration of the new theory or bring about the inception of a completely new theory. Sullivan believes, although his reasoning seems a trifle obscure, that all the modern advancement of scientific thought will come in the physical sciences. The great new ideas will come from the physicist and the astronomer, because the atom and the universe present the greatest of the mysteries left to science. Biology and psychology and all the other sciences other than the mathematical sciences, he says, have no more room for additional original thought because they deal with the problems and soul of man, and man is something that may never be completely understood. The value of science is that it provides man with a means for satisfying his curiosity. When man enters upon the study of himself, he finds the concept of thought and consciousness totally incomprehensible and cannot satisfy his curiosity.

Probably the most outstanding feature of *Limitations of Science* is its over-all simplicity. It is with remarkable ease that one can read this book and get out of it all, or at least the greater part, of Sullivan's ideas. His survey of the major areas of exploration in the physical sciences is presented extremely clearly and in a vocabulary containing few hard-to-understand scientific terms. The simplicity of the style has the advantage of promoting sustained interest so that the reader does not become bored and lose his will to comprehend. As a lucid survey of scientific thought presented to the non-scientist, *Limitations of Science* has a great deal to recommend it.

Liberal Education, unlike *Limitations of Science*, is written for a more intelligent reader. In order to get the full benefit from this book, one must read carefully and thoughtfully. Van Doren writes with a lively style, rich in revealing ideas concisely and freshly stated. Our educational system, he says, is not poor because it attempts to educate everyone, but because too little is required of those who are to be educated. All men are not equal; and if democracy is to remain safe, each man must be educated to exercise his particular ability to the utmost. A liberal education shows a man what his abilities are, so that he is able to develop his talents. A man with a liberal education is able to think for himself and to make for himself a place in which he will do himself and society the greatest service. Each man must seek spiritual perfection in his own way.

Van Doren defines the liberal arts as the traditional ones, they being grammar, rhetoric, logic, arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy. These seven can be divided into two groups, the first three being classed as literature and the last four as mathematics. These subjects all are necessary to a liberal education, and no over-emphasis or de-emphasis of them should exist to any great degree. Specialization to any great degree somehow makes a man less

a man. He becomes dull and incapable of seeing things in their proper perspective. But, even though science seems to threaten the world with widespread practice of specialization, it must not be disregarded as part of a liberal education. Van Doren finds the physicist who takes pride in having no knowledge of Shakespeare no more culpable than the Shakespearean scholar who knows nothing of atoms. The educated man, in Van Doren's view, knows something of everything. That is, he is able to converse on, or understand, almost any subject.

Liberal Education is, in this writer's opinion, a better, or more meaningful, book than is *The Limitations of Science*. Van Doren has written so well and so concisely that even if the book does require a great deal of concentration, it is not really difficult to read. Any effort needed on the part of the reader is well rewarded by the richness of the ideas brought forth. The superiority of a liberal education is seemingly made quite obvious. The thought of a well-rounded individual striving towards spiritual perfection is quite appealing. *Limitations of Science*, although it is easy to read, seems to lose something the farther one gets into it. The first several chapters, describing the present scientific thinking, are excellent, but after that one begins to become unsure of what is meant. The idea that comes through with the most force is that science, although it has advanced greatly within the last century, is still based much upon educated guesswork, and just one small discovery can serve to topple a whole system of theories.

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SULLIVAN, J. W. N. *The Limitations of Science*. New York, 1933.

VAN DOREN, MARK. *Liberal Education*. New York, 1943.

Rhet as Writ

In *The Seventh Seal* by Ingrid Bergman were two well developed characters.

* * *

Education's job will always be to stimulate, direct, and inform nothing else.

* * *

Males mature slower than the females, but eventually the girls stop maturing while the males go on to catch the females.

* * *

Could that be me with the scowling face, hair in curlers and wrinkled pedal pushers?

* * *

The skirts are not becoming. The reason for this is that they have a slight fullness and a long length which gives emphasis to nothing.

* * *

Maybe God does not want us to discover the answer. Maybe there is no God and we will never be able to disprove him.

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The Winners

The following are the winners of the prizes for the best themes
in the October issue of the *Caldron*

- First: Clark Robinson, *Should America Convert to the Metric System?*
- Second: J. A. Sessler, *Death of a Sad Man*
- Third: Mary K. Behrens, *'I Should Not Seem Part of It'*
- Fourth: Burt Miller, *Justice for Americans*
- Fifth: Thomas J. Finneran, *It's a Wacky Game*

AWARDS

The *Caldron* will continue its policy of giving awards to the five best themes in each issue. The winners will be selected by the votes of the members of the freshman rhetoric staff.

The schedule of awards is as follows:

- First: Fifteen dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Second: Ten dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Third: Five dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Fourth: Five dollars worth of books
- Fifth: Five dollars worth of books

We wish to thank the following bookstores for their generosity in providing prizes:

- Campus Book Store
- Follett's College Book Store
- Illini Union Book Store
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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

March 1963

JANUARY

THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



CONTENTS

<i>William Metzger: College Slang</i>	1
<i>Hubert Hoha: Photography in the Fine Arts</i>	3
<i>Ronald Everett: The World Series as an Art Form</i>	5
<i>Pat Mullen: Why a Catcher in the Rye?</i>	6
<i>Gary Elden: A Meeting</i>	8
<i>Bob Hicks: The San Francisco Beats</i>	9
<i>Edith Hsiao: 'I Have Measured Out My Life with Coffeespoons'</i>	16
<i>Allen Ferreira: We're Not Sure, But</i>	17
<i>Renelda Frump: Pain</i>	19
<i>Francois Deschamps: The Beast and Society</i>	19
<i>William Wilke: The Old Brush</i>	21
<i>Rhet as Writ</i>	23
<i>The Contributors</i>	24

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THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for all full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, are published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

Members of the committee in charge of *The Green Caldron* are Thomas K. Ehret, Patrick Geoghegan, H. H. Hart, Michael Svob, and Robert Bain, chairman.

College Slang

WILLIAM METZGER

Rhetoric 107, Theme 5

THIS BIT COMES FROM LONG HOURS OF CEMETERY working at my pad and at the bookhouse. I hope it really snows you because this course is no crisp, and I'd like to really get with it grade-wise.

These sentences are rather extreme examples of slang which is normally used by college students to varying degrees. When comparing these two sentences with their translated meaning, one can readily note obvious differences in vocabulary and a few less obvious differences in word usage. These will be discussed in more detail later. For now let us discuss slang in general with regard to its origin and functions.

Slang words usually have their beginnings among either the experimental young or closed groups and professions. The functions of slang are manifold. First, slang is used to create a humorous effect. A college man will think that it is much "cuter" to use "pound the ground" or "certified pure bull" than to refer to dancing or something which has been grossly exaggerated.

Secondly, slang supplies a kind of shorthand that saves thinking and eliminates the construction of elaborate, precise phrases. For example, a girl who calls her date a "drag" saves herself the trouble of defining him as the sort of chap who, however good his intentions, merely lacks the capacity for fun and neither takes the lead in making things cheerful nor joins the spirited capers of his companions. He's just a "drag."

A third function of slang is to make one feel like a member of the group. Newly-arrived college students quickly pick up the slang of the group into which they are trying to gain entrance. Therefore, if the individual calls a mean person a "louse," and the group calls him a "grub," the individual will soon change his ways and follow the lead of the "clique." Slang seems to create an esoteric bond which serves to distinguish "insiders" from "outsiders." By using words which are peculiar to the college vocabulary, the status-conscious college man assures himself that he is distinguishing himself from the "mob" or the "proletariat."

Paradoxically, besides distinguishing the college man from the "lower classes," a common slang seems to further his desire to conform. This desire to conform and to be inconspicuous is very prevalent in America today. To achieve this almost total anonymity the college man now not only dresses and acts like everyone else, but has become a "linguistic chameleon," changing his way of speaking to fit the color of his surroundings.

The college slang vocabulary deals mainly with the three topics which hold the most interest for the college man. They are automobiles, sex and dating, and school, not necessarily in that order.

The collegian calls his car his "wheels." The conscientious "wheelman" can increase the power of his "wheels" by installing "duals," "quads," or a new "mill," sometimes known as an engine. Most "high-school Harrys," or show-off drivers, prefer white-walled "skins" and like to use their "Mexican overdrive," i.e., neutral, when they go down hills and "turn on the after-burners."

The well-dressed, popular college man is a "cool dad," a "snow-job," a "king," the answer to every girl's prayers. He is usually "dating up a storm" until his "queen" breaks off with him and "shovels out the snow." Someone who asks a "queen" who is going steady for a date is usually considered a "gnome" or a "mullett" because he is trying to give the "queen's king" the "purple shaft" or the "maroon harpoon." In despair, the dethroned "king" feels "clanked" or "clutched."

The superior students are called "four-pointers" and "curve-killers" and usually do not have as much trouble with "The Vatican," also known as the administration, as do the "greasers," the students who just barely slip by with passing grades. The "greasers" sometimes have to use "riders" or "cheat sheets" if they don't have any "crisps," i.e., easy courses. But in the end, the "Flunkenstein," the I.B.M. grading machine, takes its toll upon all.

One of the unique characteristics of some slang words is the tendency to use suffixes connoting a superlative notion and to have them tacked onto nouns at will to intensify them. Two of these suffixes are "-ville" and "-wise." For example, "He's the most from Endsville," or "Footballwise, he's the greatest." This unique method of forming superlatives has yet to be accepted by grammarians.

Another strange twist in construction of slang words is the conversion of intransitive verbs to transitive verbs. One example is the verb "to snow." In college slang its meaning is transformed into "to impress." This transformation results in such constructions as "I tried to snow him by using fancy language." Another example of this phenomenon is the college use of the intransitive verb "to go." The college usage is illustrated in a sentence such as, "He went the study route all the way." Here again an intransitive verb is converted to the transitive.

Words are lost quickly from the college slang vocabulary. After a word has become wide-spread among college students, it tends to seep into the vocabulary of other groups. The word loses its exclusiveness, and with this loss it also loses its status as slang.

Words in a college-slang vocabulary tend to be anything but euphemistic. In what other vocabulary would a bad-mannered person be called a "gnome" or an exaggeration be labeled "certified pure bull"? In what other vocabulary would a reluctant date be called a D.D.P.—a damn door-pusher given to hugging the far side of the convertible's front seat? Man, like these cats pull no punches in Labelsville.

Photography in the Fine Arts

HUBERT HOHN

Rhetoric 107, Theme 2

ONE OF THE CONTROVERSIAL SUBJECTS IN THE ART CIRCLES of today is that of photography and its relation to the fine arts. In the past, photography has been considered a graphic art and has received little acclaim as a fine art, but because of the work of several men in this field the scope of art is being widened to include photography. Many are against its inclusion because they feel that photography is mechanical and therefore unsuited to interpreting and expressing emotion; they feel that true art is the result of the work of the hands.

Is this objection valid? Can a medium of expression be excluded from the arts because it is in part mechanical? Before these questions can be answered it is essential to have at least a brief idea of what art really is.

The American College Dictionary describes art as "the production or expression of what is beautiful, appealing, or of more than ordinary significance."¹ This definition is too broad to be applicable to the fine arts, so it is necessary to narrow it slightly. Art usually has the named characteristics, but that which has these characteristics is not necessarily art. It is significant to note, however, that there are no restrictions on the method of producing or expressing what is beautiful and appealing. Joseph Wood Krutch defines art in a much more limiting sense that excludes all production of beauty except that which is fine art. He feels that "art cannot be considered merely as an expression of personality or as a reflection of social conditions." He emphasizes his view that art is the "ordering of the world of experience in such a way as to attribute to it logic and meaning."² By this definition art seems to be restricted to deriving values from our experiences and logic from our lives. It is this definition which photography must measure up to if it is to be accepted as one of the arts. It must be noted again that there are no restrictions as to the tools employed; so as long as photography can inspire ideas, interpret experience, or explain man to man, it may be considered an art.

If a photograph is to gain any recognition as art the photographer must understand his subject. A writer cannot convince his readers if he himself is not convinced: if the photographer is unable to find inspiration and meaning in his subject, he cannot expect his viewers to gain a deeper understanding through his work. The understanding that is necessary is not something which every photographer begins with, but it is something which is accumulated as he gains experience. For example, there is a collection of three hundred photographs of children by a professional photographer named Wayne Miller. His final work of art, a selection from over 30,000 prints, shows unusual insight

¹ *The American College Dictionary* (New York, 1947).

² Joseph Wood Krutch, *Art and Experience* (New York, 1932), back cover.

into the emotions of children. He has captured in a representative collection the typical childhood experiences through which all children of all races pass. The collection helps people of all ages gain a greater appreciation for the world of a child. The project required considerable understanding on the part of the photographer, but more significant is the increased depth of the photographer's vision as a result of his association with the children photographed. "As I progressed, I found that the closer and deeper I looked, the more I saw and the more there was to see. When I couldn't see any more, the deficiency was mine. I simply wasn't understanding."³ As a result of his seeing, others are enabled to see more clearly.

There are many kinds of photographs just as there are many types of paintings, but it is difficult to say that any particular kind of photography is art, just as it is difficult to say that only a specific style of painting is art. One approach to photography is very similar to painting. Like the painter who knows before touching his brush the tones, forms, and moods he will strive for in the finished work, the photographer sees his subject in the form of a final print before he takes up his camera. Having decided what he wants, the photographer applies his knowledge of technique and aesthetics in the production of his picture. Technical values and aesthetic values must be developed to perfection or the photograph will fail as a piece of art. A correctly exposed and developed photograph has no artistic value if no thought was given to interpretation of subject matter; similarly, a well composed picture is destroyed if it receives insufficient technical attention.

One of the most famous artistic photographers today is Ansel Adams, who works primarily with scenic photography. He paints mountains and natural detail using film in place of a canvas and a camera in place of a brush. Before beginning he plans carefully for proper consideration of tones, exposure, and composition to create a desired mood, and in the end his photographs tend to reveal emotional relationships between man and his surroundings. They are moving to the viewer in that they aid him in finding and understanding his place within the overall pattern of nature. Unless it achieves this, the scenic photograph cannot be considered art.

Another type of photography helps explain man to man and helps man to understand himself. It is composed almost entirely of photographs of people. Effective photographic art is much harder to produce when the subjects are people than when the subjects are scenes. Scenes are always candid, but people tend to freeze or assume unnatural poses in the presence of the camera. In many cases the picture cannot be carefully planned as in scenic art, but must be spontaneous. A fleeting moment captured by the lens sometimes becomes art though it is out of focus or improperly exposed. The subject matter in itself makes this type of photograph artistic. The previously mentioned collection by Wayne Miller falls into this category as does *The*

³ Wayne Miller, *The World Is Young* (New York, 1958), p. 7.

Family of Man, a collection assembled by the New York Museum of Modern Art. *The Family of Man* illustrates the people of the world from their birth, childhood, and marriage, to their poverty, disease, and death. The selection gives a broad cross-sectional look at humanity through photographs which reveal man's emotions and problems. It is timeless because its subjects cannot be associated with any particular historical period. The viewer develops a sensitivity and an appreciation for the struggles of all men. It shows man as he has always been and man as he will always be. Henri-Cartier-Bresson produces photographs which show the characteristic attitudes, interests, and activities of the people of our time. They are art because people can see their own interests and the interests of those around them in a form which can be understood and appreciated. Whether the interests be spiritual, humanitarian, or material, Bresson records them in such a way that they become representative of twentieth century man.

Bresson, Adams, Miller, and a number of others are by definition artists. They are producing photographs which are gaining increased recognition as art through the efforts of such organizations as Europe's Le Federation Internationale de L'Art Photographique, *Saturday Review's* Photography in The Fine Arts program, and The New York Museum of Modern Art. Outstanding individuals in the field of art are backing up these organizations because they realize that photography does have a place among the fine arts. As long as there are men who are inwardly moved in the production of their photographs, there will be people the world over who will find more meaning and logic in experience as a result of seeing photographs, and photography will maintain its position in the fine arts.

The World Series as an Art Form

RONALD EVETT
Rhetoric 101, Final Examination

THOREAU ONCE SAID THAT THE MAJORITY OF MEN LIVE out their lives in quiet desperation. Unable to find a purpose in their existence, they turn either to opiate boredom or vicariousness to protect themselves from the fact that their lives are worthless. What they do not realize in their muddled state is that it is unnecessary for them to understand the meaning of worldly existence or their relation to it. The Lowbrow of Russell Lynes lives a life filled with events which are important to him because he does not question their importance. Perhaps no answers can be found to such questions. The Lowbrow will never know or care. Although he does not realize it, his is the path to a satisfying life, because he allows his own heart and his own mind to lead him.

Life for the Lowbrow is characterized by spontaneity in thought and feeling. At a given moment, his entire being may be engaged by the sight of a beautiful woman, a glass of beer, or the World Series. The Highbrow couldn't possibly certify such activities as "serious." At the moment they occur, however, they seem to the Lowbrow to be the most satisfying things that have ever happened to him. The glass of beer he drinks is the most important thing in his life because he has *decided* that it is important. It is a reason for being alive because the Lowbrow does not let anyone tell him it is not. He is honest with himself. He does what he enjoys. Therefore, he cannot be led down the road to boredom by popular consensus, conformity, and fad. Each man's values are different from every other man's, and the Lowbrow uses this fact to his advantage.

However, Morton Cronin reminds us that tradition and, consequently, conformity are important because no man can provide effective substitutes for the knowledge acquired by man since civilization began. Again, however, the Lowbrow does not worry. He can use tradition whenever he pleases. It is always at hand. However, because he remains sincere to himself, he cannot be strangled by conformity. He conforms when it is in his best interest to do so and when there is no conflict between conformity and his own heart.

At a cursory glance, the Lowbrow's life seems to be the most purposeless existence imaginable. Yet, he is happy; life is important to him. He confirms Somerset Maugham's theory that life has no meaning. It needs none when the woman is beautiful, when the beer is cold, or when the Series is exciting.

Why a Catcher in the Rye?

PAT MULLEN

Rhetoric 101, Theme 10

"I thought it was 'If a body catch a body,'" I said, "Anyway, I keep picturing all these little kids playing some game in this big field of rye and all. Thousands of little kids, and nobody's around—nobody big, I mean—except me. And I'm standing on the edge of some crazy cliff. What I have to do, I have to catch everybody if they start to go over the cliff—I mean if they're running and they don't look where they're going I have to come out from somewhere and *catch* them. That's all I'd do all day. I'd just be the catcher in the rye and all. I know it's crazy, but that's the only thing I'd really like to be. I know it's crazy."¹

IN THIS SHORT PARAGRAPH SALINGER HAS REVEALED the significance of his title, for in this speech he has epitomized the entire warped outlook of Holden Caulfield. By speaking of this imaginary world, Caulfield has created an implied contrast between the world as it really is and

the world as he would like it to be. In the preceding passages of his narration through his repetitive use of the word "phony" in describing everything from people, like his schoolmates, and things, like the movies, to words, such as "grand," and actions, such as a bow or a handshake, Holden Caulfield has made very plain his opinion of the world as it really is. Therefore, when Caulfield imagines the world as he would like it to be, he logically conceives it as a world without "phoniness." This imaginary world is symbolized in the above passage by the rye field.

Now, let us analyze this world, a part at a time. First, this rye field is filled only with little "kids"; there is a very noticeable absence of adults. However, the restricted population of this imaginary world—all children and no adults—has a logical significance. If a world is to suit Holden Caulfield, it certainly cannot have any adults in it. Adults are too "phony." Still, since Caulfield's world would seem incomplete without inhabitants, it has to be populated, but with a most honest and unaffected class of people. It is not surprising, then, that his imaginary field is filled with little "kids."

Second, near this rye field there is a cliff; and these "kids," running around, not watching where they are going, come very close to the edge. This indifferent behavior of these children in the presence of a danger as great as this cliff is allegorical, but to understand its import, one first needs to know exactly what the cliff symbolizes. In this case it symbolizes a border or boundary between two worlds. On one side of this border, at the top of the cliff, is the children's world, Caulfield's imaginary world; and on the other side of this border, at the bottom of the cliff, is the adult's world, the "phony" world. Now, the significance of the behavior of the children can be explained. These imaginary "kids" represent real children, and their behavior parallels the behavior of real children. In reality, little boys and girls also run around without watching where they are going; and then one day, without realizing what is happening to them, they become grown persons. It is as if they fall over a cliff. Once they step over the edge, they plunge into the world of adults; and never again do they return to the world of children.

Third, every time one of these imaginary "kids" starts to go over the cliff, Holden Caulfield is there to catch him. That is all Caulfield does all day long. He just stands at the edge of the cliff and catches the children before they fall into the "phony" world below. His strange task also has great significance. It serves to convey the idea that if Caulfield had his way "kids" would never grow up. Many times mothers have said of their offspring, "I just hate to see them grow up. They're so 'cute' at this age." Well, Holden Caulfield has similar feelings; only he would probably say, "I just hate to see them grow up. They're so *honest* at this age." Holden Caulfield is very much attracted to children, because he considers them to have none of the "phoniness" of adults. This attraction explains why Caulfield's only function or duty in this imaginary world is to catch these children before they fall

over the cliff, to keep them from growing up, to prevent them from becoming "phonies."

This short quoted passage reveals the significance of Salinger's title by conveying to us a little deeper understanding of Holden Caulfield. For instance, it clarifies Salinger's implications that Caulfield is dissatisfied with an adult world he considers very "phony." In addition, it shows us that he has an unusual respect for children. What is most important, however, is that it gives us an insight into his ever-present problem of immaturity. Holden Caulfield stands on a cliff at the edge of a world of children, looking down at a world of adults. He really does not want, or is not quite ready, to take the plunge into the world below; yet he is too old to be satisfied with remaining in the world above; so, for the time being, he must exist as a person in between—a catcher in the rye.

FOOTNOTES

¹ J. D. Salinger, *The Catcher in the Rye* (Boston, 1945), p. 156.

A Meeting

GARY ELDEN

Rhetoric 101, Theme 4

(The following are the opening paragraphs of a longer theme.)

A PUFF OF COLD AIR RUSHED INTO THE WARM ROOM, and a flock of heads turned to see if any other intruders had arrived with it. Several winded and rosy-cheeked people, blowing into fists and shrugging off overcoats, were late for the Freshman Seminar meeting in McKinley Church. The heads snapped back to the business at hand, while the latecomers self-consciously slid wooden chairs around a rectangle of four wooden tables whose dirty brown tops might at one time have had smooth, shiny finishes. The speaker continued, politely oblivious to the interruption.

Behind the speaker, fastened to a green velvet curtain was a gold wood cross—the sole reminder of the usual function of the room. Exposed pipes, concrete walls, and a graying acoustical ceiling gave the room a humble appearance. Fraying curtains hung indiscriminately over windows and bare walls. Chairs, draped with coats, lined the room. A few books, pens, and paper lay conspicuously on the tables: probably some ambitious students were planning to study when the speaker became dull. Ubiquitous coffee cups served as ash trays, and seemed almost appropriate in this humble place. Jets of smoke sped across the tables like so many silent musket shots. The black and gray linoleum on the floor was arranged in one of those simple designs that is always fascinating. Combed hair, perfume, ties—they all contributed to an atmosphere at once formal and casual, stimulating and pleasant.

The San Francisco Beats

BOB HICKS

Rhetoric 102, Research Paper

IN 1953 TWO MEN, JACK KEROUAC AND ALLEN GINSBERG, led a group of followers to San Francisco. Their purpose was to get away from "Squaresville," as they called it, and to live a life of their own. Their adventure became known as the Beat Movement, and it was basically a result of the restlessness and disillusionment of both the Second World War and finally the Korean War. Kerouac, in explaining the differences between his group and the Greenwich Villagers a number of years ago, said:

We're not Bohemians, remember. Beat means beatitude, not beat up. You feel this. You feel it in a beat—in jazz—real cool jazz or a good nutty rock number. . . . The Beat Generation loves everything, man. We go around digging everything. Everything means something. Everything's a symbol. We're mystics. No question about it. Mystics.¹

Just as San Francisco filled up with ordinary people, so the intellectuals had their ranks filled with conscientious objectors. With the disillusionment about Stalin and the rejection of the State came the anarchists. "The anarcho-syndicalist heritage of the IWW, once so powerful on the West Coast, was reasserting itself."² After the war, the *avant garde* and the conscientious objectors merged to create a new intelligentia. San Francisco, without a doubt, is the home of the Beats. This is primarily because of its natural beauty, its foggy eeriness, the freedom of the town itself, and, mainly, its lack of prejudice. It has a *laissez faire* condition and is neither wide open nor tightly shut. Writers enjoy its permissive atmosphere. Near the bottom of its social ladder are the migratory agricultural workers, seamen, longshoremen, and other very mobile groups. There isn't as much competition as is found in most American cities. Poets in San Francisco, as a rule, are of the working class; none are professors. During the period of Communist influence on literature, San Francisco's poets and other writers were proletarians and did not just write about proletarians. Besides the San Francisco organization, the Beat Movement has spread to such faraway places as Venice, Tokyo, Paris, Mexico City, London, Athens, and Tangier. Denver and, of course, Greenwich Village in New York, feel the influence of the Beats.

I think it is interesting to note the types of people who suddenly decide to change their way of life and to join the Beat Movement. A psychologist from California, Dr. F. J. Rigney, estimates that roughly half of the Beat population comes from middle or upper-middle class. He says that these people have intentionally declassed themselves. In an interview with a Beatnik here on campus, I learned some additional things about the former status of the Beats. He told me that a large group of them are, as he called them, Kiddie Beats. These are the high school students who ran away from

home and who joined the movement thinking that they could find something different to do in life. The Beatnik Movement itself is a young movement, and after a person reaches the age of thirty-five or more, he is considered too old to be a Beatnik.

There is also the Beat who pretends to be Beat besides the one who is for real. Some hipsters act as if they are true Beats but really aren't. They seem to want to live the life of a hipster but cannot quite get away from the outside world. A person of this type is what is sometimes called a "weekend Beat," an individual who wears his Brooks Brothers gray flannel suit and goes to his office on "Madison Avenue" week days but trades these in for a dirty pair of jeans and an old sweatshirt on weekends to join his Beat friends in their espresso houses. There are, actually, very few hipsters who live a Beat life completely, and those that do usually have an inherited income or a job in a bar or bookstore. They live in the cheap, rundown sections of San Francisco, New York, and Denver and are constantly migrating from city to city.

The real hipster "lives it"; he cuts loose from all the square's restraints and chews into the present, burns with enthusiasm, has a precious spongelike quality of soaking up experiences and a disbelief that they can never be squeezed out into sensible drops. In short, the hipster is committed, gone, burning.³

It is also interesting to note what opponents to the Beat way of life have to say about the hipsters in general.

They [the Beats] are talkers, loafers, passive little con men, lonely eccentrics, mom-haters, cop-haters, exhibitionists with absurd smiles and second mortgages on a bongo drum—writers who cannot write, painters who cannot paint, dancers with unfortunate malfunctions of the fetlocks.⁴

Another view, almost as strongly stated, attacks the hipster from a slightly different angle.

The hipster is past caring. He is the criminal with no zest, the gang follower with no love of the gang; i.e., the worker without ambition or pleasure in work, the youngster with undescended passions, the organization man with sloanwilsonian gregory-peckerism in his cold, cold heart. He has entered a deep cavern where desire and art are unknown; swimming blind, scarred and silent, he eats whatever is alive—a symptom of trouble, but hardly feeling it anymore.⁵

In contrast to the two above views of the Beats, the originals of the Beat Generation—previously mentioned Kerouac and Ginsberg in addition to a man by the name of John Clellon Holmes—had a different view of what the Beats should be. They dreamed of a ". . . generation of crazy illuminated hipsters, suddenly rising and roaming America, serious, curious, bumming and hitchhiking everywhere, ragged, beatific, beautiful in an ugly graceful new way . . . beat, meaning down and out but full of intense conviction."⁶ I think the dream has pretty much come true. The real Beat man of today

wants to stay free, poor, hallucinated, read Ezra Pound, have loyal friends, and use the cruel language of the hipster to strangers. Most of all, he wants to stay free of the outside world. According to Gene Baro, an old Greenwich Villager himself and thus familiar with the type of life led by the Beats, the modern Beats are not really the Zen philosophers they say they are. Many Beats are ardent followers and practitioners of Zen Buddhism, but their claim to be its philosophers is not accepted by Mr. Baro, who claims, "Their failure to find a vocabulary reasonably sufficient to their states of being has given so much beatnik literature its rather wordy, scrambled, egg-head character."⁷

True hipsters, besides their contempt for society in general, are also pacifists. This belief in pacifism seems to be the key to their whole movement: the reason they have tried to isolate themselves from the rest of the world. They are against what they call the "obscenity" of militarism and also the bomb. Some are conscientious objectors and anarchists, but even these terms are different to them than to us "squares." They object to ". . . the left-wing, free-love, distrust-of-bourgeois-society, hatred-of-rational-standards type of thing rather than the orderly pacifism of the Quakers. . . ."⁸ In reality, the Beats practice a passive resistance; they do not really engage in an all-out, active campaign to stamp out the things in society that they are opposed to.

The beatniks are anti-political and, while their rejection of society is accomplished by traditional means—by sex, drinks, drugs and the arts of self-expression—the rationale of their behavior is exotic and sophisticated, a matter of mysticism, philosophical solipsism and natural religion.⁹

On both levels, personal and national, the Beats reject status seeking. They do not concern themselves with "keeping up with the Joneses," having a better "pad" than their neighbors', or with even closely resembling the "ideal" American family with its suburban, ranch-type home and its two cars. They detest advertising, too, and Kenneth Rexroth, in his famous anti-commercial statement—"Who killed Cock Robin/You did it in your god damned Brooks Brothers Suit."¹⁰—seems to speak for all Beatdom. Along the lines of "typical Americanism," John P. Sisk gives us another version concerning reasons for Beat hatred of society.

To the writers of the subversive tradition [the Beats] organized society tends to be the Enemy. The Enemy is corrupt; hamstrung by convention; hypocritical, smug, selfish, superficial; ruled by fear, cliche, and sentimentality; suspicious of the individual and creative originality; afraid to let itself go, to trust what Keats calls the holiness of the heart's affections; passionately addicted to that great American document, the dollar bill. Obviously, the enemy does not always recognize itself in this description.¹¹

Basically, all that the hipsters want from their marijuana, jazz, poetry, wanderings, and violence is to find themselves. This includes *not* getting involved with society—family, political creeds, and Squaresville. They

hunger for and gain experience from jazz, marijuana, and sex.

Probably one of the most interesting facets of Beat living, from an observer's standpoint, is the night life. Beats themselves own the famous espresso houses and bars in the lower sections of San Francisco, providing a hangout for their Beat friends. In these places the hipsters have extemporaneous speechmaking sessions, poetry readings, and general discussions on any topic. In addition to their love for poetry, the Beats are also great lovers of jazz, particularly the type played by the late Charlie "Bird" Parker. In almost all of the Beat hangouts, jazz is played from morning until night until morning again; some of the Beats dance to jazz and others read poetry to it. Kenneth Rexroth and Kenneth Patchen have discovered, they believe, a new form that combines poetry and jazz. Jazz has rigid forms, but they believe it is also flexible enough to mold. Jazz permits the Beat to express ". . . the infinite variations of joy, lust, languor, growl, cramp, pinch, scream and despair of his orgasm."¹² After the Beats leave their espresso houses and bars, they go to studios, apartments, and boarding houses to continue their jam sessions, their drinking, and their talking. On really special occasions they may have marijuana, which is either smuggled in from Mexico or grown in their own window boxes.

The theory of the hipster's rebellion has many contradictions, as can be seen without extremely careful inspection. The Beats argue in defense that the outside world has produced "elaborate theories of motivation, undertaken gigantic studies of intelligence and pedagogy, formed into huge noisy camps, overorganized everything, and, in the process, squeezed the life out of individuals."¹³ As a result, the hipster will not talk about the rationality of his beliefs; he will not discuss politics and action. Paul O'Neil, usually a very harsh critic of the Beats, calls the Beat rebellion very effective.

If the poets did nothing but influence other lesser Beats, moreover, they would have to be considered the leaders of a social rebellion. It is a curious rebellion—unplanned, unorganized and based on a thousand personal neuroses and a thousand conflicting egos, but it is oddly effective withal. No matter what else it may be, it is not boring, and in the U. S. of the 1950s it is the only rebellion in town.¹⁴

Because the Beats are carrying on their rebellion against society, they are often referred to as subversives. However, if we look at various periods of history, we find that there were many people who could be classified as subversives. Nathaniel Hawthorne was thought to be a subversive. Even Emerson and Thoreau, both transcendentalists, were far ahead of the "way out" Beats. Actually, the Beats think of Thoreau as the ideal subversive. He wrote and acted out his criticism of the Enemy's wickedness. Walt Whitman, Allen Ginsberg's ideal, was considered a subversive by many. Mark Twain, too, received an "unfavorable press." In our present century such writers as London, Dreiser, Anderson, O'Neill, Odets, Eliot, Wolfe, Dos Passos, Fitzgerald, Nathan, and Mencken have been dissatisfied with

society. Recent "subversives"—Hemingway, Steinbeck, Miller, West, Mailer, Salinger, Wright, Algren, Vidal, Bowles, and Saroyan—are more apparent to us. Their literature reflects the same type of dissatisfaction with society as that of the Beat writers.

The differences between the intellectual and religious concerns of current Bohemia and those of the 1920's or 1930's are modes of differentiating the attitudes of those eras from our own. It seems . . . fairly plain that American Bohemia in reacting against suburbia tends to produce a reverse image of the society that makes the hydrogen bomb, throws its money around in idiot frenzy, and refuses to vote for school bonds; the same moral flaccidity, the same social responsibility, the same intellectual fraudulence operate throughout the two worlds that are, finally, not opposed.¹⁵

The Beat influence on America today is perhaps greater than most "squares" care to admit. It has had an effect on our entire way of life. Beat contributions range from art, music, poetry, prose, vocabulary, to the popularization of Zen Buddhism. "What once was the inner circle of bohemia has expanded its values through modern jazz and the dissemination of avant garde art of all kinds to the very gates of the middle class . . ."¹⁶ The terrific influence of the Beats is due to the fact that their writers are able to communicate with their readers. The poets, especially, seem to have that knack of getting through to people.

The appeal of the Beat writers is, however, bound up with their visionary, rhapsodic concept of the poet. In their enthusiastic acceptance of the visionary and spiritual element in life, in their indiscriminate assertion that all is holy—that we are all, as Kerouac says, angels even if we do not know it, in their passionate concern with the individual and their rejection of all that inhibits his free development, in their unqualified commitment to experience, they underline traditionally sacred American patterns of thought and action.¹⁷

Jack Kerouac, probably more than any other prose writer, is responsible for the Beat appeal in America. His style, described by Allen Ginsberg, a little pretentiously, perhaps, is that of "spontaneous bop prosody."¹⁸ This is a form of writing which is spontaneous and has none of the restraints usually self-imposed by most writers. One important aspect of this type of writing is that it requires no rewriting. Kerouac's style, in his book *The Subterraneans*, is a rambling, roaming style much like his life. He uses periods and internal punctuation very sparingly, because he feels that original thoughts, if rewritten and examined for exactness of punctuation, will lose some of their vividness and intended meaning. He writes in an extremely frank and revealing manner, wandering back and forth from one topic to another, having each eventually contribute to the point he wants to get across. In *The Subterraneans* he describes his love affair with a young Negro woman, his difficulties because of this relationship, and, ultimately, his decision, and hers, to end the affair. At the same time he gives the reader a very real and honest portrayal of the lives of people with whom he comes into contact.

He shows the problems that these people have because of their type of life, that is, the Beat way of life. The people that he presents in his book all have a number of frustrations, and Kerouac tells something about each person and each frustration. Because of the way in which the book is written—rambling, roaming, seeming to wander aimlessly—one might think at first that the book would be difficult to read. Actually, just the opposite is true; in fact, it is easier to read than many books which are carefully proofread and punctuated and which contain difficult words and ideas on esoteric subjects. The value of this book, aside from its actual content, is its fresh new style. It will be interesting to wait and see if other new authors adopt this or a similar style in their writing.

Among the Beat poets, I think Allen Ginsberg is out in front as far as popularity with the American public is concerned. In particular, his *Howl and Other Poems* has sold about 35,000 copies. His style can also be typed as rambling, but it is a little more orderly than Kerouac's. He, too, writes just what he thinks, and this fact caused him to be tried for obscenity, of which he was later cleared. His subject matter is his fellow Beats; and although his method of presentation is a little different from Kerouac's, there is a certain similarity in the manner in which they look at things.

Bob Kaufman, a representative Beat who, I think, writes very good humor, is perhaps the first Beat aphorist. These notable sayings from his *Abomunist Manifesto* reflect some basic Beat beliefs.

Abomunism was founded by Barabbas, inspired by his dying words, "I wanted to be in the middle, but I went too far out. . . ."

Abomunists do not write for money, they write the money itself. . . .

Abomunists love love, hate hate, drink drinks, smoke smokes, live lives, die deaths. . . .

Abomunists demand the re-establishment of the government in its rightful home at Disneyland. . . .

We shall demand that the government stop cluttering up our billboards with highways. . . .

We shall demand that Mississippi be granted statehood in some other country. . . .

We shall demand equal time in all churches to answer God's accusations. . . .

We shall demand that World War Three be televised as a public service. . . .

We shall demand that science stop the world from spinning, as some people want to get off now. . . .¹⁹

In the same interview as mentioned before with my Beatnik friend, I found out that many things do not coincide with the information I had gotten from books and periodicals. For example, he told me that even the Beats now have become capitalistic. To a Beat who owns an espresso house or a bar, his first interest is making money and his second interest is providing a Beat meeting place. No longer do these owners care about having their friends come in and read poetry, unless, of course, they can charge admission to would-be listeners and sell a few extra drinks or cups of coffee to

them. He further told me that many Beat incomes are above those of the average working man, and not just barely subsistent, as I was led to believe through my reading. (Kerouac and Ginsberg, the originators, have left their old "home" and have moved on to bigger and better things financially.) When I asked him if Beats really used drugs in such large quantities as I had been told in various articles and had gathered from reading Kerouac and Ginsberg, he informed me that about twenty-five per cent of those who classify themselves as Beats take some form of narcotics. There is also a small minority of Beats who listen to folk music rather than jazz. I asked him if he and his Beat friends were shown any prejudice by society, and he said that even though he had a Bachelor of Science degree in mathematics, because of his beard, mustache, and known beliefs, he was refused a job as a teacher at a major university.

One question that many people might ask about the Beat Movement is, "What is going to happen to it now that its originators have left and now that its members are seeming to become like the rest of the world?" I think that there is only one chance that Beatdom will survive; its philosophy of Zen Buddhism must catch on and spread across the country. To me this appears to be the only way by which even a small part of Beat philosophy can stay alive. If Zen does not take hold in America, I predict that Beat traditions will disappear within the next few years and that history will remember the Beat Movement as just another unsuccessful attempt at social revolution.

FOOTNOTES

¹ John G. Fuller, "Trade Winds," *Saturday Review*, XL (October 5, 1957), 6.

² Kenneth Rexroth, "San Francisco's Mature Bohemians," *Nation*, CLXXXIV (February 23, 1957), 160.

³ Eugene Burdick, "The Innocent Nihilists Adrift in Squaresville," *Reporter*, XVIII (April 3, 1958), 31.

⁴ Paul O'Neil, "The Only Rebellion Around," *Life*, XLVII (November 30, 1959), 119.

⁵ Herbert Gould, "Hip, Cool, Beat—and Frantic," *Nation*, CLXXXV (November 16, 1957), 350.

⁶ Burdick, *op. cit.*, p. 30.

⁷ Gene Baro, "Beatniks Then and Now," *Nation*, CLXXXIX (September 5, 1959), 116-117.

⁸ O'Neil, *op. cit.*, p. 31.

⁹ Baro, *op. cit.*, p. 116.

¹⁰ O'Neil, *op. cit.*, p. 31.

¹¹ John P. Sisk, "Beatniks and Tradition," *Commonweal*, LXX (April 17, 1959), 75.

¹² Burick, *op. cit.*, p. 32.

¹³ *Ibid.*, p. 33.

¹⁴ Sisk, *op. cit.*, p. 126.

¹⁵ Thomas Parkinson, "Phenomenon or Generation," from *A Casebook on the Beat* (New York, 1961).

¹⁶ Seymour Krim, "King of the Beats," *Commonweal*, LXIX (January 2, 1959), 360.

¹⁷ Sisk, *op. cit.*, p. 77.

¹⁸ Krim, *op. cit.*, p. 360.

¹⁹ Kenneth Tynan, "San Francisco: The Rebels," *Holiday*, XXIX (April 1961), 195-196.

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"I Have Measured Out My Life with Coffeespoons"

EDITH HSIAO
Rhetoric 101, Theme 10

IN QUIET MOMENTS WE OFTEN SIT DOWN AND REFLECT upon our life, wondering whether we have done with it all we could, or whether we have let life slip by without seizing it. Have we lived a full life? Have we been actors in the play or merely onlookers? Have we given generously and in return received generously, or do we belong to those who must say: "I have measured out my life with coffeespoons"?

What does this measuring out with coffeespoons mean? A coffeespoon is a small measure, and if we use this measure in our life, then the life that we possess will also hold no more than a coffeespoon. A small life pleases many people and, indeed, many live one without being disturbed by or aware of its smallness. It is, to a certain extent, pleasant and easy to lead such a small life, for it asks nothing of us. To apply the coffeespoon measure to life means to withhold ourselves, to be covetous of our emotions, our feelings, to throw ourselves never wholly into this wonderful, exciting, challenging whirl that is our life. If we do not give wholeheartedly and freely, our lives will be dull and monotonous. There will be no deep pain, but there will also be none of that exquisite happiness which is the privilege of those who know how to give their all. Not giving our all means withholding from the whole; and if we do not give our whole, we give nothing at all. It is this nothingness that is the sign of a life measured out with coffeespoons.

It is very easy for us to make this coffeespoon measure the symbol of our life. We have come into this life eager, anticipating and ready to give

more than is asked of us. But sooner or later, we all learn from experience that kindness is not always given in return for kindness, and love is not always the reward for love. Such an experience is with young people very often the disappointment of a first love. When we love for the first time, we give of ourselves as we have never given ourselves before. We do not care for our own welfare. We keep nothing secret. We share our joys and tell of our fears. As long as it lasts, we are so supremely happy that the feeling of fulfillment and richness that is in us is almost too much for us to bear. But when we realize that our feelings have been betrayed, that our emotions have gone to waste, we feel a deep emptiness and deadness in us. When the deep pain of this realization spreads in our heart, we make our decision to live our life either by measuring it out with coffeespoons or to continue pouring it out freely.

What course then should we follow, knowing that our openheartedness and generosity can bring us such deep pain? If a calm life, free of turbulence, without heights and depths is our aim, and if it is sufficient for us merely to exist and satisfactorily perform our duties, then we will, no doubt, be content and happy with a coffeespoon-measured life. If, however, we are not content to live a mediocre life, if we love storm as well as sunshine, and if we are able to accept the hurt in life as the prize for supreme happiness, then a rich and fulfilled life is awaiting us: a life that does not know the small measure of our egotism, but a life that makes us free to give and receive boundlessly.

We're Not Sure, But . . .

ALLEN FERREIRA
Rhetoric 107, Theme 2

BECAUSE OF HIS INABILITY TO ESTABLISH ANY GREAT truth, man is in a constant state of incertitude. Many people believe that science will ultimately lead to man's salvation. But as the scientist found years ago and as the layman is beginning to realize now, science cannot insure man's preservation. Attempts at leading the life of the ascetic have proven less than successful. Also, the once great ideal of romantic love has been found to be incapable of filling man's emptiness. If such things as these do not have the power once ascribed to them, then it appears less and less possible that man will ever find a great truth. In these days, when man is progressing at an unheard-of rate, he can't even decide why he is here or where he is going. It used to be that men could form hypotheses, promote them as the truth, and eventually even believe them. Things are no longer like that. Few of us even bother to take our own arguments seriously. The problem is not that our hypotheses are not as theoretically possible as those

of our predecessors. We simply take for granted that there is, most likely, not the least bit of truth in them. We do this even as we invent them. These actions constitute our incertitude.

This constant incertitude stems, in part, from our rationality. Science, the most important application of rationalism, has made a practice of punching holes in our pet theories. This happens so often that we come to expect it. We have been losing our cases so consistently that we now believe that we really are up against a kind of Perry Mason. In our insecurity, we try to bluff our way through life with those few convictions we do have, forever trying to escape the inquisition we are bound to receive at the hands of rationalism. Since we are afraid of being wrong, we are always lost in incertitude. We are afraid of being laughed at, much as we make light of those who insisted that the world was flat. Thus, in our blind trust in the power of reason, we refuse to believe anything which reason might dispute.

Lack of proof, like the fear of disproof, also contributes to our incertitude. Hypnotized as we are by rationalism, we depend upon it for verification of nearly every belief we have. We base all our sciences on it, and we do not believe in anything that will not stand up under its scrutiny. Yet there are certain things such as the existence of God or the resurrection of Christ which cannot be rationally analyzed. Although we can't disprove such concepts, we tend to distrust them because we can't prove them through reason, which is apparently our only valid measuring stick. We are so proud of being rational animals that we seem to think that ours is the only method of finding the truth. And we are again very uncertain as to whether we believe in unprovable theories.

In order to save ourselves from utter despair, we invent philosophies and believe them, or at least claim to believe them, however unlikely they may be. In time, barring any need to defend our theories, we convince ourselves that at last we have developed a workable set of truths. But, asked to defend or even to explain our ideas, we find that rationalism has again defeated us. Losing all our confidence, we sink again into the abyss of despair. When we experience this loss of confidence there arises a need for compensation. In order to meet this need we assume an outward manner of self-assurance which, we hope, will give us the appearance of one who knows what he is talking about. It is this false front of certainty which we put up to hide our confusion that frightens others of us into more confusion. In their incertitude, people easily give up their own beliefs and promote those of seemingly confident people. Yet all of us have done this only to find that the confident people are merely acting, and their theories are just as weak as ours. The confident people are actually no more positive than we are. Realizing that all the hypotheses, however disguised by confidence, are equally ephemeral, we discard them all and again have to wander around searching for a seemingly nonexistent truth. If, in our desperation, we ignore rationality and invent hy-

potheses right and left in order to create the illusion that we know what we are talking about, we simply add to the general incertitude. One of the greatest contributors to our incertitude is a product of that incertitude.

We are forced into our confusion by our love of man's rationality, by our belief that it is the only way to find truth, and by our ludicrous attempts to save face by pretending that we know the answer. In a sense, our very humanity it stifling our hopes of ever attaining completion.

Pain

RENELDA FRUMP
Rhetoric 107, Theme 4

AN ALIEN THING THIS WAS, STRANGE AND DULL AND persistent. It sat there in the pit of her stomach like a hard lump of steel. So this, she thought, was pain. Suddenly fire shot up her arm, sharp and tearing. She wanted to scream, but she couldn't, and soon that pain subsided, leaving only the dull ache, the steady hurt. So this, too, was pain. The knife glinted coldly and came nearer until the icy edge broke through the weak armor of flesh. Sharp and cutting, it slashed her and made pain a quick and almost unbearable thing. And then it, too, diminished, and all that was left was the hole that drained her of life and the dull, steady ache. This, then, was pain. Through it all she watched a face. The face of the loved one remained there as the one light to which she could turn. And then he walked away and left her in the dark. And *this* was pain.

The Beast and Society

FRANCOIS DESCHAMPS
Rhetoric 107, Theme 7

THREE ARE BASICALLY TWO KINDS OF UTOPIAS—THE optimistic and the pessimistic ones. The optimistic utopia gives the reader the impression that man's lot can be improved, whereas the pessimistic utopia seems to indicate that man is bad, and irrevocably so. Plato's *Republic* is a very optimistic utopia, since Plato not only assumes that man is perfectable, but also feels that he knows how man can be made perfect. Contrarily, *Lord of the Flies* by William Golding is pessimistic, since William Golding shows that man has planted in him evil which emerges regardless of man's physical or social environment. A writer of a utopia is optimistic, then, if he feels that man's character can be improved or ruined by his environment. Contrarily, the writer of a utopia can be said to be pessimistic if he intimates that man's character is inalterable by environment.

William Golding is pessimistic because he shows that no amount of common-sense leadership can stop the animal instincts of human beings from gaining the upper hand. The group of children that land on the island in *Lord of the Flies*, although beginning their government under the influence of common sense personified by Ralph and Piggy, finally comes under the dictatorial sway of Jack and his hunters. This metamorphosis of the island's society vividly demonstrates the basic irrationality and savagery of the human character. To realize the acute pessimism of William Golding's book, we can focus on the "Beastie" that the children imagine exists and see how it influences the island's government.

The Beast obviously symbolizes the natural instinctive fear the children feel when they are removed from a rigid and secure social system. As the pig's head says to Simon in a very important passage, "Fancy thinking the Beast was something you could hunt and kill! . . . You knew, didn't you? I'm part of you? Close, Close, Close! I'm the reason why it's no go? Why things are what they are?"¹ The Beast is inside the children and it is there forever, like their lungs and their livers. They must live with the Beast inside them, as well as learn to control it. When the Beast is let loose in society, by an odd paradox of human behavior, the result is almost always a dictatorship. Franz Kafka once remarked on this paradox, saying that when men fear, they group together under a leader to increase their own power, but that this leader inexorably rules and creates a false feeling of security by stirring up even more fear. Adolph Hitler is a contemporary example of this pattern. He was made ruler by a fearful, depression-ridden people, and he ruled over them despotically by fearful methods. Fear is illogically used as an antidote to fear. In *Lord of the Flies*, the Beast which symbolizes the aggregate of the children's nameless fears, pushes the children over to Jack and his hunters who seem to be doing something about the Beast. Only the voice of common sense and civilization personified by Ralph denies the existence of the "Beastie." But under Jack the children become primarily hunters. They paint themselves as savages. They initiate ritual dances to free themselves from the spirit of fear. Roger becomes the torturer of the tribe and spreads fear among the children. But the fear he spreads, in an odd way, also gives the children a feeling of security. William Golding points out that even Piggy and Ralph have a longing for this savage way of life, when he says, "Piggy and Ralph, under the threat of the sky, found themselves eager to take a place in this demented but partly secure society. They were glad to touch the brown backs of the fence that hemmed in the terror and made it governable."² This false security is a temptation even to the voice of common sense. The terrifying thing about William Golding's book is that it shows that men actually like to be ruled by fear and the Beast.

Generalizing from this story of the children, we can say that every man has in him a sort of "Beast" which he both fears and unconsciously reveres.

Society is the way men have found of controlling this inner Beast, because by the organization of the society man's fears of the Beast are allayed and his reverence for the Beast is punished by the laws of the society. But society is highly imperfect; all it can do is control the Beast, not eliminate it. If man is removed from his society, immediately the Beast reappears, threatens, and takes control. William Golding has shown that before man's society is perfect, the Beast must be removed from man. But I think we can add that if the Beast is removed, man is no longer man. And hence, we see that man's society, as such, can never be perfect.

William Golding, then, is a pessimistic writer because he feels that man has an evil power lodged deep inside him. Plato, on the other hand, assumes that man's nature can be changed by society. This point of view is basically optimistic since it offers the possibility of society's improving man. But William Golding's point of view, because it assumes that, for one thing, man has in him a "Beastie" which can make man do savage things, is basically pessimistic. Must society change man or must man change society? In the answer to this question lies the answer to the basic problem the writers of all utopias must face.

FOOTNOTES

¹ William Golding, *Lord of the Flies* (New York, 1959), p. 133.

² *Ibid.*, p. 140.

The Old Brush

WILLIAM WILKE
Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

OLD MAN DIGGINS TOTTERED IN HIS WICKER ROCKER, while he gestured deftly with pipe stem. The art of the hand-painted sign was beyond mathematical computation and execution; an inward assurance of approaching perfection and an attitude as fluid as a loaded brush were necessary. Lines and curves must flow through a controlled mind.

"You've got to feel it, boy; it's got to come natural. You'll know with practice if you've got it or not. This feeling about painting will stay with you for a long time, too—until you start getting old like me; then you're not so sure."

Half moons of refracted light from wire bound glasses capped his heavy cheeks, and the tail of his shirt slid out as he reached for a brush. In fifty years of sign painting he must have made countless similar brushes perform for him. Around the basement lay samples of his work. On the shelves stood cans of stagnant linseed oil, old camel hair riggers with lard oil pressed tightly into their heels, and mahlsticks, streaked with crusted paint. Onion skin stencils, torn and transparent, wrinkles riddling the surfaces, hanging like

flypaper from the ceiling, crackled with the current of air through the basement transom.

However, Diggins still painted in a single corner where the fluorescent was brightest and the layers of dust were but the first sign of decay. The room was tired from years of work and its arms and legs had settled down to rest. Diggins painted less, and with less work he had given up more space, until forced to retreat to one corner.

"I don't paint too much," said Diggins, "maybe four or five small ones a week. Sometimes Harry Leddin, the other sign man in town, stops by with some extras that he can't handle. He's got those three over there to pick up at four o'clock today."

To the left of the layout board on a plywood coffee table were placed three thin white boards; each had been painted with obvious care and attempted precision and read, "For Sale—Garret Realty."

"Harry's young, you know, and all nervous about getting enough work and making money. His wife helps him run the Sherwin-Williams Paint Store on Garfield Ave. You might stop in there for that list of bulletin color and supplies I gave you."

I told him I would, and then Leddin came walking down the basement stairs for his signs.

"You got the job done? Garret wants them by four thirty."

"They're on the table, Harry, a little sticky yet."

"Well, why? I told you I wanted them by four thirty. If you can't do the jobs, then say so, but don't hold me up. If you can't do them in time just say so."

"I think they'll be dry by four thirty, Harry."

Leddin picked up a sign.

"Well, now I got to handle them careful. And look, can't you bleed those serifs a little cleaner? This looks terrible. They're all too fuzzy. Can't you do them like those over in the corner, there?"

Those over in the corner were advertising war bonds.

"Look, why the hell don't you quit, why don't you get out, if you can't paint a damn straight line anymore. I can't use these."

Leddin turned to look at Diggins, and the face reflected in the old man's glasses was filled with disgust and apprehension. Leddin saw in Diggins his own limitations and approaching struggle against diminishing skill. He couldn't use Diggins's work as he wouldn't be able to use his own. The old man irritated and annoyed him, and he didn't know what to do. Leddin walked out of the basement. He walked out into more jobs and more money, and I suppose he should.

"Young man" Diggins, however, was beginning to work on a theater poster for the Miller, and I sat down on an old trunk to listen to all the reminiscences about burlesque, and community band concerts, and traveling cir-

cuses, and their posters and signs and billboards. I listened to him, and when I stood and turned to leave, I carefully rolled a piece of cloth around an old brush he had given to me, to protect the bristles. I bought my paint through a catalogue, though.

Rhet as Writ

When open, his [Grandpa's] eyes are always filled with tears, yet not a one ever falls. He has lost a lot of weight recently.

* * *

After immigrating to America, my sister and I were born.

* * *

Today more than ever before there is more gambling, drinking, and immortality.

* * *

In Greek plays, the chorus sets the scent.

* * *

Today we live in a world that is ruled by two main form of government. Atheism and Democracy seem to rule more than seven eight of the people.

* * *

Mr. Hurstburger [in Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*] helped Carrie get stared on the stage.

* * *

Are American teachers becoming too laxative?

* * *

Lady Emmeline could not accept Newman as a son-in-law because of the European society and tradition in which she and all her families were bread.

* * *

To my posterior perception, it seems that a variety of elements have caused the present situation.

* * *

For example, in 1958 Illinois recorded 124,126 legitimate children; of these 124,126, twenty three per cent were illegitimate!

* * *

He has limited himself with a very broad topic.

* * *

A hundred years ago a doctor must should have been able to cure diseases of all types, bullet wounds, childbirths, and the farmer's horse.

* * *

Definition of *hang-out*: A place where one conjugates for fun and entertainment.

* * *

The stages of development that the high school football player undergoes are representative of the four basic periods of life: childhood, adolescence, adulthood, and retirement.

* * *

Some of the more famous written works are Shakespear, Poe and other novels.

* * *

The other daughter, Elsa Martinelli, lost her finance during the war and was frigid toward Charlton Heston.

* * *

On actors: People who are really what they are made up to be are easier to believe.

The Contributors

William Metzger—Von Steuben H. S., Chicago

Hubert Hohn—Unity H. S., Tolono

Ronald Evett—Riverside-Brookfield H. S., Riverside

Pat Mullen—Moore H. S., Farmer City

Gary Eilden—Mather H. S., Chicago

Bob Hicks—Pekin H. S., Pekin

Edith Hsiao—Oberschule fuer Maedschen, Ravensburg, Germany

Allen Ferreira—Rockford West H. S., Rockford

Renelda Frump—Paxton H. S., Paxton

Francois Deschamps—University H. S., Urbana

William Wilke—Harvard H. S., Harvard

The Winners

The following are the winners of the prizes for the best themes
in the December issue of the *Caldron*

- First: Robert C. Amendola, *Noble as Kings*
- Second: Thomas E. Kingery, 'The Scarlet Letter'
- Third: Shirley Heffernon, *The Beginning of Wisdom*
- Fourth: Jeanne Rosenmayer, *A Silent Influence*
- Fifth: Haskell Hart, 'Love—Or the Life and Death of a Value'

AWARDS

The *Caldron* will continue its policy of giving awards to the five best themes in each issue. The winners will be selected by the votes of the members of the freshman rhetoric staff.

The schedule of awards is as follows:

- First: Fifteen dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Second: Ten dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Third: Five dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Fourth: Five dollars worth of books
- Fifth: Five dollars worth of books

We wish to thank the following bookstores for their generosity in providing prizes:

- Campus Book Store
- Follett's College Book Store
- Illini Union Book Store
- U. of I. Supply Store (The "Co-Op")

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THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



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1964

CONTENTS

<i>Kenneth Imboden: The Id</i>	1
<i>Diane Cook: Science vs. the Supernatural: An Oversimplified Issue</i>	2
<i>Judy Gish: The Green Cauldron</i>	4
<i>Becky Moake: The Crucifixion of Billy Budd</i>	5
<i>Nancy Wiemken: Horrendous Favorite</i>	8
<i>April Fletcher: The Mexican "Caste System"</i>	9
<i>David Belanger: Abuses and Mistakes of the White Man in Heart of Darkness</i>	13
<i>Virginia Peck: Sex with a Campns Accent</i>	16
<i>Marsha Worden: A Taste of 8½ L-Shaped Sundays</i>	17
<i>John Love: Portrait of a Trout</i>	19
<i>Donald J. Crownover: Of Trees, Forests, and Times</i>	20
<i>Tim E. Moreland, Jr.: Laxity in Labor</i>	22
<i>Rhet as Writ</i>	24
<i>The Contributors</i>	Inside Back Cover

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THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for all full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, are published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

Members of the committee in charge of *The Green Cauldron* are Thomas K. Ehret, Patrick Geoghegan, H. H. Hart, John Via, and Michael Svob, chairman.

The Id

KENNETH IMBODEN

Rhetoric 101, Theme 9

THIN RUBBER TUBING, COLORED TALCUM-POWDER GRAY, is lightly tied just above the apex of the bicep to cut off the flow of lymph. The arm is pumped three or four times, and a fist is made so that the vein in the crux of the arm pops up, bloated and blue—a well-defined mound for the needle to puncture. If administered properly, the sodium amatol is never felt as it mingles with the blood. It takes twenty-four seconds for blood to complete its journey from the arm to the brain; twenty-four seconds for sodium amatol to slow the heartbeat, relax the muscles; twenty-four seconds to numb the brain and destroy the facades of consciousness which were laboriously erected for protection. During these few moments a thin haze floats in—to blur the vision. Bass sounds filter through from somewhere, in pounding waves. Mellow tones roll in like swelling spring rain clouds, with the treble notes as their tinkling rain. Then the conscious mind sleeps, and will never remember what occurred during its slumber.

The sodium amatol seeps to the bottom of the mind and unlocks the pit where all that is incompatible with the rituals and rites of our society is stored. All of it flows out. It oozes, or crawls, or slithers out. All the base needs of the animal erupt. Hunger is cannibalism: it doesn't care if food is cooked or raw, dead or alive, and it doesn't care *who* its food is. Sex claws its way to the surface. The society which channeled Sex is asleep, allowing it to utilize any outlet. There are no such things as perverted acts, for that which labels perversion is asleep. Fears quiver in the shadows. The Fear of reality yearns for the womb. The Fear of death yearns for life. The Fear of pain yearns for isolation. The Fear of loneliness yearns for companionship. The weaker, repressed side of ambivalence emerges—hatred for father, mother, friend, and lover.

These creatures of the mind are supreme for thirty minutes. They breathe the air of free expression, and then the blood that brought their emancipator carries it away. The sentries of the mind are strong, their sleep is brief. The prime motivators of our life are beaten back into their pit, and the lid clangs shut. But now the mind is free of guilt and has no inhibitions. With consciousness comes drunkenness—with eyes still fogged, and sound still sieved—and that is soon followed by an intense feeling of fatigue. Hours of sleep flow by, often as much as twenty-four hours, and during the sleep all memory of anything that happened following the injection is being erased. Fortunately, there is a tape-recording. The mind's voice is on the tape, giving answers to questions which had no answers, and briefly illuminating the shadows of the pit. The sum of these shadows is the Id.

Science vs. the Supernatural: An Oversimplified Issue

DIANE COOK

Rhetoric 102, Theme 4

WHAT WOULD BE YOUR REACTION TO THE ESTABLISHMENT of science as the world religion? During registration this semester a pamphlet titled "Science and the Supernatural," by A. J. Carlson, was distributed. The author tries to persuade the reader that religion is primitive and irrational and that the scientific method should replace man's belief in a higher power. When I originally read the essay, I agreed with the author in his attack on the irrational aspects of religion, which he harped upon throughout the entire treatise. His suggestion that we use the scientific method more in our daily life seemed reasonable and justified to me. However, even at the first reading I felt that he wanted to carry this idea too far—almost to the extinction of everything outside of the scientific method. My mind was further stimulated when an instructor, who was discussing the merits of the article, put these questions to the class: "Can science define beauty? Are there, perhaps, values in life which cannot be measured by science? Has anyone ever seen an atom or ion?" These questions made me think about what I had accepted almost blindly before because I was not a regular churchgoer. I re-read the pamphlet with an eye out for flaws in reasoning and discrepancies in judgment.

I at once became aware of the sarcasm and unfavorable descriptive terms which the author directed against religion and religious people. This form of attack seems surprisingly childish and unscientific for an essay written by a research physiologist. It is a particularly inexcusable fault in the writing of one who claims to be a scientist, and hence to be objective, unbiased, and unemotional. The reader may well wonder if Carlson is as emotional, prejudiced, and susceptible to hasty generalizations in his research as he is in his essay. For example, he refers to scientists who attend church as "otherwise competent scientists." He further insults the believer as "a rooster who crows every morning after daybreak, notices that a little later the sun rises, and then concludes that it is his crowing which brings the sun into the horizon." When he lists several miracles to show that they are ridiculous, he concludes with the words "etc., ad finitum, ad absurdum, and ad nauseum." He mentions the "so-called sacred books." Carlson makes derogatory remarks about the sanctity and veracity of the founders of Mormonism and Christian Science. The reader is further "enlightened" when told that "now and then individual champions of the supernatural have been either unusually stupid or inordinately selfish and cruel." He does not back up this statement with any specific

examples. On the other hand, when he refers to members of the anti-religion group, he calls them the "liberal and informed." Although I agreed to an extent with some of his ideas, I felt that his method of attacking by use of disparaging phrases defeated his purpose by putting even the sympathetic reader on his guard.

Not only Carlson's phrasing, but also his reasoning, can be criticized. The fact that religion has faults does not mean that its value is totally negligible. For instance, perhaps the fear of punishment or expectation of reward that religion evokes is necessary to keep many people who have little will-power from committing selfish or criminal deeds. However, Carlson does not consider this or any other possible merit or justification for religion. He uses examples of fanatically religious people who tortured or persecuted scientists for heresy, but he does not mention the opposite side of the coin—when people suffered at the hands of the fanatically scientific. Hitler's desire to use the principles of genetics to breed a super-race and technical society resulted in inhuman practices. Religion, science, or any field can become a basis for terror and persecution when carried to extremes. We certainly would not enjoy the technical but soulless life of Huxley's *Brave New World*. This is precisely the type of society that the practice of Mr. Carlson's theory would create.

Science is often an arbitrary and relative system of measurement and organization. A great deal of science is not concrete, but merely theories which change from day to day with the addition of new findings. As noted above, no one has seen the atoms or ions which are the basis for the science of chemistry. There is a law in chemistry called the Uncertainty Principle which says that one cannot determine mathematically both the momentum and position of a particle in space. Hence we see that science contains much theory that perhaps can never be proven. Mr. Carlson himself states that science is a system not of absolute truths, but rather of approximate truths or statements of probability. Yet he insists upon "the application of the scientific method to the entire universe, including all human experience and human relations." Doesn't this generalization in itself seem to be a rather preposterous ideal? Can the scientific method "measure" poetry, music, human relations, or the way one feels on a spring day? Life, like a once-living animal, when dissected is no longer life: when we deal with living tissue or living experience, the whole is not equal to the sum of its parts, because of the complex inter-relationships between these parts.

Although I agree with some of Carlson's ideas about the faults in religion, and think that it would be beneficial to extend the scientific method, I am not persuaded that life can be reduced entirely to the basis of science. Mr. Carlson does not consider that life is a complicated structure which cannot be reduced to such terms. Besides the unscientific method he uses to attack religious adherents, his greatest faults lie in his idealism, his oversimplifying of complex issues, and his hasty generalization.

The Green Cauldron

JUDY GISH

Rhetoric 102, Theme 5

FRESHMAN RHETORIC STUDENTS ARE CONSTANTLY BEING instructed to look for symbolism in literary works. They must diligently search for the obscure significance of allusions, references, and the very topics of their readings. They must, for example, account for the symbolic meaning of the beast in Golding's *Lord of the Flies*, for the "Blue Piano" in Williams' *A Streetcar Named Desire*, and for the "thrice three" uttered by the witches in Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. These students must at times wonder if their symbolic interpretations are completely justified, and ask if they are not finding more in a work than its author intended. But surely there is a wealth of symbolic meaning in the very title of a magazine "published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois"—*The Green Cauldron*.

One might first ask why the conclave of rhetoric instructors decided to incorporate the noun "cauldron" in the title of their publication, and might conclude that the choice was made on the basis of the literary connotation of the word. Certainly the perceptive reader will recall the prominent position the cauldron holds on stage during Act III, Scene i, of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. However, why not title the publication *The Cauldron* or possibly *The Black Cauldron*? Visualizing a huge, charred black kettle is the conventional reaction to the noun "cauldron." No, accounting for "cauldron" is not enough. The student must now account for the adjective "green."

Perhaps the most apparent reason for the editors' choice of "green" is the freshness and originality traditionally symbolized by this color. The Rhetoric Staff may have decided to honor those themes which best demonstrate these qualities by publication in their magazine. If so, the choice of "green" is apt for incorporation into the title.

But in a community of learning such as the University of Illinois green also signifies the beginner, the freshman. And since "material [for *The Green Cauldron*] is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University," the adjective "green" might have been chosen to signify this policy.

Or the choice of adjective may have been more subtle. *Webster's Dictionary* defines "greens" as "leafy herbs (such as spinach, dandelions, Swiss chard) that are boiled or steamed as a vegetable." The value of such greens as food is widely accepted. A mother selects spinach for its nutritional value in the diet for her children. Perhaps *The Green Cauldron* committee is equally concerned with the literary diet of the magazine's readers. If so, a definite analogy between mothers and members of *The Green Cauldron*

committee exists. The argument for "green" for its signification of an herb is then valid in the title. Certainly in this sense the "green" content in *The Green Cauldron* is high.

This explanation for the choice of "green" with its reference to a green, leafy vegetable supports the selection of the noun "cauldron." The "cauldron" may be the container in which the nutritional greens are "boiled or steamed" to make a beneficial food for the consumer.

So the significance and subtle symbolism of the title of the familiar green "magazine for freshman writing," *The Green Cauldron*, is found by the inquiring student. Nevertheless, one mystery remains. Why does the March, 1964, edition of *The Green Cauldron* have a red cover?

The Crucifixion of Billy Budd

BECKY MOAKE

Rhetoric 107, Theme 5

INNOCENCE, AS DEFINED IN *WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY*, includes such classically enviable attributes as freedom from sin, evil, or guilt, freedom from guile, and incapability of harming or corrupting. Reality is defined as "fidelity to nature," whose cardinal rule is that of self-preservation. The fatal flaw in innocence lies in its lack of reality, its superhumanity. Men are creatures of nature, so innocence must be eliminated early for the sake of preservation of the species. A man with any semblance of innocence is at the mercy of his fellow creatures: he cannot defend himself against humanity. Such was the fate of Christ, and such was the fate of Billy in Herman Melville's story, "Billy Budd."¹

Just as Jesus was born of the Virgin Mary, so was Billy's mother "eminently favored by Love and the Graces; all this strangely indicated a lineage in direct contradiction to his lot" (p. 47). When asked who his father was, Billy replied, "God knows, Sir" (p. 47). From his mysterious beginning, Billy's life, like the life of Christ, was innocence. Because of the nature of Man, guiltlessness is superhuman, yet Jesus was human; His flesh was susceptible to human suffering and to human death. There was an organic flaw in Billy also; in times of great emotional stress he could not speak, so he struck. Because Christ was flesh and blood, He could die, in spite of His divinity; also because of his human defect, Billy died. Billy and Jesus each had a profound effect on the people around them. When Billy was impressed from the *Rights of Man*, her captain said, "You are going to take away my peacemaker" (p. 45). Jesus said, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." The quality of innocence which was always with Christ inspired many people to follow Him, just as "Baby Budd's" peace with the world won for him the admiration and affection of his fellow sailors. Claggart,

on the other hand, found that because of some “natural depravity” within himself, Billy aroused in him “an antipathy spontaneous and profound . . . called forth by [Billy’s] very harmlessness itself” (p. 60). Claggart’s antipathy drove him to accuse Billy of a mutinous plan, and so to lead him into a situation where his one flaw could kill him. In the same way, Christ was falsely accused, and He could not save Himself from condemnation and crucifixion because He was human, because He was flesh, and, more importantly, because it was God’s will that He die. Billy Budd had to die because of the law which Man has written for himself. Christ was crucified and Billy was executed. Even in death, the similarity between Billy and Christ is consistent. The “fated boy” shouted, “God bless Captain Vere!” (p. 87) just before he leaped from the yardarm. Billy’s final words closely resembled those of Christ on the cross, when He said, “Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.” Innocence lived in them; even in suffering they could not feel malice of any sort. Evil could not touch the essence of their souls. Christ’s final victory was in His ascension from the dead, and Billy also “ascended; and, in the ascending, took the full rose of the dawn” (p. 87), while the “fleece of the Lamb of God” hung in the sky.

The “natural antipathy” which Claggart felt toward Billy was as inevitable for him as Billy’s innocence was for him. Claggart’s innate sin is the original sin of Man, and it is in direct opposition to innocence. Claggart’s character reflects his role consistently. Claggart is drawn to Billy’s light, and yet he is repulsed and irritated, driven into a passion of hatred by the very quality which attracts him. He is an intelligent man; he has the knowledge which Billy can never possess, so he sees in Billy what he knows is missing in him. The Pharisees in Christ’s time were intelligent men; they were the leaders of their people. They believed the prophecies that the Messiah would come; they were devout; and yet when He came, they crucified Him. They were drawn by Jesus’ holy qualities and by His ability to perform miracles, and yet they crucified Him, because He was flesh. The Pharisees, like Claggart, could have endured perfect innocence in a deity, because the realm of religion is above Man. However, to see perfect innocence, which they knew they could not have, in a fellow mortal aroused the uncontrollable human passion of envy, which is so easily transmuted to hatred. At first they simply refused to accept the reality of His innocence. They watched and waited for Jesus to reveal some corruption. Claggart, too, watched Billy and waited for him to show, by word or deed, just one evil facet of character. Claggart even tried to help Billy along a little by providing extra opportunities for evil deeds, in the form of mutiny. The Pharisees encouraged Jesus to perform miracles on the chance that He might fail or make some false claim. Of course, no corruption appeared in either Jesus or Billy, so Claggart and the Pharisees were driven to further depravity by their frustration. Claggart accused Billy of trying to usurp the authority of the captain; the Pharisees accused Jesus of trying to build a kingdom outside

of God's kingdom. The lambs were sacrificed, but the victory of mortal sin was not final. No one considered Billy really guilty of any crime; he was merely an example chosen by the law. His fellow sailors "kept trace of [the spar from which Billy was hanged] . . . To them, a chip of it was as a piece of the Cross" (p. 91). Christ's followers increased after His ascension until He became the source of one of the world's greatest religions, a religion which was to change the inhabitants of the earth more than anyone could know.

Captain Vere, the man who knew that Billy was an "Angel of God," and who determined Billy's fate, shouldered full responsibility for Billy's execution, thus saving himself from comparison to Pontius Pilate. Captain Vere knew that Billy had to die, so that other sailors would not break the law and die. God also gave Christ into suffering, that other men might be spared. Just as God "gave His only begotten son," so did "the father in [Captain Vere] manifested toward Billy thus far" (p. 74) give way to the law. On the *Indomitable*, Captain Vere's word was law, because of the war situation; in the world, God's word is Law, because He created the world. As the law was carried out, Billy asked God to bless Captain Vere; he was in effect saying, as Jesus said, "Not as I will it, but as Thou willst it." Thus was mankind saved by innocence and the Law.

The religious interpretation of "Billy Budd" is necessary to all moralistic interpretations of the story, for morality begins with religion. The character of wrongness and rightness implied in morality would have no scale, had God not given His commandments. Therefore, whether one considers the world of the *Indomitable* to be the scene of the struggle between good and evil, between innocence and knowledge, or between natural law and written law, the original and basic struggle of Christ to fulfill His father's Law for the salvation of mankind is necessary for interpretation, and in *Billy Budd*, the Christ is far too easily recognizable to be overlooked.

¹ Herman Melville, "Billy Budd," *Stories*, ed. Lynn Altenbernd & Leslie Lewis (New York, 1963), pp. 42-93.

The use of cliches is growing by leaps and bounds. We must start now to nip this growth in the bud in one fell swoop. Although it is easier said than done, each and every one of us is equal to the occasion. It goes without saying that I await with bated breath the day that all cliches meet the grim reaper. Then our language will be wedding white, cliche-wise that is.

Horrendous Favorite

NANCY WIEMKEN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 4

EVEN WITH THE ANGUISH THAT MANY OF OUR EXPERIENCES cost us, there are some that we would not feel complete without.

A certain harrowing or sorrowing time often brings us to feel with more intensity than we ever knew we could. I have one such regrettable but still-treasurable memory—a horrid thing—that chills me every time I think of it. Yet, without those minutes, my past could claim little grand drama.

A pretty little comrade I had had since her weanling days was the center of the turmoil. She had raced a “blistering” furlong that July, and terminated the season with a cracked foot. Because of the crack, she jogged carefully for a month or so at the end of a long tape, while I stood passively at the center. One August day, in a moment of fright, she got away, flying like a blind bird from a cage.

Her own velocity sent her slithering across the hard road and hurled her against the cemetery wall. One huge, convulsive adrenal leap and she was teetering atop the fence, its decorative iron spikes goring a twisting torso and gnawing her churning stifles and kicking legs. Suddenly, with a lurch of the neck, she somersaulted down, landing on her back in a clipped shrub.

I remember the cool of the fence—an unclimbable thing—in my grip and against my forehead, as I pressed close, witnessing a terrible Greek pathos of torsion and flailing legs in the smashed bush. Choking out hysterical, croaking screams, I saw the split and bloody belly roll out of sight. Gabriele got to her feet, crossed through the stand of oak trees, and ran in the sunlight on the other side.

Turning away from the fence, I groped with a maze of disconnected thoughts. This tale was to be like the others I had heard: “Poor scared fool, ran straight into a car,” or “smacked into a tree . . . pfft!” or “ripped a leg right off, catchin’ it in the wire.” She was sure to bleed to death; I could imagine crumpling forelegs and a whirling thud to the ground. To get another horse was the thing to do. I would be there before her eyes closed.

Sprinting to the stables, I heard a nicker and thought, “Ah, a horse looked out his window, and he saw too.” I hardly knew which horse to pick; such a chase was sure to upset weeks of training. A whinny came from somewhere. I thought of where the tackroom key might be, and of which bridle I might pick from the row. Another whinny prompted a half-curious scanning of the ring and paddocks—nothing there. “What can be happening to me?” I wondered. Somewhere a horse seemed to be fairly screeching. I was nearly sure I was on the verge of hysteria when I turned back to the cemetery, for something suspiciously like a horse was tearing across the green, and coming

back! The whatever-it-was had a head and tail perfectly erect, and with each stride, the thing bled shrill staccato cries.

I believed her presence only when I touched Gabriele. Such miracles do not exist among panic-stricken horses—always they kill themselves. This creature, however, was certainly of reality; she was dancing around me, and I could hear her chuckling while she nervously crowded close, as if she were begging me to carry her. I laid my hand on her shoulder, felt the hot stickiness, and noticed the mud, evergreen bits, and tiny rents in the skin, each with a droplet of blood oozing. A glance at the dripping, flapping flanks put terse haste in my beckon to her to walk with me. As we walked back, the engulfing tension faded away. The innocent was recovered, the unexpected twist of the plot had occurred, and only the doctor's care remained: the drama was complete.

The Mexican "Caste System"

APRIL FLETCHER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 9

MEXICO IS A MELTING POT OF OLD AND NEW. THE Factories and tall, slender skyscrapers, paved avenues lined with trees, and sleek, new automobiles of the city contrast with the pastel-colored adobe walls, cobblestone streets, and heavily burdened donkeys of the villages. The institutions, too, are mixed: touches of Aztec religion can be found in the "Catholicism" of a number of the Mexican Indians; new universities with modern buildings, up-to-date equipment, and well-educated professors serve those who have money for tuition, while the masses are educated through grade school in old, poorly equipped buildings with inadequately educated teachers.¹ But amidst this mixture of old and new, there is one institution which does not have, at the present, a modern contrast—the rigid class system.

Though there are a great number of subtle distinctions between the peoples, there are four classes which are clearly separated from each other by great barriers. These are the peasants, the lower-middle-class Mexicans, the North Americans, and the Spanish elite.

The peasant is the underdog. He has little or no education, works long hours for extremely low wages, and has very little that he can call his own. He is an unskilled worker and his income comes from tilling the soil, either on the large haciendas belonging to the Spanish elite or foreign speculators, or on his own small plot of rocky, infertile soil, allotted to him by the Mexican Government.² His wages for a day's work amount to about five pesos (forty

cents). His home is a hovel of sticks or adobe. His clothes are ragged and dirty, and his feet calloused, covered with worn-out sandals or nothing at all. His meal consists of beans and tortillas, day in and day out.

The peasant is not spoken to, only seen. He is seen on market day, selling his small pile of peanuts, tortillas, or *nopalitos*.³ He is seen working in the fields under the hot sun, or trudging along the highway. And he is seen in the churches and small shrines, praying, or on the streets, begging with outstretched hands.

The lower-middle-class Mexican is the skilled worker: the carpenter, the shoemaker, the baker, the mason. He lives in a home of two to four rooms and a patio, which is nothing more than an open space in the middle or back of the house. He has a number of children, sometimes up to eight or ten, all of whom are crowded in and somehow fed.

The Sanchez family is representative of the lower-middle-class. They live behind a door that looks like any other door in San Miguel, a small colonial town of the plateau.⁴ There are ten of them, the parents and eight children. The children range in age from two to sixteen years, and all of them sleep in two beds and a crib in the "living room" of the house—a dark, dingy room with a damp brick floor. Mr. Sanchez works in a bakery, and earns the remarkable sum of three dollars a day,⁵ much of which he spends on tequila. The two eldest daughters work in a dress shop run by a foreigner, embroidering flowers on dresses that will sell to tourists for fifteen dollars and up. Their pay is fifteen pesos a week, to be increased slowly up to twenty-four pesos (about two dollars.) The patio of their house not only serves as a garden (for two small potted plants) but also as a privy, a place for hanging up clothes, and a kitchen. The kitchen is in one corner, separated from the rest of the patio by only a piece of washed-out cloth. Like many lower-middle-class Mexicans, they look to Americans⁶ for their status symbols. They buy cheap American-type clothes, wear American-type costume jewelry, play with American-type plastic toys and listen to American-type popular music on a cheap radio. To them, all Americans are "rich."⁷

There are a great number of North Americans in Mexico, both in the cities and in the small colonial towns scattered throughout the country. These come to Mexico for the climate, for the inexpensive and luxurious living, for the primitive beauty of the country, and for its great variety. Many come for the economic opportunity, setting up shops such as the one that the Sanchez girls work in. These shops hire Mexican labor, pay low wages, and sell the products to Americans for American prices, thereby making tremendous profit. Many Americans look down upon the Mexican peasants and the lower middle class. They think of them as dirty, stupid, and animal, and will go out of their way to avoid contact with them. But then there are those Americans who appreciate what the lower classes have to offer them, and who treat their Mexican help⁸ with utmost respect. Many times they win the disapproval of the Spanish elite by paying their help better wages and

expecting less. This makes it difficult for the Spanish elite, who are used to paying lower wages and demanding more.⁹

Down the street and around the corner from the Sanchez family live the Johnsons. Mr. Johnson is a Canadian artist who came to Mexico to work a number of years ago, attracted by the inexpensive living and artistic opportunity. The Johnsons live in a very nice house which from the outside looks like that of the Sanchez family, except that it has a garage-size door. Their house is furnished with modern American-style furniture and a few pieces of native Mexican leather furniture,¹⁰ and the main room looks through French doors into a garden full of flowers, vegetables and orange trees. A gardener, partly trained on the job, takes excellent care of the plants, and a maid keeps the house spotless and cooks meals for them upon request. They pay their maid about sixteen dollars a month, besides her keep, and the gardener a comparable sum. The Johnsons both took the pains to learn Spanish; Mrs. Johnson speaks fluently, and Mr. Johnson manages to communicate very well. He is an amateur musician and takes pride in his small string ensemble group consisting of several lower-middle-class Mexicans. The Johnsons are not typical of all North Americans, but they are characteristic of a number of those who are more permanently settled there for reasons other than economic exploitation.

The Spanish elite are the "highest" in the social class system. They are descendants of prominent citizens of the nineteenth century and before, and are of pure Spanish blood. For the most part they are, or were at one time, wealthy landowners, who hire Mexican workers for their land and pay them a pittance—around five pesos a day. They do not associate with the Mexican lower classes on any other terms than labor. The Spanish elite send their children to parochial schools when they are young, and away from Mexico for their higher education—sometimes to Spain, sometimes to the United States, but mostly to France. Although time and American influence have altered matters somewhat, the Spanish elite still retain some of the old rigid formality in social practices. Young girls do not "date" as American girls do, but are usually chaperoned when they go out. Sometimes a girl is not left alone with her *novio*¹¹ until after she is married to him. The elite consider their social position very important, and will show wealth, even if it means sacrificing home comforts. A member of the elite will buy a mink coat to wear out in public while her home falls apart. The elite hold themselves very much aloof. They do not associate very closely with Americans, except in formal affairs, and inter-dating and inter-marriage with them are extremely frowned upon.

The Garcias are a very prominent family of San Miguel. Their large home faces the village square and is built around an atrium, with a large fountain in the middle, lush tropical plants lined against the walls. The rooms are elaborately furnished with victorian-type furniture,¹² and lace curtains cover the windows and doors. Mr. Garcia owns a substantial amount of land

which is operated by his son-in-law and cultivated by Mexican peasants. His children were educated in Spain, and now live in equally elaborate houses in other parts of the town and in Mexico City.

The peasant, the middle-class Mexican, the North American, and the Spanish elite are divided by wide gaps, economically and socially, and within these gaps are many, many other classes, each separated by somewhat finer lines. The distinctions exist in spite of the rapid changing and modernizing of the country. However, there are "new" classes being created by the changes brought on by modernization, and time and industrialization will probably bring on a decrease in the number of the lower classes, and an increase in number and prestige of the middle class.

FOOTNOTES

¹ The Mexican Government now provides "compulsory" education for all children through the Primaria (equivalent to American grade school). This has come about in recent years, however, and is far from reaching all the small towns and villages of the country. Mexico is still very much in need of school buildings and teachers.

² Small plots of land are now being given to Mexican peasants for cultivation. This land, however, is usually that land which is good for no real profit to anyone, being rocky, hilly and infertile.

³ The *nopal* is a kind of cactus that is very common in Mexico. The new leaves, when the needles have been cut off, are delicious.

⁴ The colonial towns of Mexico are required by the government to retain the old adobe fronts on the houses (one front continues the length of the block) and the cobble-stone streets.

⁵ This is considered very high wages for a skilled laborer. Some receive as low as 50¢ to \$1.00.

⁶ When not specified as "North American" (including both United States and Canada), "American" refers specifically to the United States.

⁷ One American man was asked by the nephew of his maid if he would buy him a motorcycle. The child thought that such a purchase would be no trouble at all to a "rich" American.

⁸ Nearly all Mexican people of upper-middle and upper class hire a maid and a gardener.

⁹ It is interesting to note, however, that when asked if she would prefer to work for Mexicans or Americans, the maid of an American family stated that in general she would prefer Mexicans.

¹⁰ Since wood is so scarce in Mexico, leather is used as much as possible in the making of furniture.

¹¹ A *novio* is a combination of American "boyfriend" and "fiance."

¹² Hard wood is very difficult and expensive to get in Mexico; thus victorian-type furniture is a sign of real wealth.

Abuses and Mistakes of the White Man in *Heart of Darkness*

DAVID BELANGER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 12

ALMOST EVERY GREAT LITERARY WORK IN EXISTENCE has at one time or another been subjected to extensive analysis and criticism. As soon as a book is published, someone is there waiting to take it apart and analyze it. As an example, let us take Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*. At various times critics have written essays on Marlow, on Kurtz, on the use of color, on the symbolism, on Marlow's lie, and other topics. When one sits down to read a story like this one, he can find almost anything if he looks hard enough. One critic, for instance, may see the story as a struggle between man and nature, but another may look at it as a character study of Kurtz and Marlow. When one is confronted by all these possibilities, he is quite apt to overlook some of the more obvious messages contained in the story. One of these obvious messages that I have found in *Heart of Darkness* is Conrad's condemnation of the methods employed by the Europeans in the administration of their colonies.

Although there are no direct references made to any particular place, there is little doubt that the particular area described is the Belgian Congo. The story is set against what Conrad himself, in *Last Essays*, describes as "the vilest scramble for loot that has ever disfigured the history of human conscience and geographical exploration."¹ In his novel he presents a European company, the Eldorado Exploring Expedition, as a typical example of the colonial trading companies:

This devoted band called itself the Eldorado Exploring Expedition, and I believe they were sworn to secrecy. Their talk, however, was the talk of sordid buccaneers: it was reckless without hardihood, greedy without audacity, and cruel without courage; there was not an atom of foresight or of serious intention in the whole batch of them, and they did not seem aware these things are wanted for the work of the world. To tear treasure out of the bowels of the land was their desire, with no more moral purpose at the back of it than there is in burglars breaking into a safe.²

At a later point he includes in the dialogue a statement that Kurtz's methods were ruining the district.³ Throughout the book he presents examples of the Europeans' mistakes and cruel treatment of the natives.

Part of the difficulties encountered by the colonial officials can be traced to a lack of administrative ability. Conrad shows that the primary objective of the trading concerns is the search for wealth; all related details have been forgotten. We see that even Kurtz, who is considered to be the most successful agent, is little more than a ruthless plunderer. Other examples of inefficiency

include the rusting machinery and unused equipment that Marlow sees lying around the station and the pointless blasting on the hill behind the station.⁴ According to Marlow's observations, the agents in the company stations spend more time plotting against each other than they do working for the company.⁵

The major obstacle to the European colonial administration, however, is its concept of white superiority. A prime example is Kurtz's pamphlet written for the International Society for the Suppression of Savage Customs. In this work he states that whites "must necessarily appear to them [savages] in the nature of supernatural beings"⁶ Conrad elaborates on this when he describes Kurtz's attitudes toward the local chiefs. According to one of Kurtz's followers, all visiting natives are required to crawl into his presence,⁷ and he assumes the position of a god when dealing with the natives. Other characters also display varying degrees of arrogance toward the natives. We learn that Marlow's predecessor has been killed by the son of a local chief whom he had beaten severely in a dispute over some chickens.⁸ In another instance a white man who is being carried in a hammock skins his nose when one of the native bearers drops a pole. As a result he flies into a rage and threatens to kill the native bearers.⁹ These incidents are based on actual experiences of Conrad, some of which are recorded in his *Congo Diary*. Compare, for example, the last incident noted above with the following entries in his journal: "Friday, 1st of August, 1890. . . . Row between the carriers and a man, stating himself in Govt. employ, about a mat. Blows with sticks raining hard."¹⁰

In many cases the actions resulting from this theory of white supremacy border on outright cruelty. *Heart of Darkness* is not lacking in examples of this kind, and many similar ones can be found by checking other accounts of the events of that period. Through Marlow's observations Conrad reveals many of the senseless actions of the whites. Even before he reaches his first stop, Marlow sees a French man-of-war shelling a seemingly barren coastline. He is informed, however, that the jungle at the water's edge is thickly populated by "the enemy." In this case, however, Conrad suggests that the "enemy" is probably a group of natives whose only crime has been flight from forced labor.¹¹ When Marlow reaches the first company station, he is shocked by the wanton waste of human life. He sees the healthier natives chained together by neck rings and carrying baskets of earth. Those who are no longer of any use he finds in a nearby grove. Most are near death, and he quickly realizes that this is the place where they are left to die.¹² During a trip overland he encounters a drunken soldier, and, a little farther up the road, the body of a dead Negro who has been shot.¹³ In *Heart of Darkness* we see this scene only once; it is repeated several times in Conrad's *Congo Diary*. Compare it with the following entries:

Thursday, 3rd July. . . . Met an off. of the State inspecting. A few minutes afterwards saw at a camp place the dead body of a Backongo. Shot? Horrid smell. Friday, 4th July. . . . Saw another dead body lying by the path. . . .¹⁴

During this time Marlow also learns that there are no native villages around. The reason is that the whites who have passed through previously have ransacked the towns and forced the men into service as bearers.¹⁵

The greatest horror of all, however, awaits him on his arrival at Kurtz's station. Here he discovers that what appeared to be fence ornaments are in reality human heads fastened to fence posts around the station.¹⁶ This display not only coincides with the postscript at the end of Kurtz's pamphlet—"Exterminate the brutes"¹⁷—but also is similar to an entry in the *Congo Diary* in which Conrad describes human bodies that have been chained to poles and left to rot.¹⁸

When Marlow finally leaves with Kurtz aboard, we see a final display of white cruelty. There is a large group of natives gathered to pay homage to Kurtz. Merely for sport, the traders on the steamboat open fire on them in an attempt to kill as many as possible before they scatter.¹⁹

These are only a few of the many examples taken from *Heart of Darkness* of the barbaric actions committed by the white colonials in Africa. A closer reading will yield many more. When even a general reading of the book yields examples such as these, one cannot help feeling that one of Conrad's purposes in writing *Heart of Darkness* was to call attention to the colonial mismanagement in Africa.

FOOTNOTES

¹ Douglas Hewitt, *Conrad: A Reassessment* (Cambridge, England, 1952), p. 18.

² Joseph Conrad, "Heart of Darkness," *Conrad's Heart of Darkness and the Critics*, ed. Bruce Harkness (Belmont, Cal., 1960), p. 26.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 51.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 12.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 20

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 44.

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 51.

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 6.

⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 17.

¹⁰ Joseph Conrad, "The Congo Diary," *Last Essays* (London and Toronto, 1926), p. 253.

¹¹ Conrad, "Heart of Darkness," p. 11.

¹² *Ibid.*, pp. 12-14.

¹³ *Ibid.*, p. 16.

¹⁴ Conrad, "The Congo Diary," p. 240-241, 244.

¹⁵ Conrad, "Heart of Darkness," p. 16.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 51.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 44.

¹⁸ Conrad, "The Congo Diary," p. 249

¹⁹ Conrad, "Heart of Darkness," p. 60.

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Sex with a Campus Accent

VIRGINIA PECK

Rhetoric 102, Theme 7

AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, VICTORIAN IDEALISM was the guiding light of college morality, as can be seen in Owen Johnson's 1911 novel, *Stover at Yale*: "He put out his hand and gently took the end of the scarf which she wore about her shoulders and raised it to his lips." No less descriptive of the high degree of morality found on the nation's campuses at that time are the results of a 1916 poll, to which one-fifth of Princeton's senior class replied that they had never so much as kissed a girl.

The year 1920 witnessed a change in the college scene—in the form of the Charleston, the roadster, and a relaxed moral code. Yale's Stover may have kissed only the end of a scarf, but the men at Princeton began kissing the all-too-cooperative girl, as did F. Scott Fitzgerald's Amory Blaine after he "half involuntarily . . . held out his arms" and "she ran into them."

The most significant change in campus moral practices, however, has taken place in the last quarter of a century. While in the twenties a mother would ask herself, "What should I tell my girl about sex?" today the problem has become, "Is there anything left to tell her?" A 1953 study of women's sexual behavior reported that twenty per cent of the college girls interviewed admitted having had pre-marital sex relationships before graduation. Dink Stover and Amory Blaine may have seemed daring in their days, but Leonie St. John's *Love with a Harvard Accent* makes them seem, in comparison, like priests: "Within seconds they were unbuttoning each other's shirts, and in less than a minute, beneath the covers of his bed." In the words of college students themselves, they have "discarded the idea that loss of virginity is related to degeneracy"—at least in the society that they are going to build.

From turn-of-the-century idealism and quarter-of-the-century laxness, has evolved a whole new outlook on sexual morality. Why has this change taken place? It is important to us because today's campus morality may be tomorrow's national moral standard.

There are many reasons for the change. One of them, no doubt, is the increasing availability of information concerning sex. This is why mothers now wonder if there is anything left to tell their daughters. Certainly more money and the increased freedom of action that college students now enjoy also play a part. Perhaps two world wars and the resulting loss of idealism have given the college student his present moral attitudes. The most important factor determining the campus code, however, is the fact that to-

day's college students are the offspring of a permissive and affluent society. Consequently, with us it is not Victorian idealism or just quarter-century laxness that composes our moral code, but the reaction to and the result of both.

A Taste of 8½ L-Shaped Sundays

MARSHA WORDEN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 4

I HAVE RECENTLY BEEN THE VICTIM OF A PECULIAR RECURRING thought. When I am eating lunch in the dressing room of the English Building's pool, I think of this. When I sit in my room, drawing caricatures, I think of this. I think . . . I'm an art movie.

This thought sprang up spontaneously from my brain about one month ago. I had a free Wednesday afternoon then, so I decided to walk the seven miles home from the campus. I took the bus part of the way, though, and walked the last three miles. The atmosphere that day was textured like a coarse fog; it was drizzly, and it rained every fifty minutes. My tennis shoes were soon filled with more mud than feet. I had been hiking along the side of Kirby Avenue, but I had to cut diagonally across Centennial Park because this was the shortest way home. I took, therefore, to the grass. When I stepped on the turf, an unusual thing happened: I stopped hearing all the previous noises of cars splashing and children whining. I was walking alone. The only sound invading my wall of oneness was the smacking of my feet against the thin wet grass. This audible action reminded me of the wet park scenes in the movie *Sundays and Cybèle*, and it suddenly occurred to me that I must be an art movie. The novelty of this idea helped me to cross the park quickly, avoiding both the swimming pool's cement walks, and playground's climbing cactus. I arrived at the end of my park trail and looked up. The sky was textured with the after-image of the grass pattern, and resembled television "snow." I walked the rest of the way home.

Once I was home, I thought about my art movie theory. How do I know I'm an art film? How do I know I'm a film at all? I might be a photograph or a painting. I might even be a mural. My subject matter, however, covers an area too wide and panoramic for a mere photo or painting. I could be a mural, but I have no adventures colorful enough to deserve a tribute in paint. I am graphic, and I move through a wide variety of selective symbolic experiences; mainly, I am mobile, and my most interesting experiences are mobile, too. I move. I must be a film.

How can I be sure I'm an art film? If I'm a film, I might be a spectacular, a musical comedy, a love story, a Tennessee Williams drama, or a comedy. These possibilities can be ruled out, for I have very little plot, my musical score is too inconsistent for a musical, I lack a cast of thousands, I

don't fraternize with Jack Lemmon, and I am not in color. My experiences, though interesting, are not epic. I must fall into the "average" category of the art films. I meet the other qualifications, too: I am fairly sensitive, have somewhat unusual looks, and enjoy a proportionate degree of vague emotional troubles which haze my view of life. I must be an art movie. Furthermore, I seem to be a British art film. I live not the high sweet life enjoyed by so many in Italian films. I lack the medieval symbolism present in most Swedish pictures. My subject matter is totally dissimilar to French and Russian movies. The British film usually presents glimpses of the life of an average troubled soul. The scenery around me seems quite British. Finally I have no subtitles. I must be English.

I play on kiddy trains some midnights in the park. My friends and I sit and watch candles for hours. When I look through a window, I see not the landscape on the other side, but smudged fingerprints on the window. When I sit in dark green corners, reading numbers on the wall, and thinking about happy factory workers, I feel as if I have been directed by Tony Richardson. Recently I have acquired theme music: a soft insistent four-four pounding punctuated by someone's whistling "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Ugly Duckling."

I have tried to tell my friends that I am an art movie, and one of them believes me; in fact, she also feels this way. My other viewers just scoff at my situation. "If you are an art movie," says Sue, "I am a TV commercial." One boy claims to be an iron lung. These jests only increase my belief in my cultural oddity. They also give me something to think about while I am brushing my teeth.

Upheld by the existence of this theme, I have just recognized a further proof of my thesis—I have begun to narrate myself.

I regard non-conformity as a cardinal virtue in a college professor. I admire a teacher who will break tradition and advance a new manner of instruction. The majority of students enter college with an ability to recite a carefully catalogued wealth of formulas, facts, and figures rather than an ability to think and reason. The only way to alleviate this deficiency is to adjust subject matter to the nurture of thought by means of original teaching methods. Similarly, the good instructor is not necessarily one who has committed to memory the greatest body of knowledge on a particular subject, but is the individual who can inspire intellectual spontaneity. It is a crime that administrators concern themselves with verbalizing school objectives instead of relying on competent teachers to formulate them. It is well-known that an educational program can advance no further than the freedom of its instructors. Perhaps if more teachers had been non-conformists, Lucian would not have said, "Whom the Gods hate, they make school-masters." And Shaw might not have sneered, "He who can, does; he who cannot, teaches."

Portrait of a Trout

JOHN LOVE

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

GREY MIST SIFTED THROUGH THE PINES AND DOWN THE valley, splotching the green-grey slopes. The gravel of a small trail crunched under my boots, somehow out of tune with the pleasant roar of the nearby stream. Birds twittered in the shelter of green boughs, seemingly aware that with the new day came a chance for a fresh start in life.

The stream, Penn's Creek, was near our cabin on Poe Mountain. It flowed clear and fast, slowing occasionally to form a sandbar, speeding on and dropping into deep, quiet pools, gurgling around formidable boulders, funneling into whirlpools and dashing on toward an unknown, mysterious destination. Twigs bounced on the stream's elastic surface, where long-shanked spiders raced back and forth. It was still safe to wade barefooted in the cold water, for the progress of civilized man had not yet introduced broken bottles, tin cans, old tires and various remnants of trash to the unruly stream bed.

The stream wasn't famous for its fishing, a fact which I considered a distinct advantage, for it wasn't overrun with other fishermen. But it did hold a fair number of fish and offered a worthwhile challenge to an ardent follower of the sport. My intent in the grey light of the early morning was the pursuit of one trout that I had noticed.

He (I say "he" because observation proved the fish to be male) was somewhere between sixteen and eighteen inches long. He was by no means a giant, but was still a large trout. I had been watching him for quite a while. He had replaced an old battle-scarred veteran in my pool (mine by right of discovery), and set up his little kingdom. He made his home between two boulders at the lower end of the pool, letting the current funnel various tidbits to him. He broke the surface with wild leaps as he ate his early morning meal, then spent the day hovering near the bottom, coming up again in the evening. He possessed an enviable quality of valor and courage, and seemed to have a conscious will to live. I had seen him defend his small territory against two intruders, once against another trout, and once when I found him in a reckless, retreating fight for life with a mink.

The mere presence of a fish was a challenge to my ingenuity, so I found myself standing at dawn on the banks of the stream, preparing to catch him. I tied a Blue Dunn to the leader of my fly line, and took a look at the situation. The sky was still grey, for the sun had barely added an orange tint to the horizon. He was breaking the surface frequently, sucking down insects as they hit the water. I made my first cast with no results. The second cast gave the fly a long run from the top of the pool down over the boulders. I saw a flash and the battle was on. I was taken off guard, for it seemed completely

unorthodox that he would strike the fly on the second cast. It seemed almost too easy. But bringing him in was another thing. He dived straight for the boulders, evidently with the intention of entangling the chain that stole his freedom. I stopped his run, whereupon he did a full reverse, and gave me a few seconds of wild scrambling to take in the line. This was followed by a series of quick, jerky runs and then a long dash upstream.

In the midst of all the excitement, sentimentality overcame me and I realized that I did not actually want to catch the trout. I had spent so much time watching him, following his daily life in his wet world, that he seemed more like a friend. I had so enjoyed plotting my attack that the actual battle was anticlimactic. Now I found myself with a "friend" on the end of the line, valiantly fighting what might be his last battle. I wondered if I, placed in a similar situation, would try so hard as the now tiring trout. Would I, when my time of trial came, be strong enough to face the foe that threatened me?

I decided to release him, for the thrill of catching him and victoriously carrying him home had somehow dulled. I hoped that he would snap the line and win a moral victory. As I pulled him in, he struggled with all his remaining energy, but it wasn't enough. I slid him into the net and quickly removed the hook. When I released him, he paused a second before swimming back to his home. The sun had driven away the grey mist and a new day was under way. It had given the trout a new start on life and had caused me to consider, for a while, what I might do if tested as I had tested the trout.

Of Trees, Forests, and Times

DONALD J. CROWNOVER
Rhetoric 101, Theme 11

A 1961 GALLUP POLL REPORTED THAT AMERICANS CONSIDERED racial integration and the space race to be the greatest problems confronting them. With this belief I must take opposition. I believe that these problems are small in relation to the greater questions of the time, of which these two are only representative elements. Racial integration is a question of individual rights, and the space race is just one aspect of a search for massive energy sources for social stability and growth. The problems of space and integration lead the mind to the much greater and more encompassing problem: what qualitative and quantitative limits most properly describe the best equilibrium of human activity. The answer is not simple.

Man's enterprise is oriented about social and economic poles. Problems arising from social activities seem reducible to problems of individuals, just as most problems of the calculus are reducible to problems of an element and as problems of chemistry are reducible to problems of material elements. Crime, for instance, is the result of allowing behavioral freedom to individuals

who do not agree to limit their freedom as society asks. The late President's assassination is a prime example of an individual's attempt to overuse his freedom to gain his personal ends. Also, our much-debated racial integration is, to me, a problem most properly solved on an individual basis. The white population seems to be over-using its freedom to limit the freedom of Negroes, be the individual Negro a desirable or undesirable person. Finally, what are the problems of nations but conflicts of the powerful individual leaders? The underlying question in these problems is this: how can freedom be safely allowed to all people to allow the greatest cultural advancement and the greatest social stability? Man must clearly define the limits of individualism and state the price which an individual must pay for his civilization. That definition is the most important social problem confronting the world.

In addition to being socially oriented, man is economically oriented. Primarily he must have food and shelter. But he also needs rest, medicine, and tools, and because economics is also a social lever, he needs to have an ability to expand his economy in defense against an enemy's economy. Because all of these needs are dependent upon energy, man needs energy to live, to be comfortable, and to be safe. His dilemma is that the development of energy for life, comfort, and safety escalates the probability of war and hence, danger, discomfort, and death. For instance, the Russians exploded an underwater fission bomb in the Japanese Current and disrupted global weather patterns for about four months. Such a technique of weather control could be used to improve agricultural output, health and vitality, defense, and commerce, and to calm the seas and airways. But it could also be used to destroy an enemy's agriculture, health and vitality, defense, commerce, and communications. The U. S. Project Sherwood for the controlled use of hydrogen fusion is a bold attempt at controlling the most potent of known energy sources. It could be used to run peaceful industries such as drug and food production. Yet its crudest form is the H-bomb. Further, the same industry that produces drugs can produce chemical warfare agents, and the same industry that produces food can produce gunpowder.* The space race could be a vehicle of research in high energy fuels, efficient long-range transportation and communication systems, and to a greater extent, human performance. Consider the possibilities of trapping the energy of the stars or discovering a new chain of elements. Yet space could be used as a political-military lever for world domination. Thus the problem of energy is that of a balance. Man must answer the question of how much energy must be developed to insure life, comfort, and safety, while keeping the deleterious effects of misuse of energy and an arms-race type of energy spiral at a minimum.

The great problem before the world, then, is to establish a complicated and delicate four-way equilibrium between the individual, the society, and the desirable and deleterious effects of energy to provide a maximum of cultural growth and social stability. In short, the question is this: what

qualitative and quantitative limits most properly describe the best equilibrium of human activity? This problem is older than Socrates, newer than the hour, and much farther advanced than the next decade. It is far more important and wide-ranging than those problems that crowd our babbling morning newspapers. It is time to turn from present incidents and face the underlying problems of the millennium.

*Some chemical war agents are analogs of medicines. Furthermore, a large portion of food is cellulose, which can be converted by nitration into nitrocellulose. The nitrogen compounds could be obtained through the ammonia fertilizer plants. Cellulose could also be converted through sacharides to glycerols used in nitroglycerol-type high explosives.

Laxity in Labor

TIM E. MORELAND, JR.

Rhetoric 102, Theme 8

“**A** GOOD DAY’S WORK FOR A GOOD DAY’S PAY” HAS LONG been a motto of American labor. But saying it is not enough. The important thing, after all, is not that we be able to recite this phrase upon occasion, but that we practice it in our daily lives. And in order to believe in the motto, we need to know just what “a good day’s work” is and is not.

A good day’s work is, first of all, earnest effort, regardless of vocation. This effort, trained in varying degrees, must be aimed directly at getting the job done—not necessarily by the quickest or easiest means, but always by the most efficient. The employer depends on his employees to put forth this effort in a constant, unified drive, rather than in occasional arcs and valleys of individual productivity. And if such effort is not exerted, the loss to total productivity (and therefore to economic stability) is immeasurable.

But, unfortunately, too many workers today do not follow these premises. On the contrary, these basic maxims have been tossed aside in favor of new standards.

In two summers of working for the Illinois State Highway Department, I have been part of a “typical” situation. Because my superiors were aware of the fact that I felt morally obligated to give my whole effort in return for the above-average wages which we all received, they took advantage of my stand and often left me alone to do a job (which could have been done much more efficiently with their help and cooperation) while they “patrolled” the highway. They often spent an entire day burying a domestic pet killed along the road, or emptying the trash can of a roadside park, or just driving from end to end of our section of road—all in return for their even higher salaries. But they said it was a good day’s work.

New ideas about work have also arisen in industry. When several of my classmates began working in a local smelter (one of a national chain), they

went to work with the unrestrained zeal of youth, fully intending to awe the other workers and set an example of hard work worthy of all their pride. They immediately noticed that their co-workers (full-time employees) not only had little interest, but actually avoided as much work as they possibly could. The permanent workers even went so far as to gather, play cards, and take only ten minutes per hour to see that their machinery was running smoothly. But all of this had no effect on my friends; they went right on working hard—until, after a few days, they were approached by two union representatives who explained to them that they must slow to the accepted pace. So, instead of going home from work each night with the pride and satisfaction which they had foreseen in being even a small part of a vital rivet in the economic frame of our country, they went home disappointed, disillusioned, and a little ashamed of having accepted their pay. But their foreman said each day was a good day's work.

This modern concept of work has even infiltrated a key part of our government—our nation's defense system. In 1961, the official testimony of Air Force Contracting Officer Evell Hodge, of Vandenburg Air Force Base, stated that when rocket silo hydraulic manifold systems arrived at the base from the factory, they were already assembled. The civilian pipefitters insisted that they be allowed to disassemble and reassemble them, but after much deliberation agreed to "bless" them. In short, they stood idly by and watched the installation of the systems (with approval) while collecting full pay for time which would have been spent assembling the systems. But they gave their good day's work.

Though America stands today as the richest, most highly industrialized, and most economically stable country in the world, the future is not so certain. It is the "job" of every laborer, regardless of occupation or social status, to be ready—and more important, willing—to give the earnest, constant effort that is characteristic of a truly good day's work. May he never stop short of that.

Rhet as Writ

Her dress would be plain, simple, and cover the better part of the body.

* * *

President Kennedy seemed to me to be a friend, but I took him for granite.

* * *

Because of the depression in the early 1890's, the Pullman Company was not only laying a large number of their employees, but they were also cutting wages almost twenty-five percent.

* * *

This is not to be confused with the thinking about music you haven't heard after listening to different music before.

* * *

Even in school, sex drives determine the student's course of study in preparation for future rolls as adults.

* * *

It is amusing to observe here and there a scattered audience member who seems to be playing in pantomime an instrument along with the orchestra.

* * *

One way in which a housewife can always be sure of escaping boardom is by cleaning out her drawers.

* * *

The rest of the time Catbird [Steinbeck's son] is non-communicable.

* * *

Three factors control a language, the stimuli, the stimulis, and the stimulent.

* * *

Perched on a stand higher than his head, the student sees a television.

* * *

The consummation of the book was in the final chapter where Mary found a husband.

* * *

According to Mr. Johnson, this budget was reapportioned to achieve the second objective for 1964, poverty.

* * *

These philosophers abdicated reforms in the social, economic, and religious areas.

* * *

The real meaning and that for which the writer is libel resides in the mind of the reader.

* * *

The use of corrupt and conspirator, though, indicate that the government may have at times tried to be overthrown. Industry, due to the use of such words as manufacture, bankrupt, and orgy, seems to have been important to the culture.

* * *

I violently disagree with this attitude. I sincerely believe that non-violence . . . is the only possible manner in which we can solve the racial prejudice problem.

The Contributors

Kenneth Imboden—Extension Student

Diane Cook—William C. Reavis H.S., Oak Lawn

Judy Gish—Oswego H.S., Oswego

Becky Moake—Champaign H.S., Champaign

Gordon Bower—Newton H.S., Newton

Nancy Wiemken—Sterling Twp. H.S., Sterling

April Fletcher—University H.S., Urbana

David Belanger—Oak Park-River Forest H.S., Oak Park

Virginia Peck—Paris H.S., Paris

Marsha Worden—Champaign H.S., Champaign

Roger Warnke—Woodruff H.S., Peoria

John Love—Mascoutah Community H.S., Mascoutah

Donald J. Crownover—Rock Island H.S., Rock Island

Tim E. Moreland, Jr.—Hillsboro H.S., Hillsboro

The Winners

The following are the winners of the prizes for the best themes
in the April issue of the *Caldron*

First: *Becky Moake, The Tower of Babel*

Second: *Glenna Burns, About People and Fruit Cocktail Cherries*

Third: *Michael London, The Supreme Court Decision and Prayer
in the Public Schools*

Fourth: *John Snyder, Traditional Versus the New: Is There Hope
for the Turbine Car?*

Fifth: *Susan Caramell, City-Billies*

AWARDS

The **Caldron** will continue its policy of giving awards to the five best themes in each issue. The winners will be selected by the votes of the members of the freshman rhetoric staff.

The schedule of awards is as follows:

- First:** Fifteen dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Second:** Ten dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Third:** Five dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Fourth.** Five dollars worth of books
- Fifth:** Five dollars worth of books



We wish to thank the following bookstores for their generosity in providing prizes:

- Campus Book Store**
- Follett's College Book Store**
- Illini Union Book Store**

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THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



Dec 11 1964

CONTENTS

<i>Eldon E. Senner: Freeman</i>	1
<i>Karen Kanady: "Death in the Woods" and "Big Two-Hearted River"</i>	2
<i>Steve Derry: Moth and Man</i>	6
<i>Michael R. Hogan: Pet Peeve</i>	7
<i>Kenneth Turner: Shakespeare Writes Well, But Not For Me</i>	8
<i>Patrick J. McLoughlin: Analysis of Shakespeare's Sonnet 94</i>	9
<i>Daniel F. Vidas, Jr.: Auction on Life</i>	12
<i>William D. Merris: The Wind-tower's Significance in "The Open Boat"</i>	13
<i>Dave Belanger: Electronic Education: Good or Bad?</i>	16
<i>Kathleen M. O'Hara: When in Rome</i>	17
<i>Margaret Welch: The Attic</i>	19
<i>Robert Hult: Kaethe Kollwitz</i>	19
<i>Rhet as Writ</i>	20
<i>The Contributors</i>	Cover 3

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THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for all full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, are published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

Members of the committee in charge of *The Green Cauldron* are Thomas K. Ehret, Patrick Geoghegan, H. H. Hart, John Via, and Michael Svob, chairman.

A theme published in the October issue of the Cauldron, entitled "Sex with a Campus Accent," was heavily indebted in ideas and phrasing to the *Newsweek* article, "The Morals Revolution on the U.S. Campus," April 6, 1964, pp. 52-59.

Freeman

ELDON E. SENNER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 4

AS A CHILD I USED TO SPEND MANY HOURS PLAYING with the boy who lived across the street from my home. Although I often urged him to cross the road, our playground was always his back yard. His mother refused to acknowledge the friendship because, she said, we were of different religious denominations. But I was soon to realize that religion was not the real cause of the antagonism between our two families, or of the larger conflict between the two major religious factions in the small community. People had been caught in their pride, disillusioned by their dreams of superiority. Whether self-righteousness took the form of hypocritical actions or of selfish hate did not matter. Religion, however, was used to excuse and justify the pride. The illusion was destined to incite conflict.

I have often thought, quite foolishly, that a predestined punishment placed so many vain people in so small a town. Perhaps, I thought, they deserved the frustration and anxiety which association and life with each other would inevitably bring. The community had always been sharply divided, basically split only by religious differences, generally separated only by variations in pride. Two groups existed. One group continually reacted to the other, establishing a cycle of proud, self-centered behavior. To explain the motives and actions of one group, the group of which I was part, is to explain the existence of the other.

We were a cold, snobbish group. As a religious body we believed in pacifism. I do not reject the doctrine now, but I am ashamed of the fact that we used it to isolate ourselves. Many of the group unfortunately considered pacifism an escape from, rather than an aid to, the resolution of important social, political, and economic problems. Most were content merely to concern themselves with the problems of morality within the closed group. When we younger people complied with the group's moral demands, we could bitterly criticize the immorality of people outside our group. We acted hypocritically. Our "ideals" were only frontal attempts to appear superior. We were losing contact with reality.

A private academy and junior college were the rallying points of my group. Traditionally, parents in the group have felt obligated to support these institutions by forcing the attendance of their children. The schools were small but excellent. In terms of cultural and educational values, the academy was superior to the local high school. Academic standing, however, was subordinate to the preservation of the last remnants of isolation.

Every year the academy and high school basketball teams met. It was like a cock fight, pitting the ignorant, but loyal roosters of the two groups against each other. It was not a contest of young sportsmen, but a battle

of stubborn ways of life. I was a varsity starter at the academy. Before one game I heard that two men had bet one hundred dollars on the outcome. I became too nervous, confused, and disgusted to play well. I could not fight to support the wager of an arrogant fool. We lost the game. More important, many of us had begun to lose faith in our way of life.

Life in Freeman, South Dakota, continued to center around the conflict that existed, the anxiety of the young people wanting to tear down barriers of pride and indignation, and the fears of elders who could not bear to see outdated traditions pass away. One could hardly blame the groups for reacting negatively and arrogantly to each other. If my group could be proud of its smug conformity, the other could be proud of its flagrant non-conformity. The reactions did not stop, nor did the pride.

“Death in the Woods” and “Big Two-Hearted River”

KAREN KANADY

Rhetoric 107, Theme 6

“DEATH IN THE WOODS” BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON and Ernest Hemingway’s “Big Two-Hearted River” are remarkably similar in style and theme, although this similarity may not be obvious because of the two entirely different situations presented. The main character in Anderson’s story is an Illinois farm woman who struggles to provide for her men and her animals. Hemingway’s story concerns Nick Adams, a young man who loves the outdoors and who at the time of the story is on a fishing expedition. It does not seem that these two accounts would have anything in common. Yet the theme and style of each echoes the other.

Anderson’s style in “Death in the Woods” is simple and direct. The first line, “She was an old woman and lived on a farm near the town in which I lived,”¹ has a fairy-tale quality in its simplicity. The style of writing is at times almost sing-song, as in the line just quoted, and at other times it is bold and hard-hitting, as in “It was a big haul for the dogs now” (p. 244). The entire story is sparse and frank. There is no flowery language eulogizing the old woman. The narrator seems to be the prototype of the country yarn-spinner. In fact, one can almost picture him on the courthouse square, a sort of philosopher, rambling through his story and commenting on it as he goes along.

In spite of the fact that there is a narrator, "Death in the Woods" is told from several different points of view. Anderson employs first-person narration as the story-teller recalls bits of the tale. In fact, the entire first section is the narrator's recollection of incidents during the woman's life. About the middle of the second section the point of view subtly changes. The story now seems to be told in third person. The thoughts as well as the actions of the old woman are told. For example, Anderson writes,

She hadn't been feeling very well for several days and so she went muttering along, scantily clad, her shoulders stooped She would get a little meat in exchange for the eggs, some salt pork, a little sugar, and some coffee perhaps. It might be the butcher would give her a piece of liver (p. 241).

This passage indicates a change from first person. The narrator could not know the thoughts of the old woman. Except for occasional lapses, this third person point of view continues up to the discovery of the woman's body, when the story reverts to first person. From there on to the end, the narrator is telling the story in his own words.

Perhaps this extensive use of first-person narration contributes to the calm atmosphere of the story. Perhaps it is the subdued language employed by Anderson which creates a sensation of disassociation from the old woman. At any rate, the story has an air of solitude to it. The woman is alone in the woods. Only from a distance can the reader observe her loneliness. Anderson heightens the lonely scene in the forest by saying,

In the clearing, under the snow-laden trees and under the wintry moon they [the dogs] made a strange picture running thus silently, in a circle their running had beaten in the soft snow. The dogs made no sound. They ran around and around in the circle (p. 243).

The tone of the story is determined by the matter-of-fact way in which events progress. One incident leads to another with no need for lengthy explanations of why such-and-such a thing happened to come about.

The logical progression of events is part of the theme of this story. The theme can best be summed up in Anderson's own words. He says, "A thing so complete has its own beauty" (p. 246). The woman's life may not have been beautiful. She may have wasted her lifetime by providing subsistence for "horses, cows, pigs, dogs, men" (p. 242). She endured so much that even though she was not old in years, she looked old. The reader is, like the narrator, "unsatisfied" (p. 246) to think of such an existence. It is impossible to justify a situation in which people like the old woman always give and never receive anything in return. It must be said that this woman's life was not a pretty one.

Yet it must also be said that her life was beautiful in its completeness. She was born, she lived, and she died, completing her task of providing for others. From the beginning she fed others, men and animals alike, making no distinction between the two. If her men were hungry, she tried to get food for them. Similarly, if her dogs were hungry, she fed them. Even after

her death she fed the animals with the food she had gone to town to get. The completeness of the cycle is beautiful and perfect. Anderson carries this theme of completeness into his style. The story does not slight any detail. It is perfectly polished.

Hemingway's story is much the same. A critic once packed all of Hemingway's works into the word "Bang!" However, "Big Two-Hearted River" contains much more than "Bang." On the surface it appears to be another woodsy adventure story. Perhaps someone will push Nick Adams into the stream. Maybe there is some secret hideaway in the woods where a mysterious blonde from Yugoslavia lives. Hemingway keeps the reader guessing. As the plot continues, however, it gets nowhere. There is no real plot. Nothing happens. Nick makes camp, sleeps, fishes the next day, and goes back to camp late that afternoon. What does develop is Hemingway's style, which actually furnishes the theme of the story.

Hemingway's style is like Anderson's in that it is straight to the point and simple. The sentences are short and at times give the impression of choppi-ness. For example,

Nick looked down into the pool from the bridge. It was a hot day. A king-fisher flew up the stream. It was a long time since Nick had looked into a stream and seen a trout. They were very satisfactory.²

Although his sentence structure is similar to Anderson's, Hemingway de-scribes Nick's actions with much greater detail than Anderson uses in his story. For example, each move Nick makes when putting on a pack is noted in the following passage.

He adjusted the pack harness around the bundle, pulling straps tight, slung the pack on his back, got his arms through the shoulder straps and took some of the pull off his shoulders by leaning his forehead against the wide band of the trum-p-line. Still, it was too heavy. It was much too heavy (p. 345).

Along with minute details such as these, Hemingway uses repetition in em-phasizing Nick's actions and feelings. In one instance, after Nick has made camp, Hemingway says,

Now things were done. There had been this to do. Now it was done. It had been a hard trip. He was very tired. That was done. He had made his camp. He was settled. Nothing could touch him. It was a good place to camp. He was there, in the good place (p. 348).

Furthermore, Hemingway often refuses to describe sensations to his read-ers. He uses very few metaphors and similes. One must imagine almost every smell, taste, or touch Nick experiences. The odor of crushed fern, of canvas, or of canned spaghetti is left to the reader. He must imagine the taste of apricots, the glow of a campfire, the softness of a floor of pine needles. He must know the sensation of hooking a fish or the sensitivity of a burned tongue. This non-descriptive description enables the reader to put himself in the forest. One takes Nick's place in everything he does because of Hem-

ingway's style. The atmosphere of being there is the greatest difference between the two stories. In "Death in the Woods" there is a gap between the reader and the old woman. In "Big Two-Hearted River" the reader is there, doing whatever Nick is doing.

All the careful detail Hemingway puts into his story brings one to the theme, which is again the idea that completeness makes beauty. Nick never wants to "spoil it all" (p. 349) by performing some task imperfectly or incompletely. He does everything according to his own standard of excellence. If once or twice he makes a mistake, such as when the grasshopper gets away from him, or when the coffee is bitter, the impression is left that it will not be permitted to happen again, in order not to "spoil it all." Hemingway's own infinite attention to detail and perfection gives a sense of completeness to Nick's actions. The completeness is what is beautiful to Nick. He does not want to mar the beauty by leaving something unfinished. After he makes his camp, the knowledge that "it was done" and done correctly is of great satisfaction to Nick. He apparently needs the feeling of accomplishment in order to be happy, to be revitalized, or, perhaps, to complete himself.

However, when Nick reaches the swamp, he does not enter it to fish because "fishing was tragic adventure" (p. 356) in the swamp. He knows he will "hook big trout in places impossible to land them" (p. 356) if he tries the swamp on that particular day. Fishing hopelessly in the swamp would ruin the completeness of his routine and therefore, the completeness of his happiness.

The swamp has some significance to the theme of the story. It may represent the swamps of life, so to speak, or the uncertainties of life. Nick refuses to go into the swamp because he knows that it is not the right time for it, and because he may not be able to complete his job there. Nick knows his limits for the day, or in a broader sense, he knows his limits for life. His limits do not include the swamp because he would not be able to land the "big trout," which may represent Nick's own success. Without this success at whatever he does, the completeness Nick cherishes is lost. If completeness is lacking, life loses its beauty.

In the last sentence, Hemingway tells the reader that "There were plenty of days coming when he could fish the swamp" (p. 356). Here one is given the choice of playing it safe by staying in the stream of life to land "big trout" or of going into life's swamps to hook the trout but running the risk of never landing them. Nick and the old woman knew their limits. It is up to the individual to decide his own. Life will be neither complete nor beautiful if these individual limits are exceeded.

FOOTNOTES

¹ Sherwood Anderson, "Death in the Woods," *Stories*, ed. Lynn Altenbernd and Leslie Lewis, New York, 1963, p. 239.

² Ernest Hemingway, "Big Two-Hearted River," *Stories*, ed. Altenbernd and Lewis, p. 345.

Moth and Man

STEVE DERRY

Rhetoric 102, Theme 4

THE CLOAK OF NIGHT IS HEAVY AND CLOUDS THREATENING rain and wind charge defiantly before the moon. It is a summer evening; the only creature stealing forth into the cool of night is one tiny moth. With aimless fluttering he wings his way above the fields of many farms. There is nothing that may lay a claim to life but that mortal insect. The earth lies dead. The moth is all that breathes.

Then, in the distance shines a flickering spark of light. At once the beating of wings has purpose; the aimlessness of random flight finds direction; the moth has found a destination. Beneath the ominous storm clouds the winged insect struggles onward. Across plowed fields and through a stand of elms he beats his way. Then plummeting desperately, the moth flies through an open farmhouse window. A burning candle stands before him; the searing heat engulfs him; the minute and mortal moth is gone.

Man is like the moth at night. With but one purpose he flees through life in search of his own destruction. Like a moth, man does not recognize the truth of his desire for death; yet, the drive is there in obvious view: men swoop down upon sleeping cities, flinging terror and oblivion at children and their parents; men appropriate billions of dollars for the development of the instruments of their own destruction; men encourage bickering, hate, and petty grievances; men sacrifice themselves to the infliction of pain upon themselves and others. It would seem that man does indeed have much in common with the lowly moth.

Sigmund Freud formulated the theory of a death-instinct; Karl Menninger, a renowned psychiatrist, reached similar conclusions. The novelist too has made effective use of the idea that the man who ultimately meets doom sets the machinery in motion with his own hands. Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice* and John O'Hara's *Appointment in Samarra* are classic examples. The latter of these stories is founded upon the legend of a servant who ran to his master in terror, crying that Death had threatened him in the market place and begging that he might go as quickly as possible to Samarra where Death could not find him. The master gave his consent to go and went to the market place himself. Seeing Death there, he asked him why he had disturbed the servant. Death quickly answered that his actions had been merely a gesture of surprise at meeting in Bagdad the man with whom he had an appointment that night in Samarra.

The story of the servant and Death suggests the extreme desire for destruction that defies all reason and rational thought—suicide. Every twenty-four minutes a man kills himself somewhere in the United States. Sixty times

a day, every day, twenty thousand suicides a year. Self-inflicted death occurs twice as often in some European countries, and everywhere suicide is more frequent than murder.

The implications are clear. Though the titanic forces of hurricanes, floods, and earthquakes unite against the continuance of life, humanity strangely offers nature assistance. A tidal wave may sweep an island bare of life, a famine may "stalk the land," an epidemic may slaughter half a city, and human life is lost. One might think that men would unite to defend themselves against death. Rather, an archduke is assassinated and countless young men are murdered in the ensuing world war. A bomb is exploded over Hiroshima and millions of innocent people are oxidized to carbon shadows.

Man is a self-destructive creature. Beneath the storm clouds of nature's wrath, he too creates destruction. In the darkness of a cruel universe, man generates cruelty of his own. Through the distress of an uncertain life, he foolishly stumbles into the open jaws of certain death.

The cloak of night is heavy, and clouds threatening rain and wind charge defiantly before the moon. It is a summer evening; the only creature stealing forth into the cool of night is man.

Pet Peeve

MICHAEL R. HOGAN
Rhetoric 101, Theme 2

(Instructor's Note: This assignment was an exercise in approaching a trite subject from an original and interesting viewpoint. Students were instructed to write the opening paragraph of an essay along with the first sentence of the second paragraph.)

OPENING UP YOUR PAPER AND TURNING TO THE AREA between the obituary column and the weather will place you at the editorial page. Here are the predictions, observations, and opinions of several learned political observers. They are experienced in politics and blessed with the ability to express articulately what they think. All of us, however, are not possessed of this ability, and it seems that those who are *not* are the ones who do all the talking. They rely on the editorials not only for their conversation, but for their thinking as well.

These political hangers-on accumulate, but do not assimilate, the information provided in the editorials.

Shakespeare Writes Well, But Not For Me

KENNETH TURNER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 8

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE IS A NAME THAT IS SYNONYMOUS with good writing. In even the most unsophisticated circles, Shakespeare's name is used to denote good writing ability: for example, "Course I don't write good, I ain't no Shakespeare ya know." With a well-established reputation like that, it would be extremely unwise for me to claim that Shakespeare could not write. I can, however, assert that Shakespeare cannot write for me!

My first real contact with the works of Mr. Shakespeare occurred about two weeks ago when my assignment was to read *The Tragedy of Othello*. It didn't take long for me to run across a word with which I was unfamiliar. In Act One, Scene One, line one, the first word is "tush." Now, the word "tush" may hold a world of meaning for some people, but to me it is the word "touch" after a few too many. For example, "I'll never *tush* another drop." Finally, I decided that the first word could not be that important, so I read on.

When I got to line ten, I discovered another interesting expression, "off-capped." This, I learned from the footnotes (God bless the footnotes), meant "doffed their caps." This made me quite angry. If this abbreviated construction is acceptable, and it surely is if Shakespeare used it, why hadn't my English teachers let me in on it? To write "off-capped" instead of "doffed their caps" requires only half as much energy, and only about a third as much paper. It was then that I decided that reading Shakespeare could be quite educational, so I eagerly pushed onward.

My enthusiasm soon faded, however, because I had read several pages more, and if any new short cuts had been revealed, I had missed them. This was quite possible because I had developed a serious case of eye fatigue from shifting back and forth between the text and the footnotes. Finally, I "down-booked" and "to-bedded," more than a little disillusioned by *The Tragedy of Othello*.

The next evening in class, my faith in Shakespeare was lifted somewhat when the instructor mentioned that there was a sexy line in Act One, Scene Two. I am just like any other man in that I really enjoy a good risqué story, and if Shakespeare is sexy, I could probably work up a real appreciation for him. Anxiously, I thumbed back to Act One, Scene Two, lines fifty and fifty-one, and with the lewd grin of a high school boy looking at a *Playboy* fold-out, I read, "Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carrack. If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever." Just when I was about to snicker, I realized that

I didn't understand it. A quick glance at my trusty footnotes told me that a carrack was a large merchant vessel. Even if a land carrack was a prairie schooner, I couldn't find anything sexy about the lines. Once again my bid for "highbrow" status crumbled. If this was sexy Shakespeare, I would have to go back to *Playboy* for my "kicks."

I am unable to enjoy any of the works of William Shakespeare written in the original language. Perhaps someday I will find a book with his plays written in modern English. Then I can appreciate not only the plot, but also the risqué little passages as well. 'Til a Shakespearean play is written for me, a frustrated "lowbrow" will I be.

Analysis of Shakespeare's *Sonnet 94*

PATRICK J. McLOUGHLIN

Rhetoric 108, Theme 1

They that have the power to hurt, and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves a stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow,
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

SONNET 94 HELPS TO DEMONSTRATE WHY WILLIAM Shakespeare is regarded as the most outstanding literary figure in the history of the English language. Shakespeare is acclaimed for his ability to reveal vividly a wealth of insight into the heart of human nature. His poetry presents the reader with a brilliant discussion of man's capabilities, limitations, and responsibilities. In *Sonnet 94* Shakespeare delves deeply into the responsibilities that lie upon the shoulders of gifted individuals.

The first four lines of *Sonnet 94* are concerned with the characteristics of the ideal gifted person. The first line—"They that have the power to hurt, and will do none"—presents the power of the gifted individual. Each of these persons, in his own way, has the ability to exert a force upon his fellows.

Shakespeare singles out those of the gifted who are careful to apply their talents to the benefit, rather than the detriment, of man. The individuals Shakespeare praises are the people who obviously have abilities which they might apply to selfish goals, yet refrain from doing so—"That do not do the thing they most do show" These men have the ability to direct others toward worthy enterprise, and they themselves are not easily swayed from virtuous objectives—"and to temptation slow"

The rewards of those who use their gifts wisely are described in lines five through eight. Shakespeare feels that God alone is responsible for these gifts, and He is pleased when they are used justly—"They rightly do inherit heaven's graces" Through their diverse abilities, these men are able to reap benefits from nature where lesser men could not even observe potential—"And husband nature's riches from expense" Line nine—"They are the lords and masters of their faces"—is interesting in the opportunities which it presents for interpretation. "Faces" may be thought to represent character and reputation, over which the gifted individuals have the ability to exercise complete control. On the other hand, a certain archaic meaning of the word "faces"—those things which one views, observes, or surveys—may lead us to believe that the author regarded these gifted persons as the masters of their environment. The second of these alternatives is possibly more strongly supported by the line following, which refers to the control which the gifted have over other men as a result of conscientious application of their talents.

The next four lines review the idealized conditions which are brought forth in the first eight lines, and then introduce the possibility of exception to this idealized state. In lines nine and ten—"The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,/Though to itself it only live and die"—Shakespeare praises the individual who makes good use of his talent, while he realizes that the same individual is both useless and helpless without the society in which he functions. Shakespeare also recognizes, however, that all gifted persons are not equally wise in using their talents. He compares the gifted person to a flower which, having met with "base infection," that is, having wasted or prostituted his talents, is less worthy than the "basest weed"—the most common ordinary individual.

The final two lines—"For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;/ Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds"—summarize the crux of the problem. They hold the basic truth upon which the whole sonnet focuses. The gifted individual has much to gain from the proper development of his gifts. If, however, he corrupts his talents, the same individual will be judged much more severely than the person without talent. One who might be most respected through worthy labor deserves to be most despised in failing to respond to his obligations.

Sonnet 94 is divided into four major components. These four main parts can easily be distinguished by means of the rhyme scheme. The first four lines, rhyming abab, make up the first major division. This section introduces

the subject under discussion, the gifted individual, and proposes the ideal behavior for such a person. Part two, the second four lines, continues in the same manner, describing the benefits accrued through conscientious development of talent. In these four lines the rhyme moves to cdcd.

There is a marked distinction between the second and third major sections. Lines nine through twelve, rhyming efef, introduce the problem. They recognize the possibility of misuse of talents through corruption and waste. The method of presentation varies greatly from the first two sections. In the first eight lines, direct reference is made to the individuals concerned. Lines nine through twelve, however, make use of a metaphorical allusion through the flower and the weed. The poet's substitution of the sweet flower for the gifted individual is a valuable asset to the effective presentation of the message. By this technique, Shakespeare was able to present a rather abstract concept in terms of a familiar meaningful situation. The final major division, the rhymed couplet, carries the flower image to completion. The fact that the final two lines have a rhyme structure quite distinct from the earlier portions of the poem serves to focus attention on this division. The reader's attention must be drawn to the couplet because it contains the heart of the poem. The author purposely constructed the poem to rise toward the couplet, in which he states the central thesis of his sonnet.

Shakespeare uses sounds and rhythm skillfully to complement the literal interpretation of his lines. The meaning of his words can never be divorced completely from their sensory effects. In the first line, for example, the distinct change in consonant sounds accentuates the division marked by the comma. Before the comma, the sharp *t*'s and the forceful *p* emphasize the concept of power. After the comma, the softer consonants give meaning to the contrast between the powerful potential and the restraint which is exercised. In line four, word endings play an important part in determining the tone of the poem at that point. In the first part of the line, the poet uses cold, hard *d*-endings to describe the stone of line three. In the second part of the line, the lack of response to temptation is reflected in the drawn-out *o*-ending of the word *slow*. The word *temptation* itself comes slowly off the tongue.

Alliteration is another auditory technique with which Shakespeare creates valuable impressions. The repetition of initial *s*-sounds, "summer sweet," in line nine draws special attention to the relationship between the sweet flower and the summer. In the final line, through the repetition of the sinister *w*-sounds—"worse . . . weeds"—alliteration dramatizes the gravity of the universal truth found in the final couplet.

Throughout the overall rhyme scheme, the building severity of the final sounds closely parallels the rising tone of the poem. Shakespeare begins with indifferent *n*- and *o*-endings to the introductory statements of the first four lines. The endings rise to richer *s*-sounds for the description of the rewards of the ideal situation in lines five through eight. As the conflict is introduced in the next four lines, the poet moves to the sharper *t*-sounds for rhyme. The

climax is reached with the stern *d*-endings of the final couplet, which pierces the very heart of the poet's thought. This smooth progress toward the essential statement is characteristic of all facets of *Sonnet 94*.

Auction on Life

DANIEL F. VIDAS, JR.

Rhetoric 102, Theme 7

HONG KONG! THE BRITISH-HELD ISLAND COLONY sprang suddenly out of the green, silent waters of the China Sea. How swiftly time had passed! Less than two weeks ago I had left my small home town in northern Illinois. Five hours by jet to California, then twelve days of relative nothingness—blue sky, green water, and the dark gray hull of the aircraft carrier beneath me became the entirety of my universe. Now the journey had nearly reached its climax: Hong Kong, that much-fabled city of oriental mystery and intrigue lay ahead.

Entering the harbor, I was immediately aware of the conflicting civilizations brought together on this British-controlled, Chinese-populated island. Junks and sampans scurried about the bay bearing their age-old cargoes of tea and rice, while the high, modern skyline blazed with neon signs boldly declaring the merits of Mercedes-Benz, Mitsubishi Radio, and Pepsi-Cola.

I found this pattern continued in the city itself. The large, modern shopping district sprawls along the Queen's Road Central, complete with its fashionable shops, exquisite restaurants, and distinguishably British pubs. Here, too, are located the wealthier Chinese merchants, who have followed British example and adopted their methods. From this hub, the city extends radially, with the outlying districts becoming progressively more Chinese in nature.

Proceeding to the north and east of the city, one encounters the fishing "village" of Aberdeen, a floating community consisting entirely of junks and sampans bound together to form an artificial island. Most imposing upon the senses is the odor peculiar to the region, an odor which needs little description when one considers that an Aberdeen diet consists entirely of fish, with occasional small portions of rice as the sole exception, a fact impressed all the more permanently upon me when I watched the natives wolf down raw octopus and squid.

To the west lies the notorious Wan-Chi district, where, it is rumored, the unwary disappear forever, so that their murderers might drink their blood and eat the flesh off their bones. My friends and I (we were advised to remain in large groups) were appalled at the obvious poverty here. Great masses of humanity are thrown together, with as many as four or five families living in a single room among the roof-tops. At street level are the small,

one-owner shops, each offering whatever varied goods the owner might happen to possess. Push carts and sidewalk stands emit nauseous smells of foul, half-cooked food. Starving dogs linger hopefully in these areas and often become meals rather than get one.

Fully as repelling as I have described it, still this section held me to it with a certain fascination. Here is the summation of impressions that I had of Hong Kong—teeming millions struggling to survive and selling anything of value in order to do it. Bars and houses of prostitution flourish, promising their customers delights beyond their wildest dreams. If dreams themselves are desired, one can, with little trouble, locate an opium den. Rich Oriental treasures, jade and ivory, smuggled from the Chinese mainland, may be found on the black market. Anything in the entire world can be purchased here if the right contacts are made and one has enough money. This is my one, overpowering impression of Hong Kong, which shall always remain in my memory as the city with the price tag.

The Wind-tower's Significance in "The Open Boat"

WILLIAM D. MERRIS

Rhetoric 102, Theme 10

"THE OPEN BOAT," BY STEPHEN CRANE, IS AN ACCOUNT of the classic conflict between man and the sea. In his story Crane employs a tall seaside windmill as a symbol which makes the correspondent (Crane's main character) realize that his supposed antagonist, nature, is actually indifferent to him. This symbol, together with the explanation of the correspondent's interpretation of it, is the basis upon which Crane resolves the conflict of the story and implies its meaning. Ultimately Crane allows the correspondent to survive his dangerous experience at sea, but only with the knowledge that he, as a man, is incapable of protecting his life against inexorable nature. Ray B. West and Robert W. Stallman feel that this relationship of man to nature is Crane's major theme in the story, and that Crane relies on the wind-tower symbol to convey much of the meaning of this relationship.¹

Thus, how well the meaning of "The Open Boat" is communicated to the reader depends to a great extent upon how effectively this symbol identifies Crane's view of nature. Expanding West and Stallman's remarks, Richard P. Adams classes the windmill as one of Crane's two major symbols of the indifference of nature, but asserts that as a symbol the wind-tower rather awkwardly defines the image, and that it might easily be misconstrued as a

symbol of man's indifference rather than nature's. In contrast to this, Mr. Adams feels that Crane's second major symbol, a "high cold star,"² is much more successful in developing his intended image of nature's detachment.³

Certainly when considered out of context, a "cold star" symbolizes a much more remote and indifferent attitude than a white windmill. Moreover, the passage containing the windmill symbol does little to enhance any image of remoteness.

This tower was a giant, standing with its back to the plight of the ants. It represented in a degree, to the correspondent, the serenity of nature amid the struggles of the individual—nature in the wind and nature in the vision of men. She did not seem cruel to him then, nor beneficent, nor treacherous, nor wise. But she was indifferent, flatly indifferent (158).

Crane outwardly relies on the rigid framework, the height, and the position of the windmill to parallel the universe's unconcern. The wind-tower is a "giant" overlooking the "ants" in the boat, and furthermore it turns its "back" to the men by facing into a seaward breeze. One might immediately term the symbolism trite and easily misconstrued, as Mr. Adams contends, but considering Stephen Crane's much-discussed method of understatement and irony,⁴ it is plausible that he intends the great contrast between the star and the windmill, and that in fact he uses this contrast as an important element in completing his theme.

Consider the correspondent and his companions' first reaction to the scene which includes the windmill.⁵ The sighting of land promised warmth and safety from the raging sea. Yet after an eternity of night during which the correspondent pondered his relation to nature through the "high cold star," he saw the shore in a much different light. On the dunes were "little black cottages, and a tall white windmill reared above them. No man, nor dog, nor bicycle appeared on the beach. The cottages might have formed a deserted village" (157). The correspondent visualized not safety, but desolation and quiet indifference. The wind-tower stood tall and rigid over the low dunes that flattened into the beach; no one stirred to save him. And it was not the people on the land alone who seemed indifferent. What the correspondent inwardly realized was that the land without people was no more inviting than the cold sea.

It is in this realization, prompted by the image of the wind-tower, that Crane completes his intended identification of nature. The "cold star" as a symbol is explicit in its symbolism of the remoteness of nature; the correspondent knows the sea is, at the least, indifferent to his safety. But he, on the other hand, continues to see the land as a symbol of safety. To convince him, and the reader, that not just the sea but all of the universe is indifferent, Crane negates the image of land's salvation: he proves the low dunes that surround the tower and the sea that surrounds the dunes are not two different identities, but the same—the indifferent universe.

Indeed, Crane makes the windmill and the land, as symbols, undergo

ironic change. These symbols create, as Peter Buitenhuis suggests through a different interpretation,⁶ a simultaneous image of safety and indifference. And it is through the irony of these symbols, particularly the wind-tower, that Stephen Crane extends the meaning of "The Open Boat." In the intended understatement of the imagery of the windmill, he illustrates the paradox of nature's apathy. He contends that nature is not hostile, but indifferent: that it is not man's opponent, but the unavoidable course of things to come. To battle something which has no vulnerability is man's worst folly. He must, Crane stresses, instead seek the fulfillment of his relations with his fellow man, and accept his life and death as inevitable.

FOOTNOTES

¹ Robert Wooster Stallman and Ray B. West, "'The Open Boat': The Realistic Story," *Teacher's Manual for The Art of Modern Fiction* (Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, Inc., 1956), p. 10.

² Stephen Crane, "The Open Boat," in *Form and Focus*, eds. Robert F. McDonnell and William E. Morris (New York, 1961), p. 156. The page numbers of all additional citations taken from "The Open Boat" will be enclosed in parenthesis after the quoted material.

³ Richard P. Adams, "Naturalistic Fiction: 'The Open Boat,'" *Tulane Studies in English*, IV (1954), 137-46.

⁴ Several examples may be considered in clarifying this assertion, among them James B. Colvert, "Style and Meaning in Stephen Crane: 'The Open Boat,'" *Texas Studies in English*, XXXVII (1958), 34-45. While Mr. Colvert contends that Crane's irony is not a result of his understatement alone, he does at least include these two characteristics in his appraisal of Crane's style.

⁵ Though the descriptions are those of the narrator, it is generally accepted that Crane and the correspondent are one, as can be inferred from the actual account of Crane's own experience at sea after a shipwreck in Stephen Crane, "Stephen Crane's Own Story," in *Form and Focus*, eds. Robert F. McDonnell and William E. Morris (New York, 1961), pp. 135-142.

⁶ Peter Buitenhuis, "The Essentials of Life: 'The Open Boat' as Existentialist Fiction," *Modern Fiction Studies*, V (Autumn 1959), 247. Mr. Buitenhuis, in discussing Crane's color symbolism, comes to the conclusion that "the land is not only the element of safety but also the dangerous ledge on which the white waves break." He feels the irony of the land symbol "is insisted on by the ambiguity of the colors." Some further reflection on the color of the windmill might lead one to conclude that Crane also intends a symbolic image by depicting it as white, the same color as the deadly surf and the breaking waves.

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Electronic Education: Good or Bad?

DAVE BELANGER

Rhetoric 102, Final Exam

ONE OF THE MORE RECENT INNOVATIONS IN THE EDUCATIONAL battle of "conservative" versus "progressive" is the television lecture. According to the "progressives"—those who favor a more modern educational system—the television lecture is the answer to our nation's shortage of teachers. By using this technological marvel, a school may film one lecture and reshew it for years to come. Obviously, no one can deny that this procedure results in a great saving of the teacher's time, but there are also those who have pointed out a number of disadvantages connected with the system. These people—usually labeled "conservatives" by their opponents—feel that the disadvantages and shortcomings of this impersonal education far outweigh its advantages.

As a student at a large university, I have had an opportunity to observe both the "old-fashioned" lecture and the television lecture, and when I combine my own experiences with those of other students, I feel that I must classify myself as a conservative. I have been influenced to some extent by my counselor, but I have also learned through my own experiences that there are certain disadvantages to the television lecture.

The first argument against the television lecture has already been mentioned—its cold, impersonal nature. When a student enters the lecture room, he has the feeling that he is going to be entertained for an hour. The instructor is not a real person: he is instead a black-and-white image on an electronic screen. The student feels even more detached from the proceedings when he realizes that he has no opportunities to ask questions or talk to the lecturer at the end of the hour. In these lectures the whole show runs according to a predetermined plan, and nothing short of a blown fuse or power failure can interrupt it. In many respects it is like watching a rerun of an old movie. If a student knows someone who has already seen the presentation, he knows exactly what is going to happen.

A second drawback of the television lecture is the removal of some of the physical elements of the lecture. This is especially true of lectures in the physical and biological sciences. No matter how realistic a laboratory demonstration may appear, it cannot compare with the one that is performed "live" for the students. A chemistry experiment without the usual smokes and smells would be hard to imagine, and physics would degenerate into little more than an advanced Doctor Wizard show.

The greatest problem created by the television lecture, however, is the

effect it has on the students' attitudes. Many students consider it to be the "easy way out" in a course. The common student opinion of the television lecture is that it is not important. They ask, "Why go? No one takes attendance, and all they do is show a movie." This argument is a powerful incentive for the student to cut the class, and once a student starts cutting lectures, he usually extends the habit to his labs and quiz sections. This practice, as any student knows, leads to disaster. Even when the student does attend these lectures, he usually does not attempt to learn all he can from them. The discipline is more lax, especially since there is no professor in front of the class to command respect. Many students feel and act as if they were at home or at a show.

These are some of the considerations that have weighed on my mind when I have had to choose between "the tube" and "the professor." My counselor has added his opinions to mine and has advised me to stick to the old way. Maybe time will prove us wrong, but until the television lecture is made more personal, and the student accepts it as the equal of a human lecturer, I feel that the television set will never take over the lectern.

When in Rome

KATHLEEN M. O'HARA

Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

THE TRENDS OF DRESS TODAY SEEM QUITE RIDICULOUS to me. Everywhere people are binding themselves into bulky, uncomfortable garments which look attractive only after much special care. I firmly believe that some simpler type of clothing should be adopted—the toga, for instance. Wearing togas would improve the clothing situation in a number of ways. The areas of greatest improvement would be comfort, care and cost.

Both men and women would benefit from a change to togas as common dress. Men could forget starched collars, French cuffs, and the assorted accessories, like ties and cuff links, that accompany them. The many layers of male dress would also be lessened. The conventional shirt, suit and top-coat would be replaced by a toga and cape. Reducing the layers of clothing would be very healthful because the body wouldn't have to adjust to so many rapid temperature changes (coming out of a store into the cold, for example). Of course, the other obvious improvement would be the increased mobility made possible by lighter clothing. If women wore togas, they too would be freed from many confining garments. Fitted skirts, in the fashionable lengths, would no longer hamper walking or ride up over the knee. Much of the corsetry needed to mold a woman's figure to current standards could be elimi-

nated also. This change would be very healthful because the circulation of blood would be much freer. All of us could enjoy freedom of movement and be released from the excess layers of clothing which overheat the body—if we all wore togas.

Togas would be very easy to care for. Washing and ironing would be much simpler because of the flat, sheetlike shape of the unfolded garment. Even an inexperienced person could do a presentable job of pressing his toga. Cleaning bills for non-washable fabrics would be decreased because of the need for little pressing. The ways of storing togas would have many advantages over the ways in which we must store conventional garments. Togas could be neatly folded and placed on a shelf, in a drawer, or over a hanger. No special care would have to be taken to see that pleats hang just so or that shoulders are in line. Neat folding would insure that the garment is presentable for the next wearing. Since togas have no snaps, buttons, hooks and eyes, or zippers to become detached, lost or broken, maintenance would be much simpler. Because togas are completely untailored, there would be no seams popping open or stress points, like knees or elbows, wearing thin before the rest of the garment shows wear. Therefore, much mending and patching would be eliminated. The care required to keep a toga in good condition would be much less in all aspects.

Since little care is needed for togas, the expenses of maintenance would be almost nothing. Furthermore, the initial cost of a toga would be pleasantly low. Togas would cost less because they could be bought almost directly from a bolt of fabric (they require little sewing). The plain, basic design of togas could never be changed so significantly that wardrobes would become obsolete because of design changes or "exclusive" designs.

From all aspects—comfort, care, and cost—togas are a much better way to dress. People would gain in every way by abandoning conventional dress for the sensible toga.

Within recent years adults have been making a concerted effort toward destroying the child's world. No more do boys idly waste their time having fun with sandlot baseball—Little League teams have been organized; and, regardless of what may be preached, the children soon learn that it isn't how you play the game, but whether you win or lose that really counts. With typical adult zeal, the oldsters are organizing every minute of their children's waking hours so that the unspeakable catastrophe of a few spare moments for daydreaming will not occur. Indeed, it seems that if adults could have their way, there would be no noticeable difference between children and adults except for a few inches and several pounds. However, I have faith that children are too smart to be entrapped in this snare and that the wonderful, but fleeting moment between helpless infancy and fumbling adolescence will be preserved for children to savor and for the wise parents to enjoy vicariously.

The Attic

MARGARET WELCH

Rhetoric 101, Theme 2

A FLIGHT OF UNLIGHTED STAIRS THAT GREW PROGRESSIVELY steeper and narrower led to the attic. Once inside, one felt immediately and instinctively an atmosphere of almost forbidding privacy—a kind of sad privacy that belongs exclusively to all the lovely useless articles a family collects and puts away in an attic to be forgotten. Ancient trunks and crates loaded with outmoded finery, reminders of gay occasions and lost youth, lined the long-neglected walls. A scarred kitchen table held a large conglomeration of toys, all once loved, all too soon discarded. Scattered among the toys were their successors, the locked diaries, the photographs with trite inscriptions, the high school annuals, items of paramount but short-lived importance. And dominating all like a benevolent monarch in the center of disorder reigned an immense, overstuffed red velvet sofa, witness to scenes of countless human emotions.

Kaethe Kollwitz

ROBERT HULT

Rhetoric 101, Theme 2

K AETHE'S FACE IS BEAUTIFUL. HER'S IS A FACE WITH the quality of a sculptor's clay heaped upon a rigid frame: here an excess and here almost too little. The total effect is one of great evenness, smoothness, and rugged beauty, coming as much from her personality as from the lines and ridges themselves. Atop the massive head, straggling here and there in useless abandon, are sparsely placed strands of all-white hair. Below the wisps of hair, the mound of her forehead evens the heaviness of her jowls and chin below. That same forehead which once was smooth and taut, but now is rounded and ridged with age and trouble, roofs Kaethe's eyes with a deep, inclined plane running across her face and gradually disappearing at the temples. Under this roof hang the dark, heavy eyes of Kaethe Kollwitz: eyes of perception and understanding. Looking as though some sculptor had pressed eye-glasses into the clay, her eyes are accented beneath by a long furrow in the flesh. To the far outside of the face, high and near the eyes, the cheek bone extrudes the elastic flesh, forming, with the furrow and forehead, a frame around her eyes. In the lowest ridge of her forehead, her black brows line into a solid, knobbed nose from whose broad base run

deeply etched lines that encircle the mouth and line the folds of skin on the cheeks. Her lips are thin, dark and determined, giving a classic pediment to the stern, short column of the chin. Beneath and behind these external characteristics lies a personality so motivated with a love and understanding of her people, especially the poor, that her attempts during World War II to free from German jails and concentration camps imprisoned Jews and Gentiles cost her her life. Though she was an artist—a lithographer—she never lost contact with her subjects, the poor people of Germany. All of her feelings—her hopes, desires and even the love of her art and people—are reflected in the mirror of her face, and have given their part to the shaping of the beautiful face of Kaethe Kollwitz.

Rhet as Writ

Sharon will have the rest of her life to help me bring this about; as we are quickly pursuing the bounds of holy matrimony.

* * *

Moll [Flanders] is essentially a moral girl who finds religion in the end.

* * *

On TV commercials: A singing tree telling the viewers about mashed potatoes from A to Z is hard to swallow.

* * *

Did Hitler hate the Jews, or was it just something he used as an escape goat?

* * *

Italy, a reservoir of art treasures from the beginning of time up to the present, is a wonderful place to go for anyone interested in studing "the real thing."

* * *

As long as man wishes to be socially excepted, advertising will continue to appeal to the social status of modern man.

* * *

Tom Jones is an illegal child who grows up under the care of Squire Western

* * *

The other [woman in Tom Jones' life] is Sulfie, the daughter of a squire who he loves

* * *

Tom Jones is a film adapted from the book by Henry Fielding of the same name.

* * *

And, in many cases, he's very anxious to leave because someone has just entered the room wearing the same inexpensive dress!

* * *

Now that she was sure, the things that he said about her and her boyfriend no longer bothered her.

* * *

Soon I found myself teaching Sunday School and working at our hospital as a volunteer Candy-stripper.

* * *

Mrs. Brown, curler-clad and donning stretch pants, rushes from her automobile awkwardly dragging a small boy.

The Contributors

Eldon E. Senner—Freeman Academy, Freeman, S.D.

Karen Kanady—Springfield H.S., Springfield

Steve Derry—Woodruff H.S., Peoria

Michael R. Hogan—Ashley H.S., Ashley

Kenneth Turner—Extension Student

Patrick J. McLoughlin—Eisenhower H.S., Decatur

Daniel F. Vidas, Jr.—Harlem Consolidated H.S., Loves Park

William D. Merris—Bluffs H.S., Bluffs

Dave Belanger—Oak Park-River Forest H.S., Oak Park

Kathleen M. O'Hara—Red Bud Community H.S., Red Bud

Shirley M. Myers—Extension Student

Margaret Welch—Springfield H.S., Springfield

Robert Hult—Tinley Park H.S., Tinley Park

The Winners

The following are the winners of the prizes for the best themes
in the October issue of the Caldron

First: Marsha Worden, *A Taste of 8½ L-Shaped Sundays*

Second: Kenneth Imboden, *The Id*

Third: Becky Moake, *The Crucifixion of Billy Budd*

Fourth: John Love, *Portrait of a Trout*

Fifth: Dave Belanger, *Abuses and Mistakes of the White Man in
"Heart of Darkness"*

AWARDS

The Caldron will continue its policy of giving awards to the five best themes in each issue. The winners will be selected by the votes of the members of the freshman rhetoric staff.

The schedule of awards is as follows:

First: Fifteen dollars and five dollars worth of books

Second: Ten dollars and five dollars worth of books

Third: Five dollars and five dollars worth of books

Fourth. Five dollars worth of books

Fifth: Five dollars worth of books

We wish to thank the following bookstores for their generosity in providing prizes:

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Follett's College Book Store

Illini Union Book Store

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THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



CONTENTS

APRIL 1965

<i>Lucille Myers: Integrity</i>	1
<i>Harry Egan, Jr.: Dick Daley: Democrat or Demagogue?</i>	2
<i>Leta Hunt: Effective Sentence?</i>	4
<i>John R. Andersen: Remember the Guy Who</i>	5
<i>Charles Moses: The Drought</i>	6
<i>Vance Ahlf: Loafing and the Puritan Ethic</i>	6
<i>William R. Veatch: Social Position and the Total Tragic Effect</i>	8
<i>M.Sgt. H. R. Ficken: Student Cheating in Service Academies</i>	12
<i>Ed Daggett: Willie Rolfe</i>	13
<i>Allan E. Fenske: Tree Towns</i>	14
<i>Judith Pefferman: College as a Side Show</i>	15
<i>Jerrold Falk: Art and Science</i>	16
<i>John J. Snyder: Oh, These Prairie Chicks</i>	18
<i>Rhet as Writ</i>	20
<i>The Contributors and Winners</i>	Inside Back Cover

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THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for all full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, are published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

Members of the committee in charge of *The Green Caldron* are Thomas K. Ehret, Patrick Geoghegan, H. H. Hart, John Via, and Michael Svob, chairman.

Integrity

LUCILLE MYERS

Rhetoric X101

THE WORD "INTEGRITY" DEFIES ANALYSIS. AN ELUSIVE quality, it is not always readily apparent. It lies dormant, latent, inconspicuous until one day a crisis—however small—arises and suddenly the man next door, the bus driver, a small boy, or the garbage man seems ten feet tall because of his integrity.

It is the quality which prompts a doctor to abide by the Hippocratic oath. It encourages confidences between friends without fear of betrayal. It is the quality which leads the street urchin to restore the lost wallet to its rightful owner. It prevents the student from cribbing and allows the professor to be objective and unbiased in his judgments. It gives the budding Big League player the courage to present himself before the irate owner of the broken window.

Integrity relates to the building of character as a sound footing relates to the building of a house—without integrity, character collapses, and without a footing, the foundation sags and the building falls. Integrity is the basis for a good reputation, the staff of good character, the fundamental principle of self-esteem.

Integrity is not inherited, it is constructed—by the child, by his parents, by his friends. It is laid in sections, block by block, inch by inch, from the cradle to manhood. It can be developed after manhood is attained if the catalyst is powerful enough. The catalyst may be great or it may be small but it must be cataclysmic. It may assume any form as long as it creates the motive and supplies the drive. It may be a look, a touch, a written word, a spoken comment, a birth, a death, the love of a woman, the love of a child, the love of God. Its identity is immaterial if its impact is irresistible. Spurred by such a catalyst, any man of determination can school himself to recognize and abide by the standards which underlie integrity.

Integrity is not a static quality, although like the roots of a firmly established oak, strong opposing forces are necessary to uproot it. Like a rare wine it improves with age; like good machinery it becomes rusty with disuse. It flourishes in the ghetto, in the suburb, in the mansion. It is seldom erased by poverty; it is never purchased by riches. It is possessed to a small degree by many, to a greater degree by a few, in totality by none.

Integrity promotes self-respect. It permits a man to face his world with a vision unclouded by self-doubts and fears. It purges the mind of regrets. It is an element of human happiness. It is the trademark of a single soul at peace with God, or the rock upon which nations rise.

Dick Daley: Democrat or Demagogue?

HARRY EGAN, JR.

Rhetoric X101, Theme 4

ONE WOULD HARDLY SUSPECT WHEN SEEING THE portly Richard J. Daley jauntily stride down one of the colorful avenues of his native Bridgeport area of Chicago that this is one of the most powerful political personages in America, that this single stocky dynamo is the man who has put together a political machine which potentially has the power to elect or reject almost single-handedly any candidate seeking public office even on as large a scale as the national ticket, that this is the man who started out as a herder of hogs in Chicago's Union Stockyards and wound up as the most vaunted "king-maker" or "herder of people" in contemporary political Americana. But, politician par excellence he is, human dynamo he is, and "king-maker" he most emphatically is.

To a life-long friend, however, Dick Daley is a neighbor, a friend, and a jovial Humpty-Dumpty literally overflowing with good humor, jokes, and resounding waves of belly laughter. Such a friend is my father, and it is through him that I first became aware of the Daley Legend and have continued a more-than-average interest in it to this day. I first met Mayor Daley when he was serving the first of his three terms as chief executive of Chicago. The occasion was my winning a TV set at a local Democratic ward picnic; His Honor was to present me with my prize in my home and before a battery of photographers and reporters several weeks after the actual drawing. On the big day, the Mayor entered our apartment following two burly bodyguards. Impeccably garbed in a conservative blue suit which was appointed appropriately with equally conservative accessories, he more resembled an overweight bank president than a wheeling-and-dealing, big city political boss. Mayor Daley was short and, with the nearly one hundred extra pounds expanding his already substantial waistline, he appeared even shorter. His squat and ample stature was topped off by a massive orb of a head featuring closely cropped ink-black hair, a high, wrinkled forehead, deep-set and piercing brown eyes. Through his puffy, almost unnaturally swollen mouth came words that were clipped and somewhat garbled after being mulched through a combination third generation Irish accent and improperly fitting dentures. These imperfectly enunciated words fought to gain wings as they rumbled up through his extremely oversized neck and resisted the choking effect of a tightly fitting collar; all this strain caused the Mayor's head to tremble and vibrate like a volcano trying to erupt. He possessed a friendly and joking personality; he demonstrated a robust sense of humor that was surprising in light of Mayor

Daley's reputation as a fire-breathing political dragon ; he talked freely about television, baseball, old times, and, of course, politics ; he good-naturedly chided photographers about their frantic entreaties for "one more, just one more shot" ; and in every other way portrayed the part of an unimportant next-door neighbor, a man who looked like a bookkeeper, a bank teller, or a gas station attendant rather than what he really was and indeed still is, a modern-day Fiorello La Guardia. In an informal meeting, one would never believe that Dick Daley was a hard-headed, rough-riding, merciless politician who, by the late John F. Kennedy's own often-repeated admission, was the man more responsible than any other for gaining Mr. Kennedy the Presidency.

Those who meet Daley for the first time undergo an initial period of uncertainty while trying to decide whether to believe his reputation or his appearance. It is an easy thing for those who are familiar with him only through the press to discount Daley as a political demagogue and, therefore, to dislike him. It is a similarly easy thing for those who know Daley socially to discard his public image and consider him as simply a neighbor who has done well in his chosen field and, therefore, to like and admire him. But, to those who know Daley, both publicly and socially, he precipitates an uncomfortable montage of contradictory emotions. For instance, when I was talking to him, I found myself waging an internal battle, to like or not to like. And even if I couldn't resolve this dilemma, could I distinguish between Daley the man and Daley the politician? To me, Daley in the latter role represented everything distasteful in state affairs ; he apparently thought of the electorate as a mass of people with whom he could do as he pleased, as a drill sergeant thinks of his squad of disorganized recruits. On the other hand, Daley the man was a life-long friend of my father, a neighborhood hero, and one of the most prominent men in the country ; I knew personally of many instances where he had quietly helped out-of-work men to find jobs so they could continue supporting their families, where he supplied families with the trimmings to turn an otherwise sad Christmas into a merry one, where he had given away bicycles, radios, and television sets, as he was doing to me then, and where he had given large donations to neighborhood charities and enterprises.

I was mildly troubled by this paradox through the remainder of our meeting, and, for that matter, for a long time after it. But, at last, I solved my quandary by concluding (a) to treat the public Daley as a politician when dealing with him in public matters, such as in an election, and (b) to treat him as a friend when dealing with him socially. This solution settled my perplexity and saved me a great deal of discomfort, since I came from an area that has spawned a good number of public leaders, public leaders who are also friends and associates of ours and our neighbors ; I have saved myself a good number of friends, too. In the end, I decided to treat Mayor Richard J. Daley as a man who was endeavoring to do his best, to do what he thought right, and for this I admired his sincerity and determination ; it just happens, how-

ever, that his philosophy of an all-powerful, big-brother type government, be it local, state, or national, is contrary to my conception of the ideal form of representative democracy, and, therefore, I must disagree with him via the ballot.

In short, by differentiating between Daley the Democrat and Daley the Demagogue, I simultaneously defined my responsibilities as Egan the Friend and Egan the Citizen. By doing this, I permitted myself the opportunity to enjoy the friendship of a man who, I am sure, will become a legend in Illinois political history—if he isn't already—and, at the same time, permitted myself the luxury of fulfilling the role of responsible citizen. What characterization history will assign to Daley, I don't know; I only know that the portrait of my life has been considerably brightened, enriched, and deepened for having known him, and my sense of social and patriotic responsibility has been sharpened to a fine degree for having had to grapple with and solve the problem he precipitated.

Effective Sentence?

LETA HUNT

Rhetoric 101, Theme 4

“**W**HAT IS AN EFFECTIVE SENTENCE?” THE DICTIONARY says that a sentence is a group of words which contains a subject and a verb.

“Yes, I know that. But what makes a sentence effective?” An effective sentence brings about a specific result by expressing a specific thought in a specific way.

“What a silly idea! What kind of a result could only one sentence accomplish?” One sentence can be interesting or suspenseful; the reader will then want to read the next sentence. One sentence can support or explain a preceding sentence or show emotion. Sometimes an effective sentence does not say anything specific, but it implies an idea and its purpose is to make the reader think.

“I don’t like effective sentences because they are always so long, impersonal, and contain so many big words.” Sometimes sentences are long and impersonal, and do contain uncommon words. Examples of this type of sentence can be found in scientific writing. However, scientific sentences are appropriate only for scientific readers. A sentence in which the purpose is to create emotion will not contain any impersonal words.

“Oh, why bother with making a sentence effective? I’m going to say exactly what I want to say in any way I darn well please, as long as people understand my writing.” I thought you didn’t know what an effective sentence was.

Remember the Guy Who . . .

JOHN R. ANDERSEN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 4

PEOPLE NEVER FORGET THAT FRED MERKLE OF THE New York Giants failed to touch second base in that all-important game against Chicago in the 1939 World Series. They never remember his home runs. So it was with Lucky Corrigan. On a non-stop solo flight from New York to California, Corrigan landed on the east coast of Ireland, and since has been renamed "Wrong-way" Corrigan. Human nature finds it necessary to dwell on the shortcomings of an individual rather than on the good attributes.

Man enters this world without his consent and leaves against his will. During his lifetime, a man may be anything from a radical conservative to a socialist liberal, or from a wealthy snob to a pauper. Before he reaches his teens, he is a disobedient little brat who is disrespectful and troublesome, has been spoiled by his parents, and needs a good spanking. As a high school student, he is a wild and crazy teenager who follows foolish fads, drives like a maniac, is too lazy to work, dances like a mad African native, and doesn't appreciate good music. If he drops out of high school, he is a hoodlum and a worthless bum who will never amount to anything. He will be a ditch-digger and an economic parasite for the rest of his life. As a college student, he is a fun-loving playboy and a phony gentleman who thinks he knows more than his instructors. He drinks too much, studies too little, petitions and pickets either for or against any radical or revolutionary ideas, behaves immaturely by participating in pointless activities, and drains his parents' pocketbook for his campus career. If he doesn't go to college, he is an unambitious, shiftless, senseless freeloader.

Man reaches adulthood and finds that the criticism still prevails. If he is active in politics, he is a crook and a grafter. If he is not active, he is an undesirable citizen who doesn't care about his country. If he goes to church, he is a hypocrite who is trying to buy his way into Heaven; if not, he is a disgusting heathen and has lost all belief in the Lord. If he drinks, he is an alcoholic who beats his wife. If he does not drink, he is a teetotaler and a prude. If he is married, it is only because he had to save the girl's reputation. If he is a bachelor, he is a pervert or a gigolo who preys on innocent young girls. A successful businessman is an unscrupulous crook and an income tax evader; an unsuccessful businessman is a poor enterpriser who lost all his money on a hare-brained scheme.

When a man enters this world, he is patted on his cute little *derriere*; before he leaves, everyone wants to kick it instead. If he dies young, he would have had a great future. If he lives to meet his Social Security requirements, he is nothing but a useless old man who would be better off dead.

Remember the guy who . . .?

The Drought

CHARLES MOSES

Rhetoric 101, Theme 4

THE AUGUST SUN RISES WHITE-HOT. THERE IS NO early morning chill to dispel, no mist to burn away. Only the parched, cracked earth awaits the sun's focus. A large cottonwood seems to shudder as the hot, dry wind, searching for a lingering bit of moisture, rustles through its branches. The fields, neatly plowed and carefully planted, bear the stunted remains of springtime promise. Stalks of corn, grown to only half of their normal height, with tiny nubs where ears of grain should be, bear witness to the betrayal of this promise. A vineyard contains only empty vines and a few pellet-like grapes. The land itself, though rich and black in the spring, is now bleached to a dismal gray. The richness of the soil has been beaten into a powdery aridity that is unable to provide sustenance for any living thing. The sun slowly rises higher as its burning rays begin to reverberate from the earth and transform the entire landscape into a bizarre land of distortion and disillusion. *Thus the drought continues to plague the land.*

Loafing and the Puritan Ethic

VANCE AHLF

Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

TO BE IDLE IS TO LOAF. SO SAITH THE MERRIAM-Webster. To loaf is to sin. So saith the Puritan Ethic, that sturdy foundation of American morality. "Six days thou shalt labour, and do all thy work. . . ."¹ "Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and the idle soul shall suffer hunger."² In short, thou shalt not loaf. Idle hands shall warm themselves over the fires of hell.

But does this deter the modern man? Does he labor all his days? 'Tis only a fool that believes it so. American man is a notorious sinner and will continue to be, come hell, high water, or Billy Graham. Sin abounds and loafing is a common occurrence, so let us examine the sin and the sinner.

There are basically two kinds of loafers, those who enjoy loafing and those who do not. The prevalence of the latter pays tribute to the strength and endurance of the Puritan Ethic. "Hah!" you say. "Surely you jest, saying that these men don't enjoy their loafing." But they do not. To enjoy something is to involve oneself deeply and wholeheartedly in it; such is not the case when the average American loaf.

What does occur is a triumph of culture over intellectual ideas. However unreligious a man is, as an American he has a certain amount of the Puritan Ethic within his system of personal morality. Thus, bare-breasted girls are naughty; divorce, a shame; and bigamy, out of the question for the vast majority of Americans. Moreover, part of this Puritan Ethic is a ban on idleness. Man must be doing something; he must be active. The Oriental tradition of mental exercise manifested in the Hindu yoga of meditation and in Zen Buddhism has no counterpart in American life. The value of contemplating one's navel is lost upon Americans as is the value of any physically passive activity pursued as an end in itself. Notice, for example, two students exchanging small talk. After fifteen minutes, one will say, "I really shouldn't be doing this." A half hour passes and the second says, "My rhet theme's due tomorrow. That's what I should be doing." At forty-five minutes, the first sighs and mournfully mumbles, "I really should be going." On the hour, both rise and the second says, "Well, there's an hour shot." False sentiments or no, the conscience has in some degree tweaked the ear of the mind as it does in most such cases. For an activity to be accepted by the American mainstream it must be: (1) a physical effort, or (2) a mental chore, inspired by some ulterior motive, preferably financial. The theoretical mathematician who discovered how to beat the blackjack tables in Las Vegas fell off the bank of muddied honor into the river of respectability in doing so. It is in this prevailing atmosphere that Americans loaf, that they while away the time in front of television sets and in lawn chairs and in conversations with friends. They loaf but they do not enjoy it, for there always lurks in the dark recesses of their minds the thought which says, "It seems that there is something I should be doing."

Then there is the other group, the group that does enjoy loafing for loafing's sake. They enjoy in the full sense of the word; they pursue loafing with zest and vigor. There are none of these mental quaverings of "Perhaps I should . . ." or "Really, I ought to be . . ." There is no uneasy feeling of guilt, no mental restlessness. For them to loaf is to temporarily strip from the body the need for physical movement and to allow the mind to rest, secure from worry, from doubt, and from fear. They say, "For a half hour, I'm going to lie under a tree," and then they do it. During that time, they watch ants, chew on sticks, wriggle their toes, and just lie there doing nothing. "What good does it do?" you ask. "Who cares?" they reply. They enjoy it; it is a pleasant way to spend a half hour. Be it talking to a friend, be it lying in a hammock, be it sitting at the corner of Wright and Armory watching girls go by, if it is enjoyable and brings pleasure, it is good; the Puritan Ethic be damned.

Thus, you have sinners, and then, you have sinners. The former sin with misgivings; the latter, with gusto. Maybe America needs more vigorous sinners. Her workers are putting in forty-hour work weeks while their ethic calls for eighty hours. A wail of anguish can or will soon be heard throughout

the land: "Oh dear! What shall we do? What are our people going to do with their spare time? Oh my, oh my!" The wailers should hearken to the call from out under the trees: "Hey, friends, why don't you come out here and take the load off your feet; just loaf for a while. When you get back up, you might at least be able to see where you're at. You might even see where you're going."

¹ *Deuteronomy 5:13*

² *Proverbs 19:15*

Social Position and the Total Tragic Effect

WILLIAM R. VEATCH
Rhetoric 107, Theme 7

HOW DOES THE SOCIAL POSITION OF A TRAGIC PROTAGONIST affect the reader or playgoer? In order to answer this question I have selected three plays in which the main characters can definitely be placed on a descending social scale: *Oedipus Rex* by Sophocles, *Ghosts* by Ibsen, and *Sweet Bird of Youth* by Tennessee Williams. But there are many other differences between these plays and their protagonists than social position alone, and these differences make it much more difficult to isolate the factor we wish to observe and analyze. Oedipus not only is a king in rank, but is kingly in his every action as well. While Mrs. Alving in *Ghosts* is not a member of the aristocratic nobility, she is also no match for Oedipus in her motives and deeds. And Williams' Chance Wayne, in addition to being a member of a lower social class than either of the others, is an egotistical misfit and a moral degenerate. Compounding these difficulties is the fact that the three plays were written during three separate eras. The seemingly insurmountable task of isolation is considerably simplified, however, because many of the complicating factors are not completely independent variables, but tend to be functions of the individual character's environment, of which his social position is an integral part. Also, since it would be a physical impossibility to explore adequately the nature and emotions of the authors' contemporary audiences, I shall confine the analysis of spectator reactions to those of a modern viewer. Bearing these points in mind, let us proceed.

It is perhaps valuable at this time to review briefly the basic components of tragedy and the tragic effect that apply to a greater or lesser extent to all tragedies, new and old. Suffering is the trademark of tragedy; whether this suffering occurs within one person or rends a nation, it is inevitably present. However, if tragedy were only the portrayal of man succumbing to pain and nothing more, such plays would be merely depressing. It is the tragic hero's reaction to his suffering that transforms tragedy into the powerful, optimistic

form of drama that we are all acquainted with. Through his inner agony, the protagonist comes to a realization and perhaps even an acceptance of the basic nature and cause of his torment, and it is through this realization that the hero is able to rise above his suffering. The protagonist's insight into the inevitability of his fate softens his previous sense of indignation or guilt and enables him to comprehend his relationship to his environment. This perspective is what sets the tragic protagonist apart from those about him; not every man could stand at the brink of catastrophe and pass judgment on himself and society objectively. The viewer fears that if such suffering could afflict someone else so relentlessly, he himself may not remain long unscathed. The viewer of tragic drama is uplifted by the protagonist's ability to transcend his suffering and pass judgment; he closes the book or leaves the theater not depressed, but inspired. The tragic hero's insight becomes the spectator's insight, and he who has entered fully into the spirit of a tragedy has moved a step forward in his search for order and meaning in the universe.

In this light our problem becomes "How does the protagonist's social position affect his 'tragic potential' and thus indirectly the viewer's appreciation of the play?" (By "tragic potential" I refer to the hero's ability to suffer and to react "tragically" to his suffering.) Aristotle asserted that a tragic protagonist must exhibit "nobility," and almost without exception Aristotelian tragedies narrate the suffering of kings, queens, and others who possess nobility of rank.¹ But this is a result and not a primary factor. Joseph Wood Krutch suggests that in works like Shakespeare's "robes and crowns and jewels are the garments most appropriate to man because they are fitting outward manifestations of his inward majesty."² Thus, although nobility of rank is not a necessity, there is a far from arbitrary tendency to associate nobility of action with high social position. It is much easier for a king to value honor and dignity above all else than for a peasant who is struggling to stay alive to exhibit these same ideals. The young prince is so educated that he would not even think of retreating in the face of calamity, while the young apprentice learns to hedge and minimize his losses so that he can survive and prosper. While it is not true that all kings are noble and all peasants are not, there is certainly a tendency in this direction.

But there are often opposing factors, and the sum of all the factors yields the total tragic effect. The viewer's inspiration and insight depend greatly on his identification with the tragic hero. Chance Wayne says just before the final curtain in *Sweet Bird of Youth*, "I don't ask for your pity, but just for your understanding—not even that—no. Just for your recognition of me in you, and the enemy, time, in us all."³ For a tragedy to be successful it must give an effect of realism, and its characters must be typical enough that the viewer is not blocked in his attempt to place himself into the tragic situation. Ironically, the conditions that contribute to a character's typicality often tend to detract from his sense of nobility. It is difficult for many modern viewers to see themselves as kings struggling to avoid the prophecy

of a divine oracle; Oedipus's superstition and indefatigable sense of honor seem somehow slightly ludicrous to the corporation executives and dime-store clerks in the gallery. The departing playgoers may remember the tragedy they have just witnessed as "a play about a king who murdered his father and slept with his mother," and nothing more. Indeed, some critics see the basic conflict between nobility and typicality as inevitable and insurmountable. Krutch comments on the trappings of royalty that "to us they seem absurd because the man who bears them has, in our estimation, so pitifully shrunk."⁴ Is any man with tragic potential so atypical as to make his tragedy meaningless to modern man?

I do not think so. The problems concerning nobility and typicality presented above are extreme examples, and, if we assume no variation, we are doomed to frustration. Reconciliation is possible, however, if we re-examine nobility and typicality not in terms of black and white, but in terms of grays that work together to create the maximum tragic effect. We must search out the authors' conception of nobility and delve into the viewer's mind to study his involvement in the tragic drama.

In *Oedipus Rex* Sophocles has left no doubt as to the nobility of his protagonist. Oedipus demands truth and justice even after he realizes the damnation he is bringing upon himself. The fact that he is king gives him the power to escape retribution and exile his accusers, but he refuses to do so. Yet, it is not at all impossible for the spectator to join Oedipus and feel deeply the sorrow and glory of the tragedy if he but gives himself up to it fully. The viewer need not be the tragic hero's peer to be so moved if he is kindred to him in spirit. If the viewer has sufficient powers of imagination and concentration to bridge the gulf of circumstance between Oedipus and himself, he will experience the tragic effect at its height.

Although it is not as ego building as association with royalty, Mrs. Alving's middle class position in *Ghosts* certainly enables the viewer to identify with her more easily. The situation is far more familiar to modern man than is a world of kings and sphinxes. Although the theme was radical when it was first presented, intolerable marriages and divorce are today far from sensational. The commonness of the characters and setting enables the spectator to partake of the tragic effect without overtaxing his imagination or distracting him with the extraordinary. Along with this ease of identification, however, we encounter the problem of nobility. Mrs. Alving does not seem to be very good material from which to mold a tragic hero. She is weak and cowardly—she has allowed herself to be bullied by society into staying with her husband in his dissolution, something that her "whole soul rebelled against as false and ugly."⁵ She has lied and deceived in order to preserve the falsehood of Captain Alving's goodness for her son and for the community. Mrs. Alving does rise to tragic stature, however, when she throws off her cowardice and frailty and stands up against the society that destroyed the father and would destroy the son. She says of Manders, "One day I saw quite clearly

that all that you stand for—all that you preach—is artificial and dead—there's no life or truth in it."⁶ Though she does not mutilate her eyes as Oedipus does, she will bear her part in Osvald's fate for the rest of her life.

In *Sweet Bird of Youth* the playgoer is beset by the basic problems of both nobility and typicality at the same time. Chance Wayne has several admirable characteristics—good voice, acting ability, ambition—but few men would care to take his place. He is a dope addict and a carrier of disease, a male prostitute who is growing old. Not altogether reminiscent of Oedipus, is he? And here, as in the other plays, the viewer has to identify with the protagonist if he is to experience the tragic effect. The playgoer must be able to say to himself, "There, but for the grace of God, go I!" Chance is a product and a victim of circumstance—born on the wrong side of the tracks, uneducated, frustrated by lack of opportunity. Actually, many of the elements of his destruction were not inevitable; his diseasing of Heavenly and his return to St. Cloud during the political convention are matters of "chance." Chance Wayne is far from what most viewers would consider noble during the entire play; nevertheless, he has definitely risen tragically at the final curtain. He could have escaped from Boss Finley's henchmen and fled into oblivion with Princess, but he stays and faces the consequences of his actions. He realizes that he can not run away from himself any longer and is resigned to his fate. "I don't ask for your pity, but just for your understanding—not even that—no. Just for your recognition of me in you, and the enemy, time, in us all."⁷

We now realize that the tragic effect is as much dependent on the individual viewer as on the tragic protagonist. In tragic drama, as in almost all forms of art, personal taste plays a critical role; the viewer is free to say, "I like what I like because I like it." We cannot draw any definite conclusions concerning the total effect of the tragic protagonist's social position on the average reader or playgoer because the average individual mind does not exist. Thus it is not a matter for me or anyone else to dictate; each student of tragedy must draw his own conclusion.

FOOTNOTES

¹ "Poetics," in *Tragedy: Plays, Theory, and Criticism*, ed. Richard Levin (New York and Burlingame, 1960), pp. 131-144.

² "The Tragic Fallacy," from *The Modern Temper: A Study and a Confession* (New York, 1956), p. 91.

³ (New York, 1959), p. 124.

⁴ "The Tragic Fallacy," p. 91.

⁵ Henrik Ibsen, *Ghosts*, in *Tragedy: Plays, Theory, and Criticism*, p. 75.

⁶ *Ghosts*, p. 75.

⁷ *Sweet Bird of Youth*, p. 124.

SOURCES

Krutch, Joseph Wood. *The Modern Temper: A Study and a Confession*. New York, 1956. *Tragedy: Plays, Theory, and Criticism*, ed. Richard Levin. New York and Burlingame, 1960.

Williams, Tennessee. *Sweet Bird of Youth*. New York, 1959.

Student Cheating in Service Academies

M.Sgt. H. R. FICKEN

Rhetoric E102, Final Exam Theme

STUDENT CHEATING IS CURRENTLY AN ITEM OF NATIONAL concern; one of America's major military services has disclosed cheating by cadets during recent examinations. Although news releases have been tightly controlled, it is reported that several cadets have been discharged from service as a result of their being involved in the cheating.

These cadets represent a cross-section of the United States' population, from various parts of the nation and from assorted family backgrounds. Many are from families prominent in sports, education, or other major professions. Others are from more obscure backgrounds. But all are equally guilty according to the rules of the service institution, and all are going to suffer the humiliation of being rejected.

As the news of this situation spreads, opposing opinions are being voiced, and sides are being formed. Much of the controversy revolves around a question of policy: Is the system in use for controlling examinations realistic, or is cheating, when possible, also inevitable?

Some say cheating is a natural outcome of any examination that provides an opportunity to cheat, and that the fault therefore is in the system used, not with the student who takes advantage of a chance to improve a grade by cheating. Others maintain that the real issue is a moral one, and that dishonesty in any form cannot be excused. Easily overlooked during such discussion is the fact that not all students are guilty of cheating. In any large group of people, some degree of dishonesty is highly probable. Therefore, since cheating is one form of dishonesty, it should be *expected* that at least occasional cheating will occur at a service school. Such dishonesty does not, however, have to be *accepted* just because it seems inevitable.

The military service school is designed to produce personnel with a certain level of academic knowledge. To determine whether the required knowledge level has been attained, examinations are necessary. Thus, a system of quality control is created, and, as with any system of comparison to standards, it can be assumed that occasional defective products will be detected.

Dishonesty is certainly a defect in human character, and dishonesty in this instance of cheating at a service academy has destroyed the validity of the system used to measure knowledge levels attained. Had these students not been defective by being dishonest, it seems probable that they would have proven themselves defective by lacking the knowledge required. It appears,

then, that the quality control system is working properly. Perhaps an opportunity for cheating is even desirable; if such an opportunity had not existed in this current situation, the dishonesty of these students might have remained hidden or dormant. Such a latent flaw might become a much more serious matter if exposed during later, more serious circumstances.

The public exposure of cheating by cadets is disturbing, but the final surviving product of the system will be more dependable.

Willie Rolfe

ED DAGGETT

Rhetoric 101, Impromptu

HIS EYES, ALWAYS RED AND WATERY, WERE THE ONLY clean spots on his face. They looked out of place there, as if the slightest jar would send them dropping to the floor. He always appeared to have a three-day beard, a shabby gray-and-white, mottled thing. His mouth, sunken from the lack of teeth, was stained by the tobacco he chewed when he wasn't drinking. Long strings of dirty white hair protruded from his cap, one like the paperboys of the twenties always wore. A filthy flannel shirt hung over his "beer belly." His baggy pants fell slovenly around his hips and the cuffs lay on the tops of the worn brown shoes. This was Willie Rolfe, the town drunk.

He could always be found either in the Melody Tap, his head on the bar and an empty shot glass clutched in his grimy hand, or in the Senate Billiard Parlor, asleep in the corner. I remember how Earl, the proprietor, a plump, bitter man, would poke Willie with a cue, and Willie would curse, climb to his feet, then stumble back to the Melody Tap. Every Saturday this was a common sight in Ottawa. My friends and I would always imitate his walk when we saw him, but there was some sort of affection for him, probably because we felt guilty about the way we mimicked him.

Then one morning a couple of us were playing snooker on table six and making jokes about old Willie over in the corner. Earl came back, but when he poked him with the cue, there was no reaction, just stillness. Willie was dead. My friends and I felt sick, for we realized we had been making jokes about a dead man. We felt the least we could do was to go to his wake. I remember it vividly. Four friends and I walked into the room, empty except for Willie's corpse and a few sprays of flowers, one from us and one from the bartender of the Melody Tap. His eyes were closed and his face was clean and shaven. There were no longer stains on his mouth and his hair was silver and beautiful. This was Willie Rolfe, the town drunk.

Tree Towns

ALLAN E. FENSK

Rhetoric 101, Theme 4

VILLA PARK IS FULL OF HOUSES, TREES, CARS, AND children. It is a physical town. The houses are not homes five days a week. In the mornings the men go to the office, the children go to school, and the women, later in the morning, leave for the store. On weekends the children are in the yards all day. The trees grow no taller year by year, and there is a changeless quality about the new cars, every year.

Villa Park is a town full of children: sitting on the curbs, standing in the yards, chasing up and down the sidewalks. They are the town. Young couples come to raise them away from the big city. The children are the town's reason for being. While their parents go about the "business" of living, the children create the flavor and smell of the town. They are its only culture.

As soon as a child is old enough to play in the yard, he becomes part of this culture. He learns its special way of looking. Its boundaries become his boundaries. It is a world of imagination, a world of games, with its own words and rules. The culture is old; the games have always been the same. Everybody knows them, and they're played over and over again. Children play in the afternoons when they're young, and in the evenings after supper, when they're older. From noon 'til the street lights come on, they play kick-the-can, frozen tag, and other games, nameless products of imagination passed from generation to generation. Little changes in their language, made up of chants, advertising jingles, snatches of rock and roll songs, and low impact dirty words; little changes but the words. The shrill tenor is always there animating the new words. Backyard circuses are set up every summer, leaf houses are raked together every fall, and in the winter snow forts and snowmen are rolled. In the spring they sail paper boats down the gutter. But it never changes, and one by one they grow up, away from the culture.

We grew up and left our neighborhood grammar schools for the junior high school. Old classmates were split up, and our new roommates were no longer from our neighborhoods. As adolescents cut off from the old culture with no time to create a new one, we had no language, no common ground but the halls of the school. We were alone. Old friendships were destroyed by loss of daily contact, and we started to change in an atmosphere unwilling to give us the one thing we needed most.

We grew up starved for adventure. After dark, thinking of places to go, we walked the streets alone—in contrast to the noisy groups of children who clustered there day by day. Watching the adults leave every day, we were driven into ourselves, away from life. Life was there: we saw it, read about it, imagined it, but we never had it.

In some the desire for adventure was repressed entirely, as an impossible dream. In others it becomes an obsession. The juvenile crime rate rose a few years after the war, and continues to rise. The children go to high school unready for mental adventure, because they've never experienced physical adventure. They graduate and go unimaginatively to college, or, if they're lucky, they go on still looking for that adventure. Some find it, and others move back to Villa Park or its like, to begin again.

In Villa Park nothing changes. The young couples come for one thing, to raise their children. The children find something, then lose it, and find that to be happy, they, too, must get away. It's a town to get away from. The men leave for the office, the children for school, and the women for the stores.

Villa Park is full of houses, trees, cars, and children. It is a physical town. In the evenings the children gather on the street corners, waiting for the street lights to go on.

College as a Side Show

JUDITH PEFFERMAN

Rhetoric 101

ASIDE FROM THE USUAL BULL ABOUT HIGHER EDUCATION, a great intellectual thirst, and material goals, I think that almost everyone has another very important reason for going to college. Perhaps one might call it curiosity—curiosity about a great many things. Is the faculty really a collection of antiquated eccentrics and young atheists? Are the students actually an odd-ball assortment of political heretics, beatniks, folk singers, fascists and football players?

Everyone who considers going to college has undoubtedly heard a great many stories about the bizarre characters one is sure to run into—perhaps even turn into—on any campus. Friends who have been away at college are a virtually limitless source of humorous stories and can entertain one at length with accounts of professors who wear Zorro watches or lecture with every window in the room wide open (in the middle of January), or instructors who scream Buddhist curses at cowering freshmen and tear down the street on chartreuse motorcycles.

And hasn't everyone heard of the wide variety of students attending college? Little fellows with spectacles, long hair parted down the middle and scrubby little moustaches, looking for all the world like budding Hitlers; strange little people running around in turtleneck sweaters and sandals, carrying signs of protest against the state of humanity in general; and spidery-looking girls with wire-framed glasses and long stringy hair, speaking in nebulous terms of their nebulous existences—these are all part of the lifeblood of college.

Can it be doubted that college life, when thus painted, has appeal?

Art and Science

JERROLD FALK

Rhetoric 101, Theme 10

Art employs method for the symmetrical formation of beauty, as science employs it for the logical exposition of truth; but the mechanical process is, in the last, ever kept visibly distinct, while in the first it escapes from sight amid the shows of color and the shapes of grace.—BULWER

SOCIETY HAS GENERALLY CONSIDERED ART AND SCIENCE to be at opposite ends of the broad spectrum of human endeavors. In fact, many men such as C. P. Snow believe that the present incompatibility and lack of communication between artists and scientists represents one of the world's greatest problems. Despite the bold differences between art and science, I think that this incompatibility is incongruous because art and science do have a great deal in common.

The reconciliatory ground is in regard to method, for both scientists and artists must use the same creative processes of the mind. To be successful, each must think creatively. The scientist looks at nature and tries to find unity within the vast range of phenomena that he observes. However, neither theories nor useful experiments spring out of observations or cold data. The scientist must be imaginative, perceptive, and creative. Similarly, the artist fuses certain concepts by drawing them from different aspects of nature. He must not merely imitate nature, but must add something of his own to his work. Art is creative, certainly not because the artist has anything to do with constructing his subject, but because he can find deeper meaning than others in some object or idea. The difference between good and bad art or between progress and stagnation in science depends upon the single ability to create.

Secondly, the artist and the scientist employ symbolism in expressing their ideas or results. The artist uses color, rhythm, rhyme, patterns, and shapes to convey meaning. The meaning or mood is established by the vivid or subtle use of psychologically oriented symbolism within the color scheme, rhythm, rhyme, etc. The scientist uses formulae to convey ideas. Although scientific formulae often appear to be self-evident after brief study, the symbols themselves and their relations to one another represent profound logic, subtle analogy, and remarkable extrapolation or interpolation. Data itself is lifeless, but the scientist, like the artist, can bring life to it with symbolic interpretations and associations.

Thirdly, scientists and artists are explorers. They are seeking truth, meaning, variety, and unity in nature. They stand as observers of reality as well as participants in reality. As explorers, they share the common attributes

of curiosity, philosophical enquiry, and the desire for discovery. It is at this point, however, in regard to both method and purpose, that art and science diverge.

The scientist employs a rather strict, analytical method, basing the validity of his work on experimentation and physical verification. He tries to account for all the possible reasons for his results. Even in the most creative aspects of his profession, the scientist is aware of the logical order of thought and action which he must follow.

On the other hand, the artist does not necessarily have to follow any "logical" order. If he does, his work is often stilted or bookish. In fact, part of the great value of art is that the artist is able to set down spontaneously his feelings without first interpreting or categorizing them. Also, each artist may employ original techniques, thereby creating his own method. Oftentimes, an artist's style or technique may be purely mechanical, but nevertheless serves as a subconscious vehicle for his thoughts. Many artists do employ definite conscious methods; however, these artists are completely free to choose the technique that best suits their purpose and alter the methods as they see fit. In both art and science, method adds to the beauty or value of the end result, but artistic method is much more free and creative than scientific method.

The most important contrast between art and science is that of purpose. The ultimate aim of science is to increase the world's body of knowledge concerning physical existence. Science, according to Einstein, is the "attempt at the posterior reconstruction of existence by the process of conceptualization." Science seeks general, impersonal truths. As an educational tool, it teaches one how to think logically.

The purpose of art is expression. Art is personal; it displays the ideas or thoughts of particular artists. A work of art, in that respect, is more unique than a scientist's hypothesis. Rather than stating an observed or theorized truth, the creation of an artist produces certain sensory impressions which arouse emotional or intellectual reactions. Art seeks to exhibit truth, but as each artist finds it. It does not seek universal causal relationships or verifiable concepts. Artists seek aesthetic abstraction, whereas scientists seek logical abstraction.

Unfortunately, the differences of purpose between artists and scientists have kept them culturally separated, regardless of the fact that they are often engaged in the same type of intellectual activity. It is quite evident, however, that the similarities between art and science indicate that there is room for better communication and exchange of ideas.

Oh, These Prairie Chicks

JOHN J. SNYDER
Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

DURING LAST WEEK'S MEETING OF THE ENGINEERS' Coffee Club, held Wednesday afternoon in the Baroque Room of the Illini Union, the topic of dates on the campus gradually gained precedence over the discussion of the latest Keuffel and Esser slide rule. After a lengthy but relaxed deliberation maintained mostly by the few females, it was decided that, in dating, three main types of people should be avoided: those who are show-offs, those who are indifferent, and those who have one-track minds.

In order to study these three major types of people with more precision, conciseness, and clarity than was possible at The Engineers' Coffee Club, I have used one of the many excellent techniques of the literary greats. For example, if Shakespeare wanted to write a rousing play about patriotism for the Elizabethans, he wrote about the ideal Christian King Henry V, who was of a much earlier time. Or if Sophocles wanted to dramatize the interaction of fate and conscience for his contemporaries, he wrote about well-known legendary figures of an earlier century. I, too, have gone into the past so that I can create my own set of standards in a more detached frame of mind. But how have I effected this journey into the past? Simply by studying ardent campus courtships on Wright Street in the tall grass around the Vivarium. Yet at the same time I have gone much further into the past than a mere century or two. Indeed, I have gone back *millions* of years—the ardent campus courtships I studied were those of a living fossil, the *Tympanuchus americanus*, perhaps more commonly known as the prairie chicken. (This flock, with great difficulty, was raised from eggs found in fields south of Urbana and hatched in a University of Illinois laboratory.)

The male prairie chicken, or prairie cock, is an excellent example of the first type of date to avoid—for he is an extravagant show-off, not, however, by his own choice, but by Nature's. As James Thurber tells us, "None of the females of any of the species she [Nature] created really cared very much for the male, as such. For the past ten million years Nature has been busily inventing ways to make the male attractive to the female." Nature, in the case of the male prairie chicken, outdid herself: the male erects two horn-like tufts of feathers on either side of his neck, raises his tail, swells his body, inflates two large, bright, orange-like air sacks, and with violent muscular effort produces a startling *boom—boom—boom*, which can be heard as far as two miles away! Next he rushes about rapidly stamping his feet in dance and

springs suddenly into the air, finally landing near a rival. Then, wildly flapping their wings, the two begin fighting and feathers begin to fly. Undoubtedly, such tournaments of display and combat were designed by Nature on behalf of the males to arouse the females' attention. But all this grandeur has no effect on the indifferent hens.

The indifferent prairie "chicks" illustrate the second type of date to avoid. While the males are clawing each other's feathers out, the female placidly pecks the ground and wanders about, completely ignoring the males' spectacular show. What does the female's indifference mean? That she is just ignorant and has no idea that the male is trying to woo her? That she is overconfident and vain, thinking that she can take him any time she so pleases? Or that she already has better boy friends lined up? Clearly, whatever the reason for her indifference, the male is only wasting his time on such "chicks."

The third type of date to avoid, the possessor of the one-track mind, is illustrated by both male and female prairie chickens. The cocks are so busy showing-off that they hardly have time to flirt with the hens whose attention they are trying to attract; the hens are so preoccupied in ignoring everything except eating that they cannot possibly flirt with the cocks. Each is so completely possessed by one train of thought that any faint flicker of mutual attraction is quickly smothered. It is no wonder that prairie chickens are becoming extinct. It is their own fault. What prairie "chick" wants a male and vice versa?

But by the time Nature invented man she had had much experience. However, it did little good—although today's population explosion might be considered a tribute to Nature, it really results from modern science and industry. "The battle between the sexes" goes lumbering on like a "complicated musical comedy." Little gems of wisdom are quite hard to come by. However, I can offer my fellow classmates this tip: by all means save some time next April—at sunrise or just before sunset—to observe the prairie chickens, preferably a few days before choosing dates for the Spring Formal.

Rhet as Writ

It is most regrettable that the critic [Ernest Jones] was not poignant ten pages sooner.

* * *

Police reconstructed the accident to see where the fault lied.

* * *

Donne was an exostensualist and this age abounds in exostensualism.

* * *

Definition of *innocuous*: someone who likes to innoculate people.

* * *

The modern man racks his brain thinking of an indescrete way to ask the girl to his apartment.

* * *

In the olden days couples were so young that there was no physical difference between them.

* * *

Hogarth's painting about the harlot shows how this kind of girl gets immortality in the big city.

* * *

This essay leaves no doubt in the reader's mind that *Hamlet* is not a story of the "dime novel class." The complexities are so far reaching that it takes a man with a pretty fair knowledge of psychology to perpetrate its harder meanings.

* * *

Hamlet seeing the ghost of his father is called a sad event. However, it could be interpreted as a joyous event because it cleared up the wondering Hamlet had about how his father actually died, murdered by his uncle.

* * *

There is a continuous struggle between Hamlet and most members of the court, and above all this his struggle against the evil king that usurped his throne by marrying his mother after his father's death.

* * *

Constant academic work and living in closed quarters tend to build up an emotional strain which must be let off in order to keep sain.

* * *

In addition to their own homes, many of [the wealthy] have villas, chateaux, or estates scattered across the country and the world. These are used mainly for vacations, or for deviations when life gets boring.

* * *

My roommate's geography course usually requires him to memorize complicated maps and then reproduce in class.

* * *

The Contributors

Lucille Myers—Extension

Harry Egan, Jr.—Extension

Leta Hunt—Beardstown H.S.

John R. Andersen—Palatine Twp. H.S.

Charles Moses—Shelbyville H.S.

Vance Ahlf—Armstrong H.S.

William R. Veatch—Roberts-Thawville H.S.

M.Sgt. H. R. Ficken—Extension

Ed Daggett—Ottawa Twp. H.S.

Allan E. Fenske—Willowbrook H.S.

Judith Pefferman—M. F. Maury H.S., Norfolk, Va.

Jerrold Falk—Oak Park-River Forest H.S.

John J. Snyder—University H.S., Urbana

The Winners

The following are the winners of the prizes for the best themes
in the December issue of the *Caldron*

First: Kenneth Turner, *Shakespeare Writes Well, But Not For Me*

Second: Steve Derry, *Moth and Man*

Third: Patrick J. McLoughlin, *Analysis of Shakespeare's Sonnet 94*

Fourth: Robert Hult, *Kaethe Kollwitz*

Fifth: Margaret Welch, *The Attic*

AWARDS

The Caldron will continue its policy of giving awards to the five best themes in each issue. The winners will be selected by the votes of the members of the freshman rhetoric staff.

The schedule of awards is as follows:

- First: Fifteen dollars and five dollars worth of books**
- Second: Ten dollars and five dollars worth of books**
- Third: Five dollars and five dollars worth of books**
- Fourth: Five dollars worth of books**
- Fifth: Five dollars worth of books**

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We wish to thank the following bookstores for their generosity in providing prizes:

- Campus Book Store**
- Follett's College Book Store**
- Illini Union Book Store**

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THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING

Volume 33 Number 4



MAY 4 1965

CONTENTS

<i>Irene E. Randolph: Handwriting</i>	1
<i>Terence M. Hammer: Every Town Needs a Skyscraper</i>	2
<i>Lois M. Snider: Highway Engineers</i>	3
<i>Kathryn McAuliffe: Sugar and Spice and Stereotype</i>	5
<i>Richard J. Schiefelbein: "I Want Sin"</i>	6
<i>John S. Olson: Time, Life, and Science</i>	9
<i>John F. Morton: Diversity in Meaning</i>	11
<i>Mavis Johnson: Religion on Campus</i>	12
<i>DiAnne Johnson: A Play on Words</i>	13
<i>Gregory Paul Malinowski: Get Rid of the Dregs!</i>	14
<i>Charles Moses: The Inevitability of the Death of Billie Higgins</i>	16
<i>Don F. Ruhter: A Peril of Youth</i>	18
<i>Rhet as Writ</i>	20
<i>The Contributors and Winners</i>	Inside Back Cover

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THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for all full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, are published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

Members of the committee in charge of *The Green Caldron* are Thomas K. Ehret, Patrick Geoghegan, H. H. Hart, John Via, and Michael Svob, chairman.

Handwriting

IRENE E. RANDOLPH

Rhetoric 102, Theme 7

THROUGHOUT THE CENTURIES, MANY BOOKS AND EVEN more authorities have been produced on the subject of handwriting.

These, however, are mostly on *handwriting*—character analysis. Not many discuss *handwriting*—the art of pushing an instrument with the hand. When a wax tablet and a piece of papyrus were the only materials available and a stylus and quill were the only writing instruments, handwriting truly was an art. Why, then, has it degenerated to such a scrawl that all important things have to be typed or machine printed? The answer, I believe, lies in the fact that handwriting today is used for much different purposes than it used to be and is a possession of the masses, not of the elite alone.

In the times when the very learned, wealthy citizens were usually the only ones who could write, handwriting was looked upon as an art—a gift only few had. They were proud of this gift and took much care to perfect it. Today handwriting is taught to every child and as a result has lost its uniqueness. It is no longer an art, but a common possession. Also, at this same ancient time, writing was the only form of communication besides the oral; the only way to reach someone far away and to accurately preserve any thoughts or facts was to write. The stylus and tablet were the telephone, television, radio, printing press and typewriter of their day. Thus, the written letter became a thing revered and took on a very formal aspect. One needs only to read a letter of Cicero or Caesar to see that what to them would be an informal, “chatty” letter, nevertheless has the form of a great oration. And because the letter was a very formal matter, the handwriting, too, had to reflect this formality by becoming a thing of perfection. Now men handwrite only when no other mode of communication is convenient. If a man wishes to spend the money, he telephones; if he wishes to reach many people at one time, he uses the radio, television, or printing press; if he wishes to write something promptly, he types. And since he knows that all these other means are available, he does not care much if his handwriting is “sorta’ sloppy.” Thus, handwriting has become a very informal means of expression; it is merely something to revert to if nothing else is feasible at the moment.

I suppose that one could argue either way as to the question of restoring handwriting as an art. Perhaps because it is no longer a gift, and is only one of many communication devices, it is not necessary to treat it as an art; but I still can’t help hoping that one day I might be able to read every comment an English instructor has “written” on my composition.

Every Town Needs a Skyscraper

TERENCE M. HAMMER

Rhetoric 102, Final Exam Theme

EVERY TOWN NEEDS A SKYSCRAPER. THINGS JUST aren't the same unless there's something tall in your town. You need something that's completely unlike the rest of the small, comfortably snug homes on those quiet side streets. Your town, no matter how small it is, seems bigger when someone dares to build above the roof tops.

Some skyscrapers have to depend on overpowering you with sheer height. We have such a skyscraper in Oak Park, Illinois, where I live. It's about ten stories tall, and we christened it "The Medical Arts Building." It's easily the tallest thing in town; indeed, it almost seems to belong downtown in Chicago. We're rather sophisticated in Oak Park; otherwise, I could easily imagine our local citizens saying, with pleased smiles and assumed indifference, "Oh, why that's our Medical Arts Building over there. Yes, we're sort of proud of it."

Sometimes, though, a "skyscraper" may seem a relative thing. We go to a place called Florence, Wisconsin, for our vacation. The "skyscraper" there is a two-story, brick drug store. That's a pretty small skyscraper by almost any standard. Yet the building seems to command the complete respect of the rest of the town. You can almost feel the other, less sturdy buildings leaning slightly in the direction of the store for moral support. What makes this skyscraper a skyscraper is its sturdiness: the solidness of the neatly laid brick inspires confidence.

But let me get back to Oak Park. We have a couple of other skyscrapers in Oak Park too. Both are tall and very sturdy. One of them we don't talk about too often, however, even though he won a Nobel Prize. His name is Ernest Hemingway. Our bungalow-high people won't buy his birthplace, or even erect a token monument to honor him. I guess that we, like many other people, live in our snug, one-or-two-story Victorian houses, and fail to comprehend, or at least to recognize, the greatness of anyone who has the vision to build higher.

Our other "skyscraper" was also quite a man. Oak Park has many monuments dedicated to his memory. But he had to build them. His name is Frank Lloyd Wright.

Oak Park is an interesting case study in human nature. Why do people respect and (figuratively speaking) look up to physical, machine-made skyscrapers, while remaining a bit aloof from human, archetypal ones? I suppose that the answer lies in the pettiness of human nature. Jealousy and indifference are rather common human vices. One wonders, then, why someone "dares to be different." Why does one grasp a purpose or idea and

wrestle with it until he has built a new type of building? I think that such a person does it because the small bungalows which his stature dwarfs are unimportant. For instance, J. B. Murphy, the famous surgeon, was literally hated by his smaller contemporaries because he tried to bring his imagination into the operating room for the purpose of improving surgical technique. Yet many of his inventions have saved the lives of people such as the ones who condemned him.

The men who build human skyscrapers don't do it to accentuate the difference in altitude between themselves and the rest of the "buildings" in town. They do it because they need to know what's above the roof tops, what man is potentially capable of. One wonders how different the world would be if every "town" had at least one human skyscraper to serve as an example, and perhaps, as an inspiration.

Every town needs a skyscraper. Things just aren't the same unless there's something tall in your town. You need something that's completely unlike the rest of the small, comfortably snug homes on those quiet side streets. Your town, no matter how small it seems, is bigger when someone dares to build above the roof tops.

Highway Engineers

LOIS M. SNIDER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

FOR THE LAST SEVEN YEARS I HAVE WORKED AS A secretary to highway engineers. These worshippers of the slide rule come from all parts of the country and have varied backgrounds and interests. Still, they have one thing in common—a profession that plays a very important, if not the most important, part in their lives. These gentlemen could be classified into three categories: the letter-writers, the out-in-the-fielders, and the researchers and planners.

The letter-writers' group consists mainly of supervisors. Their duty is primarily the diplomatic straightening out of misunderstandings sometimes brought about through the efforts of the out-in-the-fielders. The letter-writers are usually men in their fifties who take pride in the fact that they were among the pioneers in highway construction. This pride in past achievements, although justifiable, seems to stifle ambition; as a result, they appear to lack the sense of urgency that is so apparent in the out-in-the-fielders. Perhaps this attitude is due to their age and the realization that retirement isn't too far in the future. Another reason could be their belief that the old methods of road building may have been slower but they were a great deal surer.

Worry seems to be the letter-writers' middle name. It is they who are pressured by politicians who need a local road completed before the next election. It is they who must answer to the public when a strip of pavement buckles. It is they who must face congressional inquiries when a scandal involving right-of-way acquisition, wage rates, or material deficiencies occurs. These serious responsibilities create tensions that are manifested in various ways. Some letter-writers walk around in a daze much of the time. One smokes over five packs of cigarettes a day, while another chews incessantly on his handkerchief.

While it is undeniably true that the out-in-the-fielders also have many problems, they somehow do not seem to be quite as susceptible to the after-effects as do the letter-writers. The out-in-the-fielders are for the most part young men and therefore have their eyes on the future. Today's setbacks seem to be merely stepping stones to tomorrow's rewards. This anxiety to move ahead, however, does not result in slipshod work. In fact, the out-in-the-fielders give stricter observance to the policy and procedure memorandums than do the letter-writers.

Although they follow the rules, there is a certain restlessness about the out-in-the-fielders. They seem to be thinking, "To hell with the paperwork! Let's get the job started." Their true engineering happiness is found when they are standing ankle deep in the mud on newly graded earth or taking a core drill sample of a recently poured pavement. They retain images of plans and specifications in their minds with as much ease as the rest of us remember our house and phone numbers. Practicality is the underlying motive for all their actions.

In contrast to the practical out-in-the-fielders are the researchers and planners, otherwise known as the "dream boys." The "dream boys," however, would argue that they are the most practical of all engineers. It is their claim that without them the construction engineers would have to proceed on a "by guess and by golly" basis. After all, how can a durable and useful road be built without first utilizing urban area street and highway plans, automatic traffic recorders, origin and destination surveys, and materials and herbaceous roadside cover tests? This is the question asked by the researchers and planners. Theirs is a world of IBM equipment, numerous committee meetings, and hundreds of reports to be written and read. The end product of their work is often not visible for many years, but this doesn't stop the "dream boys." They valiantly carry on, never wavering in their belief that all would be lost without them. Who knows: perhaps it would!

In spite of the differences that exist among these three classes of engineers, they manage to work together in reasonable harmony. The result of their united efforts is readily apparent to anyone who travels the magnificent network of highways in our country.

Sugar and Spice and Stereotype

KATHRYN McAULIFFE

Rhetoric 101, Theme 9

CONFORMITY IN WOMEN'S FASHIONS IS OBVIOUS ON the Illinois campus. There is an "in" way of dressing for each occasion, and a coed finds this way just by taking a quick look at how the majority of girls dress. She then proceeds to make herself a very close copy of this majority.

Probably everyone has seen the typical Saturday afternoon coed shopper. Wearing a colorful knit headband and quilted ski jacket, she cashes her check at the currency exchange. She walks gracefully out the door and down Green Street, her wool stretch pants tucked neatly into a pair of up-to-the-knee boots. The jacket is skimpy, the slacks are thin, and the boots have no lining. Only the coed's pride keeps her warm—and the fact that she's "in" with her fashionable wardrobe.

A day's shopping done, she returns to her room to get ready for her boyfriend's fraternity dance that evening. She combs her long straight hair, making sure that the bangs just cover her eyebrows for that provocative look. She dons a very plain black crepe dress that has a touch of lace here or there, and on her legs she wears black lace stockings, slipped into black, cut-away, low-heeled shoes.

Even when she returns to the dormitory and gets ready for bed, she puts on the same type of pajamas that all the other girls put on. Wearing a striped, ivy-league nightshirt, she shuffles from room to room and joins the others. They all greet her with smiling faces and striped, ivy-league nightshirts, and dance to the Beatles in their identical fluffy slippers.

What has become of individual creativity in clothing? Women have become lazy thinkers; they let Oleg Cassini and Bobbi Brooks decide for them what to wear and what to wear it to. Advertisements lure them into buying shoes they hate because the shoes are the season's latest fashion news. A short stumpy girl's admiration of famous fashion models forces her into a low-cut, frilly dress. It contributes nothing to her appearance but makes her feel better than ever because "Suzy Parker modeled this dress in *Vogue*!" Everywhere fat-legged girls wear fashionable knee sox despite the fact that the sox only emphasize their generously endowed limbs. Red-headed girls wear purple because it's the season's color.

Every place one looks—in the lecture room, on the crosswalks of the quad-rangle, in the lounges of the women's residence halls—one sees women of all sizes and shapes dressed alike, not according to what flatters them, but according to what *Seventeen* says will flatter them. Our creativity is gone, along with our sensibility.

“I Want Sin”

RICHARD J. SCHIEFELBEIN
Rhetoric 101, Theme 9

CAN MAN BE HAPPY IF HE DOES NOT HAVE FREE choice? This question is one of the most basic problems facing man.

It was Adam's free choice which lost us the privilege of life in the Garden of Eden. Since that time, many people have expressed their views on the subject. One is Aldous Huxley, whose opinions and conclusions in *Brave New World* run almost parallel to those of Fyodor Dostoyevsky in *The Brothers Karamazov*.

Brave New World depicts an “advanced civilization,” in which babies are decanted in test tubes and educated through a series of conditioned reflexes. However, there also exists a small group of people who still live in an “old, outmoded” civilization which is similar to that of the present day. The members of this old society still believe in God, the family, suffering, and free choice. By a twist of fate, a member of this group is allowed to live in “civilization,” where he is referred to as the Savage. He rebels against this “modern” society, and is brought before one of the highest officials of “civilization,” Mustapha Mond. The conversation which follows deals with the same problems as the “Myth of the Grand Inquisitor” in *The Brothers Karamazov*. The Grand Inquisitor is a cardinal at the time of the Inquisition. He interrogates Christ, or better, he defiles Christ, claiming to have corrected Christ's work.

The authors express their personal beliefs in the negation of the arguments of Mustapha Mond and the Grand Inquisitor. Both Mond and the Inquisitor reveal the truth concerning free choice, without realizing or admitting it to themselves.

Many important questions are raised in the conversations. These include the nature of happiness, the price of happiness, the nature of freedom, and, most important, the necessity of free choice for happiness. This last point encompasses the others.

In the “new civilization,” free choice does not exist. Even as the fetus is being decanted in the test tube, it is predestined to a certain way of life. Those destined to be of the lower classes are deprived of some oxygen or given less stimulant during development. This deprivation will limit their capabilities in later years. The system arranges a prefabricated society. New-born infants, according to their class in society, are conditioned to respond favorably to certain things, and to find others repulsive. Having been given a special treat every time that they watch a person die, the children look upon

death as a final service to the state. The administering of a severe electrical shock at the sight of a book guarantees that the children will never have a desire to read books. Even in their sleep, the children have their attitudes directed as the state sees fit. Such conditioning makes free choice impossible, for everything becomes a reflex.

But, does man want free choice? Mustapha Mond tells the Savage, "People are happy; they get what they want, and they never want what they can't get. . . .they're so conditioned that they can't help behaving as they ought to behave." Mond quotes John Henry Cardinal Newman as saying, "Independence is not made for man." Newman was trying to show man's dependence on God, his realization that there must exist something which is absolute. But Mond says that as long as man is involved in the frivolities of civilized life, and dependent upon them, he has no need of God. The Savage is shocked by this line of reasoning and claims that it is natural to feel that there is a God. Mond replies that "One believes things because one has been conditioned to believe them." Here again, man's response is reflex, not choice.

The Savage is bewildered. He cannot understand how man can avoid thinking of God, especially during periods of solitude. But, again "civilization" is prepared: "We make them hate solitude; and we arrange their lives so that it's almost impossible for them ever to have it."

The Savage is infuriated. He says that the whole system is all too easy. Anything that requires a choice is put aside. If anything is difficult, "civilization" conditions its members to avoid it. The Savage wants to "earn" things, not simply to be conditioned to them. Free choice is difficult, but the Savage is willing to be inconvenienced in order to attain a goal. The new "civilization" prefers to do things comfortably. The Savage says that he wants God, poetry, danger, freedom, goodness, and sin. All of these things involve a choice—the Savage wants free choice.

"Civilization" can never be happy, because happiness requires a choice. Without choice a person exists—nothing more. To be happy, man must have the opportunity to choose to better himself.

The Grand Inquisitor believes that people want only three things: miracle, mystery, and authority. Man wants to be drawn into submission by these things. He does not want free choice; blind submission is much easier.

The Inquisitor charges that Christ made it impossible for all but a few to follow Him. The basis for this charge is the story of Christ's temptations in the desert. Here, the Inquisitor claims, Christ had the opportunity to establish the miracle, mystery, and authority which would draw all men to Him. Christ chose not to enslave man, however, but to give man the free choice of following or rejecting Him.

Christ was first tempted to change stones into bread. For Him to have done so would have drawn man to Christ, not out of love, but out of desire for bread. He would have been the answer to man's desire to have someone

or something to worship slavishly. The Inquisitor rebukes Christ, saying, "Feed men, then ask of them virtue!" Christ, however, wants man to make a free choice to accept Him, not to follow Him slavishly. The Inquisitor further accuses Him, "Instead of taking men's freedom from them, Thou didst make it greater than ever! Didst Thou forget that man prefers peace, and even death, to freedom of choice in the knowledge of good and evil?"

Christ's second temptation was to throw Himself from the pinnacle of the Temple and be saved by a legion of angels. Christ rejected the miracle, clinging to the free verdict of His heart, knowing that to tempt God is to deny God. The Inquisitor observes, "Thou wouldest not enslave man by miracle, and didst crave faith given freely, not based on miracles." However, the Inquisitor goes further: "I swear, man is weaker and baser by nature than Thou hast believed him!" The Inquisitor believes that man is afraid of choice, and would gladly follow any power. The Inquisitor has "corrected" Christ's work, basing it on miracle, mystery, and authority, the very things Christ rejected.

Christ rejected authority in the third temptation, in which He was offered the whole world. Had Christ taken this authority, says the Inquisitor, the world would have worshipped Him. The Inquisitor has taken on the role of authority by allowing the people to sin, taking their sins upon himself. They will now slavishly follow him because he has saved them from the curse of free choice. By taking away their sins, he has taken away the choice of good or evil, since evil no longer exists. He has given them a childlike happiness, the sweetest of all because it involves no choice. This is equivalent to the conditioning process in the new "civilization" of *Brave New World*. Since everything has been made a reflex, there is no choice; therefore there can be no evil.

When the Inquisitor has finished lecturing Christ, Christ walks over and kisses him on the forehead. Christ is saying in effect, "This is the way I want it; I want to receive love by free choice. You have rejected Me by free choice, but have denied the others the right to accept or reject Me by the same free choice. You have made your choice, but why do you not let the others make their choice also?" This is parallel to the Savage's answer, "I claim them all," when asked if he wanted the pains, trials, and sufferings of life.

Mond is one of the few people in "civilization" who can make a free choice. He freely chooses to expose the weaknesses and failings of "civilization" to the Savage. Mond's admission that "civilization" cannot solve all problems is not an accident, because conditioning has made accidents almost impossible. Mond is looking for someone who is on an equal level with him intellectually. Since no one in "civilization" can possibly understand ideas, he needs someone from "outside" who can look at "civilization" objectively. He finds such a person in the Savage, and confesses to the Savage that "civilization," is not truth, but that, knowing no way to correct "civilization,"

he has gone along with it. Mond enjoys talking with someone who can also make choices. That is why Mond often wishes that he had gone to the island with those who chose to try to better "civilization."

The Inquisitor speaks out to tell Christ that He had the right idea but had not carried it to completion. The Inquisitor claims that only a select few can follow Christ and that he has "corrected" this situation. He shows the true beauty of free choice by showing the ugly absence of it in a society which can no longer freely accept or reject Christ.

Man, it seems, can be happy only when he is working toward a goal, whether that goal be money, love, fame, or God. The important thing is that he be free to choose that goal and his own means of attaining it.

Time, Life, and Science

JOHN S. OLSON

Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

A CHILD REVERENTLY CRAWLS INTO HIS FATHER'S LAP. He senses that something is wrong by the solemn face of his parent, yet his life is too fresh and too gay to be dampened by a gloomy face. He decides to think of something pleasant and reassuring, his grandfather. "Where is Grampa?" he asks quite naturally. His father whispers softly, "Grampa passed away this morning. He is no longer with us." The child does not understand. Somehow he senses that he will never see his grandfather again, but he has no idea why this should be. "I saw Grampa yesterday," he thinks. "Why won't I see him today? What's the difference between yesterday and today?" The child is puzzled and deeply disturbed. In effect, he wants to know what time is, and also, more important, he wants to comprehend the relationship between time and life.

Who can answer the child's question? Well, today men usually turn to omniscient science for the answers to all their questions, but can science define time? According to textbooks of physics, time is considered as the interval during which two events occur, but how does one comprehend an interval? The child wants to know what time means, not what it is called. Perhaps, then, science can give a mathematical derivation of a unit of time so that the grown child can at least have a quantitative notion of time. Well, science defines the year as the time it takes the earth to revolve around the sun, but how does one define this period of revolution? Science answers this question by defining the time of revolution as the circumference of the earth's orbit around the sun divided by the velocity of the earth as it revolves about the sun. Here again time is used to define time, for velocity is measured in units of length per unit of time. Even Einstein in his Special Theory of

Relativity could not give the world an exact conception of this basic unit. Thus even science has failed to give the child a concrete mathematical meaning of time.

Science can, however, describe the effects of this unknown quantity. In fact, science incorporates these indefinable units of time into all of its essential calculations. The most basic of all laws of physics, Newton's Second Law of Motion, defines mass and force in terms of acceleration, which, in turn, is measured in units of time. The essentials of chemistry deal with the absorption and emanation of energy, which is still another quantity having units of time. The study of life is also almost completely dependent upon time. Therefore, it seems strange that, in spite of a great dependence upon it, no one field of science has ever come close to describing time. Life itself has come closer to being described than the quantity by which the length of life is measured. Science is truly humbled by time.

A staunch supporter of the infallibility of the scientific method may argue that the men of science are still searching for the answer to the child's question and will, sometime in the future, find the correct definition of time just as they have found the definitions of so many other puzzling quantities. But this follower of science avoids the question which asks, "Is man really any closer to a conception of time now than he was a thousand years ago?" Time then was still measured by the spinning of the earth and its rotation around the sun. Of course, today man uses more delicate and more intricate measuring devices, but these still fail in every way to give one an idea of what time means. Time is still just as intangible to the modern man as it was to the ancient Greek. Thus it seems highly improbable that man will ever be able to visualize the concept of time.

In spite of the fact that man cannot understand time, he intuitively knows that it is an integral part of him. In fact, it seems that each individual lives in his own system of time, usually a system quite different from the one measured by the scientist in seconds and minutes. For example, the units of time do not always seem the same to different people in different situations. An actual minute of agony may seem like an hour, or an hour of joy may appear to be just a moment. Time may also have greater physiological effects on some individuals than on others. Time may embitter the souls of certain people while it may fill the hearts of others with happiness. But no matter what time temporarily means to an individual, it always signifies death, for when an individual's system of time no longer exists, death occurs. What follows this system no one knows, but it is reasonable to assume that when time stands still life as we know it does not exist. Time is so related to life that the two are completely inseparable, but how and why they are so related are unanswerable questions.

Thus the child's questions will also go unanswered. Even mighty science cannot give him the answer to why yesterday is different from today, nor can it even give an indication that it will ever know the answer.

Diversity in Meaning

JOHN F. MORTON

Rhetoric 101, Theme 13

INSTRUCTOR'S NOTE: This paper is based upon suggested assignment number two, *Introductory Readings on Language*, p. 32.

AN ESSAY, A PHRASE, OR EVEN A WORD MAY HAVE MANY different meanings. Often these meanings are closely related, but just as often they are completely unrelated; such is the case with the equation $E=mc^2$.

To Albert Einstein and Enrico Fermi this equation represented a breakthrough, an answer long searched for. It was the result of many years of study, work, and application. To the atomic physicist of today it is an invaluable expression of the observed phenomena of mass-energy change. To the physicist of the future, perhaps the near future, it will represent answers, answers which may aid man to reach the stars, make earth a better place to live, and at the same time be the possible cause of the complete destruction of man.

To a Bantu warrior the symbols $E=mc^2$ might mean many things or might mean nothing at all. Scrawled in the dust of his land, the equation might be mistaken for the scratch marks of a new bird, perhaps a new source of food. Written on paper, it might be the code of an enemy. Spoken, it might be thought a greeting. To a Bantu warrior the equation cannot show a relationship between energy, matter, and velocity; for neither these terms nor the symbols of the equation can be understood by him.

The equation $E=mc^2$ does mean something, however, to the Japanese city of Hiroshima. It is the drone of planes, the whistling of a bomb, a blinding light, and then, for many, an eternal stillness. It is a scar, a scar visible on the bodies of many, on the streets, and on the land. It is a scar invisible in the hearts of all who witnessed the explosion and lived. It is a killer which did kill and will kill, for those whom the bomb could not kill, it attacked in such a way that their seed, the seed of future life, will kill.

To me the equation has many meanings. It is a feeling of sorrow over Hiroshima, though I realize the necessity for the bomb. The equation is a fact in chemistry and physics that must be used in the problems and tests teachers give. It is also a memory of the brilliance of Einstein, Planck, and Fermi; but mostly it is symbolic of a personal feeling. It is symbolic of a deep awe I have for the marvels of science. The equation $E=mc^2$ is complex yet it applies to simple things, such as adding sugar to coffee. It is the simple things such as a desk or paper, made up of atoms and molecules so complex

that they still hold many of their secrets. It is this beauty of science, this paradox of something so complex yet so simple, that the equation $E=mc^2$ means to me.

Different people, different meanings. To what can this be attributed? Circumstances? If I had been in Hiroshima, if the Bantu had received an education, would the views be changed? Probably, but the difference in meaning is more than that. It is the difference and diversity of the human mind, a difference not yet understood.

Religion on Campus

MAVIS JOHNSON

Rhetoric 102, Theme 11

IT HAD BEEN SNOWING HEAVILY SINCE EARLY MORNING, and the snow and ice were thick on the campus sidewalks. It was the kind of unpleasant wintry morning that makes attending classes difficult for every able-bodied student, and the difficulties were many times magnified for those of us in wheelchairs.

Going east from the Commerce Building, I had to slow down to a snail's pace in order to get any traction, and it was very doubtful that I would get to the library in time to catch the bus. In the midst of my struggles, a foreign student, who was going in the opposite direction, stopped and offered to give me a push. She carried a stack of books and art supplies which were too bulky for me to carry, and which prevented her from helping me to any advantage. I thanked her for her concern, and was about to go on alone, when she put out her hand and stopped a strange boy who was hurrying towards her dormitory. She had never met him, but she knew that he usually ate in her dining hall, and she asked him to take her books there for her. "You see," she said when he had gone, "God never stops working his miracles."

I can't tell you how surprised and pleased I was to hear her say this. In the three months I had spent on campus, I had never before heard the name of God used in any way except as a "cuss" word. Religion appears to have taken a back seat to other activities in the lives of most students. In the maze and whirl of studies, parties, weekend trips, and other social activities, there just isn't time to think about God. Even attending church has become a social activity engaged in mostly by couples. They seem to get more enjoyment out of the romantic walk to and from the church than from the services themselves.

It was a most refreshing experience to meet a person who unashamedly attributed her life and happiness to the goodness of God—even down to a helping hand on a snowy morning.

A Play on Words

DIANNE JOHNSON

Rhetoric 102

INSTRUCTOR'S NOTE: This theme was written in response to an assignment on word-origin (Bradley's essay "Word-making in English"), changes in meaning (Potter's "Etymology and Meaning"), and euphemisms (Mencken's "Euphemisms"). The student was to choose a limited area of experience and, from this area, select words that would relate to the three essays.

MOST STUDENTS OF THE THEATER FULLY REALIZE that modern drama has its roots in that of Ancient Greece. They also recognize the effect of various later periods on the modern stage. However, like many other people, they do not realize how theatrical language has also been affected by verbal inheritances from these same periods of time and by modern linguistic changes as well.

For example, the word *theater* itself was derived from the Middle English word *theatre*. This, in turn, descended from Middle French, Latin, and initially, Greek. The Greek word for theater, *thecatron*, was derived from the words *theas-thai*, to view, and *thea*, act of seeing.

Drama students often consider pantomime as the first form of acting. In early drama, the actor did not speak but performed only mimicking movements. Throughout the history of the theater, pantomime continued to play a role of importance. The word *pantomime* was compounded in Ancient Greece from *pas*, *pantos*, all, and *mimos*, a mimic. The French language used a composition of two similar words, *pant* and *mimus*.

The unaccomplished actor shudders at the mention of the words *hiss* and *boo*. He does so because of the similarity of the sound of these words to the actual disapproving utterances they signify. *Hiss* and *boo* are root-creations formed from the verbal imitations of the sounds.

In speech outside the theatrical realm, the word *performance* mainly means "the execution of an action." On the stage, however, it is specialized to mean "the action of representing a character in a play." In reverse, the expression "to *play a role*" originated as a theatrical term meaning to take the part of a character in a drama. The expression was extended so that today, one might often hear it used thusly: "This toothpaste *plays* an important *role* in the prevention of tooth decay."

Upon hearing the word *curtain* in isolation, the housewife might think of draperies on windows, the poet of the "curtain of night," and the soldier of a curtain of bullets. Undoubtedly, the actor would think of the stage curtain which goes up at the beginning of a play and comes down at the end.

In all of these examples, the word *curtain* had radiated from a central meaning of "anything which covers, conceals, or shuts-off."

The modern theater has many seemingly prestigious positions which are actually prime examples of euphemisms. The man who cares for and issues costumes is called the *wardrobe master*. His feminine counterpart is the *wardrobe mistress*. The drummer in the orchestra is called a *percussionist*. A stagehand might find that his overseer is referred to as a *stage manager* or *stage director*. The director's "yes-men" are now designated as *production assistants*. Coffee and cigarettes are no longer sold by a vendor: they are distributed by the *concessions manager*. Finally, if one worked in an ice show, he would find that the man who sees that the ice is properly frozen is referred to as the *chief refrigeration engineer*. These titles serve to enhance the prestige of otherwise less dignified jobs.

The modern theater, then, has derived much of its language from earlier periods of the drama. In addition to inheriting terms, the theater has changed words to suit the modern age.

Get Rid of the Dregs!

GREGORY PAUL MALINOWSKI

Rhetoric 102

THE PURPOSE OF THE AMERICAN SCHOOL IS NO LONGER solely to teach. Teaching based entirely on rote memory techniques and stringent discipline—the principles of the old Alexandrian conception of education—is obsolete now.

One of the most striking changes from the former to the present educational system is that a teacher is expected to take a personal interest in his students. He has as a responsibility the developing of character and personality and the building of integrity in each one of the pupils he comes in contact with. After all, students spend as much time at school as they do at home, and much of the time at home is spent sleeping or studying. Students cannot help being influenced to a large degree in their personal development by their experiences at school and associations with their teachers. Therefore, it is vital that teachers do all that they possibly can to instill the qualities of responsibility and good citizenship in these young adults.

But this is not all that teachers must do. With rare exception, the American high school student is by no means ideal. He often does not have the drive or the desire to study and learn without external incentive. He needs to work for someone else, to feel that he is pleasing that person by working hard and getting good grades. Because this person is usually his

teacher, the instructor must be the type of individual whom students will admire, respect, and want to work for and please.

Students will not respect a teacher unless he is a good one; therefore, he must show to the students that he has a true interest in teaching them and a desire to try to help them develop as individuals. Thus, a teacher's responsibility to his students is even more vital and demands an even greater sacrifice than simply developing a personal interest in each of his students and helping them whenever he can. Naturally, to meet these demands, a teacher must be good; indeed, he must be excellent.

Unfortunately, not all teachers have such admirable qualities. Many "teach" because the requirements for a degree in education are often the easiest of those for any degree offered from a university. In other words, the "teacher" is not truly interested in such teaching as that described above; he is interested in a college degree, money, and an annual three-month vacation.

It is true that most teachers start their careers with admirable ambitions. But through the years, many of them have become bored with teaching the same material year after year. As a result of their lost interest in their work, their students lose respect for them.

However, because of a policy prevailing in the modern American educational system, this type of "teacher" must be employed along with his betters. This policy is called "tenure." Tenure is the practice of hiring a teacher on a non-firable basis for the remainder of his working lifetime after he devotes a certain number of years of work to the school system.

This system is fine for the teacher; it offers him security. But if the teacher happens to be like the two types just described, it is abhorrent as far as the students are concerned. If a teacher is good, he knows it; he can tell when he is doing his job well and knows whether his students respect him. And if he is good, he should have nothing to worry about.

It is just the "teachers" who will not accept these responsibilities which are now expected of the good teacher, who feel that they do need tenure. But it is they who should not have it! There is no other profession where an employee who is not doing his job well cannot be dismissed. Why should teachers be the exception?

This writer feels that teachers should *not* be the exceptions. They should be put on a "perform or get out" basis. The Japanese school systems are set up in this manner, as well as most European systems. When the students feel that a teacher is extremely poor in Japan, they petition for his dismissal. And that is how it should be here! After all, the true teacher has a huge responsibility, but he certainly is no credit to his profession if he does not carry out his obligation to the youth of America.

The Inevitability of the Death of Billie Higgins

CHARLES MOSES

Rhetoric 102

IN STEPHEN CRANE'S SHORT STORY "THE OPEN BOAT," the death of Billie Higgins the oiler has been interpreted by most critics to symbolize the complete indifference of nature to man. The critics further state that while Billie's death carries this symbolic meaning, his actual death is a completely chance happening.

Billie's death must be viewed as an integral part and as the climax of the development of the theme of the indifference of nature to man. Stallman describes this relationship when he writes, "The death of Higgins symbolizes nature's injustice, her treachery and indifference, but it is *through* his death that this truth is revealed to the others."¹ Adams provides a similar view when he says, "Crane seems to be saying . . . that the central meaning of life can be grasped only in the face of death . . . by nature's killing of the oiler. The men . . . feel that they can now 'be interpreters.'"² Through Billie's death, the other men in the boat are able to achieve a deeper insight into their relationship to nature than they had before his death. Nature is now seen not as a personified entity but as "a high cold star on a winter's night," completely indifferent to the plight of the men below.³

Adams describes Billie's death as a purely chance happening when he states, "by what may seem sheer luck, three of the men come through alive and the fourth [Billie] does not."⁴ Greenfield views Billie's death as a chance happening when he writes that "there was nothing 'determined' about Billie's death; it was, in the circumstance, ironically gratuitous. Chance, pure and simple, was responsible for his death."⁵ Buitenhuis holds a similar view when he writes about "the arbitrary death of the oiler."⁶

This symbolic interpretation of Billie's death, that nature is indifferent and that Billie's death is simply a chance happening, stems from the fact that Billie is actually the person in the boat who has the best chance of surviving. Thus when Billie drowns, his death shows that "the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong."⁷

Nevertheless, while Billie's death is the instrumental factor enabling the other occupants of the boat to recognize the indifference and injustice of nature, his death cannot be viewed as a purely chance occurrence. There is a certain determined inevitability about it. As Greenfield suggests, Billie's death is aesthetically inevitable:

The thinness of Billie's oar, the strong bond of comradeship established between Billie and the correspondent, the fact of the oiler's being the only character named, and finally Billie's being ahead in the swim to shore—all of these suggest the effect . . . of a classical concept of fate.⁸

Billie's death fulfills the concept of tragedy in this story. The tragic fall of the strongest character in a story implies the operation of a classic concept of ironic tragedy. Billie is characterized as the strongest character in "*The Open Boat*." He is usually in charge of the steering of the boat and is in complete control of the craft during both attempts to enter the surf. Crane strengthens his characterization of the oiler by making him the only named character in the story. Thus the reader's attention is focused on this character.

In order to fulfill the pattern of an ironic tragedy, Billie must die; his death is inevitable. The death of the occupant of the boat who has done the most in helping the men reach the safety of land is used with ironic effect in the theme of the total indifference of nature to man. The death of the oiler is aesthetically inevitable on the basis of this concept of ironic tragedy.

Similarly, Billie's death may be viewed as inevitable on the basis of the biological laws of nature and Crane's theme of the indifference of nature. According to the laws of nature, the strongest and the fittest survive, and the weakest perish. Billie is characterized as the strongest and most physically capable occupant of the boat by the long hours he spends rowing and by his prior duties as oiler on the ship. According to the law of survival of the fittest, Billie should not have drowned.

Crane contradicts this law of nature to show not only the indifference of nature to man but also the indifference of nature to the laws prescribed to nature by man. Thus, in order to fulfill the theme of the indifference of nature, Billie must be the occupant of the boat who drowns. If another occupant, a weaker, less fit character were to drown, this complete indifference of nature to man would not be so obvious.

Finally, Billie's death may be viewed as ethically inevitable. Billie's possible role as a symbol of Christ may be seen in his role as the arbitrator of arguments in the boat. As Billie brings a state of tranquillity to the boat by ending the argument, so Christ brought a state of tranquillity to the lives of men. Also, as Christ guides the course of the lives of men, Billie continually guides the course of the boat. As Christ gave his life while the eternal lives of all mankind were spared, Billie sacrifices his life while the other occupants of the boat are saved. As Christ died so that men could understand their relationship to God, Billie dies so that the other occupants of the boat may understand their relationship to nature: "they could then be interpreters."

Thus the death of Billie Higgins is not just an aimless, chance happening somehow related to the central theme of the indifference of nature to man.

Billie's death is inevitable on the basis of aesthetic, biological, and ethical considerations.

FOOTNOTES

¹ Robert Wooster Stallman, "'The Open Boat': A Symbolic Interpretation," *Stephen Crane: An Omnibus*, ed. Stallman (New York, 1952), p. 418.

² Richard P. Adams, "Naturalistic Fiction: 'The Open Boat,'" *Tulane Studies in English*, IV (1954), p. 143.

³ Adams, p. 139

⁴ Adams, p. 139

⁵ Stanley B. Greenfield, "The Unmistakable Stephen Crane," in *Form and Focus*, ed. Robert F. McDonnell and William E. Morris (New York, 1961), p. 391.

⁶ Peter Buitenhuis, "The Essentials of Life: 'The Open Boat' as Existential Fiction," *Modern Fiction Studies*, V (Autumn, 1959), p. 250.

⁷ Greenfield, p. 390.

⁸ Greenfield, p. 391.

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A Peril of Youth

DON F. RUHTER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 11

MOST BOYS ARE THRILLED AT THE THOUGHT OF A RIDE in a speeding car. Being no exception, I was enthralled when my older cousin Lenny asked me if I wanted to make a short run in his friend Paul's machine. Rather than stay home and weed the tulips, I decided to go along. We sneaked behind the barn, cut across a freshly harrowed field and headed for a house and garage on the other side of the farm. Although I didn't realize it at the time, the house and garage bore a marked resemblance to the timing shacks at U. S. 30 Dragstrip.

The car was painted such a mottled green and blended in so perfectly with the shrubbery beyond that I almost walked into it before I realized what it was. I remember thinking that if the Allies had used this color for camouflage in the Second World War, V-E Day might have been moved up at least eight weeks. The whitewall tires had turned a lemonade yellow and the two bucket seats were shedding their padding of red long johns all over the floor. Extending back from these seats was a pick-up truck box obviously homemade from reject orange crates. The only thing new or

shining about the whole rod was the engine compartment and its contents.

Actually, as I soon found out, the two seats were from a vintage 1907 Stanley Steamer. The body had grown from the marriage of a 1927 Model "T" chassis to the front half of the first Rambler convertible ever to be declared a total loss by Allstate Insurance. The engine was classified information, but no one could smoke within a one-hundred-foot-radius of the car for fear of a nitro-methane explosion. I had been right about the pick-up truck bed, though. It had been made from bits and pieces of orange crating picked off the rubbish pile of the local National.

After fidgeting around the car for a few minutes and asking a few questions which I had picked up from the September issue of *Hot Rod*, I was ready for my demonstration run. Lenny called Paul out of the house, introduced me to him and pre-empted the seat next to the driver. I had my choice of climbing into the back with the rusty fifteen-penny orange crate nails or staying behind. I got in.

Paul started the engine, or rather, it erupted, and we were on our way. We swung out onto the deserted asphalt access highway and stopped. Finding the nails at the rear of the truck box uncomfortable, I set myself onto two of Paul's flat, rimless spare tires and picked out a lath of crating not quite as weak as its neighbors to hold onto. Bracing myself, I nodded my readiness to get started.

By the time I had disengaged myself from the tires and broken crating at the rear of the truck bed, we were in third gear. I struggled to right my seat and get resituated on it but finally settled for one tire instead of two. The sensation of sitting above what little windshield there was, exposed to steadily increasing wind on a very unstable base, could best be compared to bathing in Wesson Oil and sitting on eight cubic yards of Jello while facing Hurricane Audrey.

It was getting darker so I bellowed into his ear to turn on his lights. The wind threw something back at me to the effect that he had no lights. Closing my eyes, I began meditating on the simplicity and safety of weeding tulips on a fall evening. It wasn't easy though, with the wind plucking every thought out of my mind. Finally, at the risk of being called a killjoy, I meekly whimpered into Paul's ear to hit the brakes. Again the breeze wafted back a reply that the brakes had just been tightened and he was afraid that they might grab if he used them. If Paul was afraid, I wasn't going to remain stoic!

I poured out some of the ice water accumulating in my shoes from my cold sweat and really began to worry! The remainder quickly froze, however, when he did finally hit the brakes. We jumped about eight feet to the right with our wheels straddling a small roadside ditch. This position would otherwise have been fine with me, but we were still doing about eighty miles an hour with a culvert in our path.

Once more I closed my eyes, this time to pray. I swore that I would

become a pastor, a monk, and finally a celibate hermit. By the time we had come to a stop, I had vowed never again to drink, swear, eat to excess, drive or even partake of a little sex. Furthermore, I had pledged to cancel my five-year subscription to *Hot Rod* magazine and, the ultimate sacrifice, turn in my membership card to the Junior Stock Car Drivers Association of America.

As Lenny dug my fingers out of a piece of orange crate, I slowly opened my eyes. They helped me over the side of the jalopy and held me up while my legs solidified. By the time I was in partial control of myself, Paul was already climbing into the seat next to the driver's and Lenny was saying something about me driving back. With hardly a twinge of conscience, I dived for the wheel, spun the heap around, and tore out for home. With a little luck, we could have the same thrills on the way back that I had experienced on the way out.

Rhet as Writ

Pornography is usually considered as the book sold at the corner drug store. . . . [it] contains vivid scenes of passionate love affairs along with other illicit aperatus.

* * *

I pictured all college students (males) as wearing nothing but sweaters with a fraternity pin attached.

* * *

Refreshments were "bronco-busters," named for our team, Barrington Bronchos, which were actually pizza burgers.

* * *

Especially annoying was her obnoxious habit of chewing food at the table.

* * *

Assorted Definitions

Catharsis: a speech of a sort given by someone to someone or something else.

Protagonist: one who puts off a duty or talk for no obvious reason.

Archetypal: a type of modern-day juvenile delinquent.

Equivocation: that which is equal or the same. Some people think that frost and snow are equivocation but they are really different.

Purport: to resort to. To solve the problem, his purport was cheating.

Invective: that which invects, states in such a way that is clear and has meaning.

Eulogy: a short analogy of a deceased person during his lifetime.

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The Winners

The following are the winners of the prizes for the best themes
in the March issue of the *Caldron*.

First: *Harry Egan, Jr., Dick Daley: Democrat or Demagogue?*

Second: *Vance Ahlf, The Puritan Ethic*

Third: *William R. Veatch, Social Position and the Total Tragic Effect*

Fourth: *Ed Daggett, Willie Rolfe*

Fifth: *Allan E. Fenske, Tree Towns*

AWARDS

The Caldron will continue its policy of giving awards to the five best themes in each issue. The winners will be selected by the votes of the members of the freshman rhetoric staff.

The schedule of awards is as follows:

- First: Fifteen dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Second: Ten dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Third: Five dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Fourth: Five dollars worth of books
- Fifth: Five dollars worth of books

We wish to thank the following bookstores for their generosity in providing prizes:

- Campus Book Store
- Follett's College Book Store
- Illini Union Book Store

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THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



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CONTENTS

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

<i>Morton Steinberg: Means to an End</i>	1
<i>James Kats: The Green Cauldron</i>	5
<i>Carol Zimmerman: The New Deal</i>	6
<i>James Williams: My First Deer</i>	8
<i>Julie Steinke: And Man Was Fruitful</i>	9
<i>Ann Thomas: Beyond the Books</i>	11
<i>John S. Olson: The Nature of Comedy as Seen Through "The Mad Gardener's Song"</i>	14
<i>Thomas P. Rossi: Kay</i>	21
<i>Stephen Schreck: A Memory</i>	22
<i>Rhet as Writ</i>	23
<i>The Contributors</i>	Inside Back Cover

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Members of the committee in charge of *The Green Cauldron* are Anne Bowers, Patrick Geoghegan, Roger Swanson, John Via, and Michael Svob, chairman.

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Means to an End

MORTON STEINBERG

Rhetoric 102

INJUSTICE IS A CONSTITUENT OF SOCIETY. IT IS AN EVIL which has characterized the community of man since the beginning of time.

But throughout the history of American society, great men have arisen to lead the fight for the eradication of injustice. Henry David Thoreau and Martin Luther King are two examples of such progressive leadership. Each in his own time has possessed a philosophy for the rectification of injustice. Similar in principle but often opposed in practice, their philosophies are the bases for progress toward a common goal.

Thoreau's philosophy of the evil in society consists of views of injustices, the role of government, and the theoretical method of correcting the evil. Thoreau found a great injustice in the practice of majority rule. He believed that the majority, while deciding right and wrong, inadvertently but inevitably shapes and molds the very conscience of an individual. "A government in which the majority rule in all cases cannot be based on justice, even as men understand it."¹ The guiding conscience of an individual was to Thoreau the ultimate moral legislator. He asked, "Must the citizen even for a moment . . . resign his conscience to the legislator?"² His disdain for the rule of the majority is further reflected in his belief that the majority is slow to act and indeed generally indifferent. "When the majority shall at length vote for the abolition of slavery, it will be because they are indifferent to slavery, or because there is but little slavery left to be abolished. . . ."³

Slavery was another injustice to Thoreau. Besides advocating its abolition, he observed that, ironically, "a sixth of the population of a nation which has undertaken to be the refuge of liberty are slaves."⁴ So vehement was he in denouncing slavery, and at the same time admonishing the majority, that he stated, "I cannot for an instant recognize that political organization as my government which is the slave's government also."⁵

Thoreau in fact had little faith in government. To him it was but an "expedient," imposing itself upon the conscience of the individual. "That government is best which governs least."⁶ He hoped for the day when there would be established a government which would "treat the individual with respect as a neighbor . . . [and] recognize the individual as a higher and independent power, from which all its own power and authority are derived."⁷

Incorporated into Thoreau's lack of faith in government was his criticism of politicians. Eloquent oration, he pointed out, is loved for its own sake, not for any truth it may utter. "The speaker has not yet opened his mouth to speak who is capable of settling the much-vexed questions of the day."⁸

However, Thoreau felt that there was a solution to the problem of the dominance of government over an individual. "It is not a man's duty . . . to devote himself to the eradication of any, even the most enormous, wrong; but it is his duty, at least, to wash his hands of it, and, if he gives it no thought longer, not to give it practically his support."¹⁰ Refusing to support a wrong, but making no physical effort to repress it, is Thoreau's main thesis. He felt that the allegiance of the people to the government is based upon the people's consent to be governed and that therefore the people can "dissolve it themselves—the union between themselves and the state—and refuse to pay their quota into its treasury."¹¹

As with taxes, Thoreau felt that unjust laws should be ignored. "If the injustice [of the law] is part of the necessary friction of the machine of government . . . , if it is of such a nature that it requires you to be the agent of injustice to another, then, I say, break the law. Let your life be a counter-friction to stop the machine."¹² But breaking the law, albeit the law be unjust, leads to imprisonment, and such was Thoreau's very intention. He envisioned mass jailings as a form of peaceful revolution, a method of alerting the government of its own evil. Indeed, Thoreau was grateful for the prison, for only in prison was a man truly free from social injustice. "Under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also a prison."¹³

The philosophy of Martin Luther King, like that of Thoreau, is aimed at injustice in society. King deals with the problem of racial discrimination in the South, an obvious case of injustice perpetrated upon the minority by the majority.¹⁴ King has several basic attitudes towards the white man's injustice. He feels it is wrong not only for the injustice to exist, but for the Negroes to be complacent towards its existence. A man has to realize wrong before he can appreciate right. As King has remarked, "any individual who submitted willingly to injustice, did not really deserve more justice."¹⁵ King, like Thoreau, looks upon injustice as an evil to be removed. He does not wish to wreak revenge upon the practitioners of discrimination by subjugating them to an unjust order. Rather he relies upon the "common sense" and "good conscience" of both whites and Negroes in the orderly establishment of justice. Said King, "We are out to defeat injustice and not white persons who may be unjust."¹⁶

Government is vital to King. Unlike Thoreau, he places his entire trust in the Federal Government and the law of the land. He realizes that discrimination can be abolished only by an authority above the irrationalities of individuals' emotions. "Integration could come only through legislation and court action."¹⁷ Yet this seemingly contradictory view is remarkably consistent with Thoreau's philosophy. Whereas Thoreau was pessimistically weary of the government's power to dominate man, King is optimistically aware of the government's power to insure the freedom of man. He has

said, "Man is not made for the state, the state is made for man . . . Man must never be treated as a means to the end of the state, but always as an end within himself."¹⁷

King's philosophy for rectifying injustice is quite definite. Rather than individual protest, King believes in unity among the victims of injustice. "There is amazing power in unity."¹⁸ Furthermore, he feels it necessary to openly protest rather than merely to ignore it.

The entire structure of King's public protests is one of non-violence. He believes not in defying laws which are unjust, as Thoreau advocated, but in withdrawing cooperation from the evil system while remaining within the laws of the land. King has used this method "to give birth to justice and freedom, and also to urge men to comply with the law of the land."¹⁹

Supplementary to his advocacy of non-violent protest, King thinks of love and religion as necessary partners in eradicating injustice. He believes in understanding and good will, a "disinterested love in which the individual seeks not his own good, but the good of his neighbor . . . The Negro must love the white man . . ."²⁰ King preaches the love of God and the need of having faith in Him. "If one is truly devoted to the religion of Jesus he will seek to rid the earth of social evils."²¹ Non-violence can be not only an external approach, but an internal spirit as well.

Both Thoreau and King have followed in action the principles of their respective philosophies, and each experienced the natural result of his progressive thinking. Thoreau had a short, undramatic conflict with the law. Refusing to pay a poll tax, he was jailed for one night. The significance of the experience was that Thoreau actually did what he believed to be right: he followed his conscience, which dictated to him that the poll tax was unjust. Rather than attempting to remove the injustice, he ignored it, breaking the law, and then going to prison. Indeed, in prison he wrote that he felt "free" and "not for a moment [did he] feel confined."²²

The experience of King in Montgomery, Alabama, was on a much greater scale than that of Thoreau, for it was truly the experience of 50,000 Negroes. The occasion was a city-wide Negro boycott of the segregated bus system, a non-violent, united demonstration for the rectification of an injustice. Throughout the boycott, which lasted over twelve months, the Negroes of Montgomery acted in accordance with King's philosophy. Like Thoreau, King and many other leaders of the boycott were arrested; but unlike Thoreau, the arrests were made not for defiance of the law, but out of the fear which the unjust whites inspired. The attainment of the ultimate goal of the boycott rested entirely within the Federal Courts, and this reliance upon government proved well-founded. The United States Supreme Court declared bus segregation unconstitutional.

An evaluation of the two means to an end is in order. Thoreau, out of a distrust of the majority rule in government and a conscious feeling that

government power over the individual was wrong, individually affirmed his beliefs and was imprisoned. Yet for his efforts his results were nil. King, however, uniting the discontented, leading them in non-violent protests, in love, and in religion, and relying upon legislation and court action, affirmed his philosophy with the result that his ends were reached.

The reasons for the success of King and the non-attainment of goals for Thoreau are many. Undoubtedly, Thoreau was years ahead of his time; he lived in an era when nationalistic spirit rose above social evil, and when slavery was tolerated rather than cursed. King, however, acted in the first days of a "Negro Revolution" for civil rights. The majority of the country's population possessed a sense of shame for southern discrimination and wished to rid themselves of that shame. From the lesson of history, the philosophy of King certainly was more effective than that of Thoreau.

Henry David Thoreau and Martin Luther King, Jr. proposed different means to a common end. If in the future both of the methods fail to achieve their end, new means will be proposed by leaders of the coming generations in the never-ending struggle against injustice in society.

FOOTNOTES

¹ Henry David Thoreau, *Walden and Civil Disobedience* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1960), p. 236.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*, p. 240.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 238.

⁵ *Ibid.*

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 235.

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 256.

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 255.

⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 241.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 242.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 243.

¹² *Ibid.*, p. 245.

¹³ Racial discrimination is such a well-known practice that specific instances are not included herein. Examples may be found in Martin Luther King, Jr., *Stride Toward Freedom: The Montgomery Story* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1958), pp. 28-9, 185-7.

¹⁴ King, p. 38.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 103.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 33.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 93.

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 150.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 51

²⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 105.

²¹ *Ibid.*, p. 117.

²² Thoreau, p. 248.

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The Green Cauldron

JAMES KATS

Rhetoric 101

WITH A REASONABLE AMOUNT OF RESEARCH, I WAS able to find the significance in the name of the *Green Cauldron*, the English department's magazine of freshman writing. The reason I tried to determine the significance was that my Rhetoric instructor dared anyone to try to find it out, saying that it would be impossible, and he then provided incentive by promising to raise the grade of anyone who did find it. I took his dare.

I started by going to the card catalogue at the University Library and trying to find the very first issue of the magazine ever published. I had two things in mind: (1) in this first issue there might be a reference to why the magazine was named and perhaps who had named it, and (2) I also planned to scan back-issues of the *Daily Illini* published around the time of the first issue of *The Green Cauldron* and look for an article perhaps explaining the magazine. I failed in both of these aims. I did, however, find from an article in the *Daily Illini* the names of the people on the original committee for selecting themes to be published in the magazine. I also found that two of these people were still on the staff here, but no longer served on the committee. I telephoned both of these instructors, Miss Margaret French and Professor C. W. Roberts, and from Professor Roberts learned that in the spring of 1931, a contest was held by the Rhetoric Department to choose a name for the as yet unpublished magazine. All of the Rhetoric students in 1931 submitted entries and the committee happened to like *The Green Cauldron*. Professor Roberts did not know the significance of the name and did not recall the name of the student who had submitted the winning entry.

Knowing about this contest made me wonder if I could possibly contact the winner of it. I went back to the University's archives and scanned the back issues of *The Green Cauldron* around 1931 and 1932. After spending a few hours leafing through the magazines, I finally found a well-hidden reference to the winner of the contest in the second issue published in 1931. His name was Earl Swartzlander.

The next thing I did was get the man's present address from the Alumni Association. I wrote Mr. Swartzlander a letter telling him the situation and asking him if he had intended any significance for the name when he submitted it. I received a reply from him about ten days later, part of which is quoted here:

Your Rhetoric Instructor is indeed wrong in proclaiming the name "Green Cauldron" had no significance whatever to the magazine itself. Though my memory may be a bit hazy, the essential facts are clear. In my second year

Rhetoric class in the spring of 1931, all Rhetoric students were asked to submit names for the magazine not yet born but stated to be a magazine for the publication of freshmen themselves. . . . I submitted the name "Green Cauldron" and didn't know it was a winner until the fall of '31 when the first issue came out. . . .

Now the actual derivation stems from two things: the "Green" of course, for the freshmen and the little green beanies we all had to wear, and the word "Cauldron" from the melting pot of freshmen from all parts of the country, nationality-wise and what not. It had special meaning for me since I had grown up in a heavy industrial area north of Pittsburgh called Ford City, Pennsylvania, which truly was a melting pot for many foreign and ethnic groups of immigrants and their children from all parts of Europe and the world. This was, in fact, quite a melting pot and out of it came the name.

From this letter it should be apparent that Mr. Swartzlander intended the name to be symbolic for freshmen; it may be said that the magazine is dedicated to all freshmen.

Photostats of the letter Mr. Swartzlander sent me and the letter I sent him are attached to this report. A copy of the issue of the *Green Cauldron* stating Mr. Swartzlander was the winner of the contest may be easily obtained in the University Archives.

The New Deal

CAROL ZIMMERMAN

Rhetoric 101

INSTRUCTOR'S NOTE: The class was given a copy of the following quote from a *Courier* article, and instructed to defend the apathetic student:

"It's 'the students who don't care enough to be revolting' who pose the big problem to universities, not the demonstrating minorities, says Edmund G. Williamson, dean of students at the University of Minnesota.

'Apathy is a much more serious problem than the violence of the minority splinter groups,' Williamson said Tuesday night.

'On every campus the largest percentage of students are those who couldn't care less; who put their quarter in the vending machine, get their hot dog and go home; who never join the university.'

ANY SATISFACTORY RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN TWO PARTIES necessitates a certain degree of give-and-take which has been agreed upon between the two participants. When the needs of one or both parties changes or the capacity to give is altered, the relationship may be terminated or adjusted. When student-teacher relations were based on person-to-person acquaintance, the student could be expected to respond directly to his professor. Dean Williamson, in his recent discussion of apathetic students,

implied that the students are not respecting their part of the academic bargain. The fact is, however, that the university has altered its relationship with the student, and the student has responded accordingly.

The university offers a television lecture, and the student only lends an ear. When a live lecture to five hundred pupils requires that no questions be asked during the lecture section, the student obliges. When the makeshift teacher, the graduate assistant, has to dash to his own classes, his students gingerly step aside. Because of its size any large university cannot as a rule provide small, live lectures by seasoned professors who have hours of free time to spend in informal seminar following class. The university offers a seat in which the student may politely watch the show, and the student responds accordingly by quietly absorbing the action that centers about a distant podium.

For the student who was spurred to success in high school by the personal attention and encouragement he received from his teachers, the impersonal basis of student-teacher relations on the university level is certainly disconcerting. The absence of guidance by his instructors may force this type of student into a period of inactivity which Dean Williamson would probably term "apathetic." At best this student will learn to be self-motivating. If not, there are few at the university who will recognize his problem and give him the initial stimulus he needs.

Dean Williamson was disturbed by the existence of students who "don't care enough to be revolting." Some students have no reason to join the academic community spiritually. For these students a college education may only be the means to a more-money career. The campus is also a comfortable refuge for those wishing to avoid the draft. In addition the college serves as the happy-hunting-grounds for young girls who want more-money husbands. These motives for attending the university are not traditionally accepted reasons for pursuing a higher education. There is, however, no one who will personally discover and discourage this type of student. More likely than not, no inquisitive professor will push the student to the wall and ask, "Jones, what are *you* doing here?" The draft-dodger and a variety of his friends will be allowed to melt into the woodwork for four years. No one will disturb these students any more than anyone will attempt to rouse the temporarily discouraged student who was coddled in high school.

Ideally the student should attend college in pursuit of a higher education. He should not have to rely on spoon-fed motivation by a professor. One type of student, the self-disciplined one, may function quite effectively in the impersonal atmosphere of the large university. He has learned to seek knowledge for himself by himself. It is not necessary that he receive personalized instruction or encouragement, for he is as satisfied hearing a lecture with six hundred classmates as he is with six.

Dean Williamson was shocked to see that "on every campus the largest percentage of students are those who put their quarter in the vending machine,

get their hot dog and go home; who never join the university." Actually Dean Williamson implied the answer to his own dilemma. The student who gives the impression that he "couldn't care less" is merely respecting his part of the new educational bargain. The multiversity, the big university, is truly a huge vending machine. The de-humanized university offers the student a place to exist and the student responds by existing and doing no more than that.

My First Deer

JAMES WILLIAMS

Rhetoric 101

THE GLORIES OF THE HUNT ARE SADLY EXAGGERATED. There is no triumph in watching the death throes of an animal, nor may one exult in the vicarious thrill of the chase, as an animal senses its approaching death. For all its dashing elegance, the British foxhunt is no more a splendid achievement than is stoning sparrows or killing deer. Mere pageantry does not mask the deed. Indeed, I hardly felt elegant as I plodded through knee-deep Vermont snow stalking the deer which, until then, had filled me with nervous anticipation, peculiarly exciting for its fleeting brutality. The impact of a senseless killing had not yet begun to grate my conscience.

My assigned trail brought me to the first shadow of doubt—an old Indian burial mound. In the crystal-laced silence of a once-holy site, I thought of the irony of my presence, intending to kill for pleasure an animal that had perhaps meant life and death to some pathetic savages. The thought was dismissed, however, with the inward half-smile induced by recognized security. I could not shake the persistent drive, evidenced by Hemingway's writings, that compels men to show a mastery and domination over the nature that once dominated them.

Mercifully, perhaps, for my victim and me, our meeting had gone and passed in the brief attachment of flesh to metal. My finger had found the trigger, free from the inhibitions—if they existed—of my mind. I stared at the steaming body before me as it twitched and seemed to antagonize my own body in the same manner. I was not aware, for several seconds, of the large hands that thumped my back and of the deep voices that acclaimed my hunting excellence. I was an object for these men who seemed to worship brutality.

The pride which they expected to fill my body was never felt. Instead, I felt strangely empty, as if something had leaped out of me as I fired my death-blow. But the hollow feeling was a cleansing one. Somehow I thought that I had never had any control over the presence of that awful force, but I still could not absolve myself from a sense of guilt. I could only be glad that some Demon had left me, satisfied, I hoped, with no thought of return.

And Man Was Fruitful

JULIE STEINKE
Rhetoric 101

INSTRUCTOR'S NOTE: The assignment was to discuss the proper government action in response to the population explosion.

GOD SAID UNTO MAN, "BE FRUITFUL, AND MULTIPLY . . ." (Genesis 1:28). And man lived according to His Word and was fruitful and multiplied. The seasons followed one after the other; generation begot generation. But a day came to pass when there were multitudes of people. There was not enough grain for bread nor enough tents for shelter nor was anything plentiful. And there was great ugliness.

The day has indeed come to pass *now*. On a planet 8,000 miles in diameter, there live almost three billion people. Such mass people-production has resulted in grave national and personal problems. Since reproduction is a natural part of human existence and since all current aid to underdeveloped countries, such as agricultural advice and medical services, tends to allow more people to live longer, this situation may seem unsolvable. Birth control, however, is a practical answer. And the United States government, which must face the difficulties brought by population increase on the national and international levels, could do much for world well-being if it would initiate a definite public program advocating birth control.

In an era of great technological, scientific, and economic advancement, most of the world's inhabitants do not share in the bounties reaped from these gains. They lack almost everything except children. The National Council of Churches in a report made last June stated that "Two billion persons *now* live in areas of nutritional deficiency. They are the ones with the highest birthrates." Many of the nations where these people live, India and Haiti for example, are too poor to be able to help their ever-spiraling populations. Whatever improvements they do achieve are swallowed up by further population growth. The economy of a nation like Indonesia can never meet the increasing demands not only for food but for medicine, doctors, schools, and roads. And the support and interest of the people at the local level are often missing. The Indian peasant planting his rocky field in Peru in an attempt to feed ten children is too tired and too ignorant to care about anything except the basic, almost unattainable necessities. And these problems will not improve under existing conditions. According to the September 18, 1965, issue of *The New Republic*, the earth's population will double in thirty-five years. Gunnar Myrdal, a well-known Swedish economist, says that the earth's people are headed toward a "world calamity."

Many Americans complacently believe that scenes of over-population and

poverty occur only in far-off Asia or Africa; they have never seen the Los Angeles ghetto or the Georgia sharecropper's shack. Our seemingly affluent society, however, suffers from the same problems that less fortunate nations face. As former Assistant Secretary of Labor Daniel Moynihan put it, "While the rich of America do whatever it is they do, the poor are begetting children." In cities such as New York and San Francisco, poor families with a never-ceasing flow of children crowd together in slums. Unsafe and unsanitary tenements with exorbitant rents, broken homes and deserted families, illegitimacy and welfare, drunkenness and violence are some of the degrading conditions under which these people live. According to the September 25, 1965, issue of *The New Republic*, the Negro population which provides some of the more shocking urban problems has city birthrates which "are running some 40 percent higher than those of whites; Negroes have smaller incomes but larger families. . . ." Even away from the deadly influence of the cities, the conditions are not much better. In the West Virginia cabin or the Indian hogan, the sense of family may be stronger, but a man can do little for his dozen children when he is out of work or trying to eke a living out of an arid corn field. In both the urban and rural areas, the people feel numbed and trapped. The resulting hopelessness and hatred can sap even a great country's strength.

In the past, the United States government has attempted to aid foreign countries through food exportation and technical and medical assistance and to help our own national underdeveloped areas through job retraining and urban renewal. But now that a policy of birth control is slowly being devised, there are cries of dissent. People like Mrs. Katherine B. Oettinger, head of the Children's Bureau in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, feel that "education and instruction in effective family planning should be an essential component of both the health and welfare agencies. . . ." But those who, for religious and even racial reasons, are against birth control feel differently. The Catholics are opposed on moral grounds, for the Church teaches that birth control through contraception is immoral. They also believe, as Washington's Archbishop Patrick O'Boyle stated, that a government program of birth control would be "a clear invasion of the sacred right of privacy." Some Negroes are also protesting. They are afraid that birth control will be used as a means of reducing the percentage of Negroes in the American population. Elijah Muhammad said, "It is through the poison plan that the poison scientists of this race [white] devise doom for you [the Negro] and me, using the poison Birth Control Law to get the so-called American Negro out of the nations of the earth. . . ."

But these dissenters have not viewed the situation realistically. The right to be able to choose whether or not one will use birth control methods and the knowledge that one will never be forced to use them are part of the benefits of living in a democracy. Even if the majority of this country's citizens decided

to participate in birth control programs, those who disagreed would legally be able to continue their established marital practices. And any group, especially a minority group, plagued by excessively large families and poverty could profit from birth control. The lowered birthrates would result in better living conditions and stronger family units for the individual members of the group and in increased prosperity and power for the group as a whole.

The world is at a critical point in its history. The burdens of an increasing population and the accompanying economic and social strains must be faced by all nations. And because of their magnitude, these threats will eventually affect all people. Since it has wealth, power, and prestige, the United States government can do much to prevent ultimate disaster: it must advocate birth control. Our government has a definite responsibility to the millions of already-existing people who need help and to the millions of unborn children who must be born into a better world if they are to be created at all. Through birth control, perhaps the entire world will one day know peace and plenty.

Beyond the Books

ANN THOMAS

Rhetoric 101

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN VITALLY INTERESTED IN THE POLITICAL situation of the world but particularly that of the United States and most particularly how I could use my life to further the cause of better international relations. I was quite sure I knew how. I had the good intent, the ambition, and, since I was only sixteen years old, the blue-eyed innocence of someone who had never met a foreigner, much less *known* a person of that category. I was so completely convinced of my potential powers that I viewed all else around me with a hint of contempt. I felt that as soon as I escaped the provinciality and prejudice of the small community I was raised in, I would then soar to the greatness of another Schweitzer. I had a reputation for being "different": I was the one who replied, when the history teacher asked, that I would marry a Negro if I fell in love with him; I was the one who was going to join the Peace Corps and end up having the whole country of, say Peru, love the United States because *I* had been there. Oh, yes, I had stupendous plans for myself, and not one doubt that the world of people was not as easy to cope with as I thought or that I was the person I thought. Strange, what miserable failures we are at what we think we are best in, or worse still, what mediocre successes we become. Fortunately, I found out at the early age of seventeen that my dreams were hollow and that the world

would laugh mockingly at anyone who continued to believe in such outlandish plans beyond the teen-age stage.

I became interested in the American Field Service after having met a German AFS'er who was staying with relatives for a year of study here in the States. I began devoting most of my free time to drumming up interest in the organization: I talked to students; I talked to faculty members and convinced a stoic student council to begin a money drive for AFS; I cornered members of the community and asked for their support and interest. After months of work a handful of the town and school's most active and liberal-minded people held a meeting and decided to submit to the head office in New York the names of several families who wished to be host families to a student. We worked with the vigor and untiring diligence of people who had found something worth working for. At the end of one year's labor we were rewarded by the presence of a tiny Philippino girl who spent a year in our school. The time passed quickly and soon we were back to our same problems—those of raising money for a student and finding a family. I asked my parents to apply since I was now old enough to be a "sister" to a student. They did, and we received a girl by the name of Sabra Raza who came from the Great Indian Desert and whose background was an impressive list of royalty. She and I were to share the same room and attend the same classes, and it was my intention that we also be the best of friends throughout the year.

The first months went smoothly enough. There were things about her I didn't understand, habits I couldn't quite accept, attitudes that were completely alien to mine and an Asian temperament that left me bewildered and very quiet. She wanted to be affectionate; she wanted me to be cuddlingly and lovingly affectionate. It seemed as though her silent demand for it was like that of a baby hungering for a mother's love. I knew that Sabra had been without a family of her own since the age of three. Her own mother had been thirteen when Sabra was born and had almost immediately enrolled the baby in an Irish missionary school in Kashmir. I knew this, and maybe even realized dimly that Sabra was asking for a kind of love she had never known. If I knew it I did nothing about it. I couldn't. I clamped shut like a clam and became unrelentingly distant to keep myself from the suffocation of her strong emotions. The gap became wider until at the end we were strangers of a sort, unable to communicate and afraid to try.

I failed to accept the habits and customs she brought with her. Why did she not eat meat? She was Moslem and was perfectly free to do so, but she thought the sacrifice of meat in America, where meat is an important part of the daily diet, would save her mother from a premature death. How could she even *think* that way in this day and age? Didn't she realize the strain she was putting on my mother, who firmly believed she was not feeding Sabra properly? And why did she fast for two months during Ramadan when she had never done it before in her life? What was the point of not eating or drinking from sun-up to sun-down for two entire months? Why did she

refuse to use a razor? Why did she have to pray strenuously for forty minutes before she went to bed and after I had been there for some time? Didn't she realize I couldn't sleep with all that jumping up and down going on at one o'clock in the morning? Why couldn't she take an ordinary bath? Why was it necessary that she pour the water over herself and in the process flood the bathroom? Why couldn't she understand that all Americans were not made of money? She used to hint for money after she had used all of hers to buy a tape recorder, a hair dryer, and a fancy camera, all of which were useless to her in India. Why did she have to be so emotional, so impractical, so childish and so packed with ridiculous superstitions and ideas?

The year 1963-64 ended, and I will candidly admit that I was relieved. But here my story takes on another dimension. During that year I myself had been accepted as an AFS student and received a scholarship to spend the 1964-65 school year in Sweden. Sabra and I parted quickly and without tears; both of us were absorbed in the impending long trips and both of us were numbed by the year's cold coexistence. I remember what she whispered to me as I was about to board a plane for New York. "I love you, Ann, despite the fact that I know you almost hate me. I'm sorry I wasn't what you wanted." That is verbatim because I remember each word very distinctly, though I didn't think about them until a long time afterward.

Before I even got to Sweden and my family, I was already transformed. I had experienced, first hand, the long boat trip during which I realized with shock that I was leaving behind everything I knew and loved for an entire year. I spent one full night on the ship crying in self-pity and at the same time strangely aware that I was lucky. I knew that in this next year I would be conducting a search for self-identity. I would be finding out exactly who I was, what I was capable of, and where I was going. I sensed that this was good.

In Sweden I was slapped in the face with a new language—shedding the old one like dry skin. I ran solidly into a new set of moral codes and prejudices. I was reborn into a different world, a strange world and one of which I knew nothing. Suddenly, I found myself clamoring for affection—not a suffocating love but a warm, understanding friendship which would help me bear my newly acquired burdens. I and my ideas were sometimes laughed at, and I was frequently thought of as a dumb, rich American whose moral standards were ridiculously backward and childish.

One night I was lying on my bed, staring at the wallpaper when Sabra came into my mind. Sabra—it had been a long time since I had thought of her. And suddenly, without even realizing what was happening, I sat bolt upright in bed, and my mind was screaming, "I understand. Oh, my God, I understand! I know what she wanted, I know why she acted the way she did." A profound sense of relief settled down over my ruffled spirit, and yet a hint of disquiet remained because it was too late. Sabra and I had had our year; we had had our chance and failed to make the grade. We would never

have it again, but perhaps our failure had turned into wisdom. It had on my part, and I felt sure it had on Sabra's part. That moment of enlightenment guided me through the year. The memory of Sabra and of myself, as I was then, helped me to understand my new Swedish sister and made it possible for us to get as much out of the year as we could. I learned to accept the country, the customs and the people as they were. I immersed myself as deeply as I could in my new environment and emerged greatly enriched and forever grateful.

My dream of long ago has not vanished, though it has matured. If I am to work in the realm of the international, then I shall do it on a selfless basis. I've learned to give instead of receive; I've learned to accept rather than condemn; I've learned to understand rather than conveniently ignore; and I've learned who I am.

The Nature of Comedy as Seen Through "The Mad Gardener's Song"

JOHN S. OLSON

Rhetoric 102

He thought he saw an Elephant,
That practised on a fife:
He looked again, and found it was
A letter from his wife.
"At length I realize," he said,
"The bitterness of Life!"¹

THIS STANZA IS CERTAINLY COMIC. ITS MERE STRUCTURE betrays its lack of seriousness. In fact, "The Mad Gardener's Song" is classified by most as child-like nonsense, yet it makes one smile, perhaps even feel silly, or even worse, laugh. But where, in light of the heavy theory section in *The Comic in Theory & Practice*, is a theory to deduce the reasons for the laughter produced by these lines? The following explanation of the comic seems itself ludicrous in its complexities when applied to "The Mad Gardener's Song":

Now the serious is the habitual stress which the mind lays upon the expectation of a given order of events, following one another with a certain regularity and weight of interest attached to them. . . . The ludicrous, or the comic, is the unexpected loosening or relaxing [sic] this stress below its usual pitch of intensity, by such an abrupt transposition of the order of our

ideas, as taking the mind unawares, throws it off its guard, startles it into a lively sense of pleasure, and leaves no time nor inclination for painful reflection.²

Indeed, this definition of the comic, while it might somehow be logically sound, seems to add a false dignity to the nonsensical poem. The mere length of the last sentence alienates a reader who enjoyed Carroll's poem. The poem appears to be joyous nonsense, not a loosening or relaxing of a stress. However, Hazlitt is not the only theorist whose views do not seem to account for the comedy in "The Mad Gardener's Song." There seems to be a discrepancy in the theories with respect to this poem. Something is missing in these laws of comedy, and it appears that this child-like rhyme is some sort of clue to a fallacy or an omission on the part of the theorists.

According to one writer, "comedy appeals to the laughter which is in part at least the malice, in us; for comedy is concerned with human imperfections, with people's failure to measure up either to the world's or their own conception of excellence."³ But malice is too strong a word to be applied to "The Mad Gardener's Song." One certainly does not laugh with malice toward the eccentricities of a silly gardener. Even when straining, twisting, and squeezing meanings from this poor gardener's statement, one still cannot, honestly at least, deduce a reason for any other kind of laughter than that produced from pure nonsense. If "laughter is the song of triumph," where in Carroll's poem is the cause for this "momentary superiority over the person he [the reader] laughs at?"⁴ The reader must know that Carroll has given the gardener an absentmindedness which reaches the point of absurdity, and therefore, how does a sense of superiority enter into laughter over this poem?⁵ The gardener certainly cannot be interpreted as representing some real person, but must be thought of only as an extremely fictional character whose purpose is to make others laugh through illogical illusions and thoughts. Laughter at such a person cannot, as Baudelaire states, be "the expression of an idea of superiority,"⁶ nor can its source be the affectations so adhered to by Fielding as the basis of comedy.⁷

Henri Bergson's laws, by the very fact that he calls them laws, seem unsatisfactory as an explanation of the comic in Carroll's poem. The suppleness upon which Bergson so often relies in his descriptions of life seems ironically to be missing from his theories. He forces the definition of comic to be confined into one sentence: "*any arrangement of acts and events is comic which gives us, in a simple combination, the illusion of life and the distinct impression of a mechanical arrangement.*"⁸ This one sentence cannot entirely encompass the subject of the comic. There is no mention of the mood for laughter; all that need be present is a mechanical encrustation.⁹ Where, however, is this mechanization in Carroll's poem? The structure of the poem does present a form of repetition which probably does affect the comic aspect of the sound of the poem, but certainly the gardener's sights and replies offer little coherency,

let alone any rigidity or unnatural uniformity. One finds nowhere "*a person embarrassed by his body*"¹⁰ except maybe the gardener's "Sister's Husband's Niece" (1.10). Bergson does, however, describe one cause of laughter which does apply in part to Carroll's poem, but his words seem too melodramatic for such a seemingly innocent device. "On the one hand, a person is never ridiculous except through some mental attribute resembling absentmindedness, through something that lives upon him without forming part of his organism, after the fashion of a parasite."¹¹

Bergson was, perhaps, too careful or too scientific in his detailed discussion of laughter, for he seems to have neglected almost entirely the illogical nature of comedy. He was not, however, the only theorist who lost sight of this aspect of laughter. For the most part, it appears that this side of comedy has been pushed into or hidden in the background. Perhaps the critics and writers are ashamed of the fact that they are unable to decipher completely this aspect of the comic which partakes of silly laughter and nonsense. There even seems to be disdain, which may have been evolved through translation, in Aristotle's tone when he says, "Comedy is, as I have said, an imitation of the lower types, though it does not include the full range of badness, nevertheless to be ridiculous is a kind of deformity."¹² Bergson also uses the word deformity in one of his laws, but he qualifies it by saying that the only "*deformity that may become comic is a deformity that a normally built person could successfully imitate.*"¹³ But still the word seems too ugly to apply to a silly gardener, yet it does, no doubt, certainly add some sort of dignity to his simplemindedness. But, "there is no dignity in laughter,"¹⁴ at least not in the case of the mad gardener, but only a type of pleasure from this laughter for no apparent reason. Perhaps, the penny-postage stamp joke took some reasoning and the argument "that proved he was the Pope" (1.50) some worldliness, but mistaking the stamp for an albatross or the argument for a "bar of mottled soap" (1.52) lacks any type of rational thinking, yet these hallucinations are funny, at least to children. When one reads many of the theorists, however, these delusions are not comic, for their theories appear to deduce that comedy must be intellectual or, at least be intellectualized, but certainly not be a form of childhood illness. Bergson's scientific treatment of laughter, Fielding's conviction that there is only one source of comedy, Johnson's difficulty in writing "The Difficulty in Defining Comedy," Hazlitt's stress theory, Baudelaire's belief that pride is the cause of laughter, Meredith's absurd allegory, and Langer's belief that "human life-feeling is the essence of comedy"¹⁵—these all seem to raise the comic from the depths of child-like laughter to the dignity of solemn smiles, for as Beerbohm says, "there is much of it [dignity] in smiles. Laughter is but a joyous surrender, smiles give a token of mature criticism."¹⁶

The purpose of comedy, which is intimately related to its causes, is also highly stressed by the theorists, but where is a purpose in "The Mad Gardener's

Song"? Comedy to Kronenberger is criticism although it "need not be hostile to idealism; it need only show how far human beings fall short of ideal."¹⁷ Bergson parallels this view, considering comedy "a sort of social gesture" which "restrains eccentricity."¹⁸ One wonders, however, where the "froth with the saline base"¹⁹ is in Carroll's poem, or where Meredith's "oblique light" and "humanely malign volleys of silvery laughter" are.²⁰ There are, unquestionably, many designs, purposes, and motives in comic literature, nor is there any doubt that comedy can correct or uncover social injustices and foolish customs, but the question is whether comedy is explainable or, even stronger, inseparable, as some of the theorists seem to believe, from these designs to correct. It is true that people usually laugh at someone or something, but "*what is laughable* does not explain the nature of laughter any more than what is rational explains the nature of reason."²¹ In relation to this Freud says: "A person may be made comical in order to render him contemptible or in order to deprive him of his claims to dignity and authority. But even if such a purpose were regularly at the bottom of all attempts to make a person comical this need not necessarily be the meaning of the spontaneous comic."²² Freud's use of the word *spontaneous* quite appropriately applies to the essence of the comic in "The Mad Gardener's Song." One chuckles at the mere sight of these illogical verses. This laughter is spontaneous; it takes place before one has time to think of a purpose behind the phrases, indicating as Freud hints, that there is something much more basic to comedy than the purpose to correct.

It would appear fruitless, however, to attempt to find this more basic nature of laughter since so many truly great literary minds have seemingly failed in their attempts. But perhaps they have overlooked or understated this basis of comedy, for, as Freud points out, "the comic process cannot stand examination by the attention, it must be able to proceed absolutely unnoticed . . ."²³ Perhaps laughter is unaccountable by logical examination and can only be described. Beerbohm openly states such a feeling when he remarks, "I suffer from a strong suspicion that things in general [in this case comedy] cannot be accounted for through any set of formulae, and that any one philosophy, however new, is no better than another."²⁴ But even a description of such a seemingly simple act is complicated. Susanne K. Langer has come as close as anyone:

Laughter, or the tendency to laugh (the reaction may stop short of the actual respiratory spasm, and affect only the facial muscles, or even meet with complete inhibition) seems to arise from a surge of vital feeling. This surge may be quite small, just so it be sudden enough to be felt distinctly; but it may also be great, and not particularly swift, and reach a marked climax, at which point we laugh or smile with joy. Laughter is not a simple overt act, as the single word suggests; it is the spectacular end of a complex process. As speech is the culmination of a mental activity, laughter is a culmination of a feeling—the crest of a wave of felt vitality. . . .²⁵

From such a description one is led to believe that this act of laughing is really an expression of some type of emotion. Beerbohm casually indicates his belief in an emotional aspect of laughter when he states that "only the emotion of love takes a higher rank than the emotion of laughter."²⁶ The assumption that comedy produces an emotional effect is definitely a clue to the much-sought-after basic nature of laughter.

The fact that comedy appeals on a highly personal basis adds a great deal to the support of the proposition that laughter is something more than a simple case of cause and effect. This type of reasoning is, of course, dependent on a belief that emotions are intrinsic and, at times, highly illogical processes. It must be accepted, however, that people's reactions to various, supposedly comic events cannot, to any great extent, be classified except on a very general basis. For example, a baby's awkward fall may bring laughter to an observer, but a worried look to the face of the baby's mother. A sadistic, sexual joke may bring laughter to the unsophisticated while it may bring only a sickening feeling to one who has seen the effects of a deviate. Thus, as Freud points out, "affects, disposition, and the attitude of the individual in occasional cases make it clear that the comic comes and goes with the viewpoint of the individual person; that only in exceptional cases is there an absolute comic."²⁷ This last phrase, coupled with the fact that "The Mad Gardener's Song" cannot be taken seriously, seems to point to something else concerning the emotional nature of laughter and indicates that this "absolute comic" might be that something at the very heart of comedy which applies and holds in general.

Baudelaire considers the grotesque to be this "absolute comic" "because laughter caused by the grotesque has about it something profound, primitive and axiomatic, which is much closer to the innocent life and to absolute joy than is the laughter caused by the comic in man's behavior."²⁸ One begins to see the truth of this statement in relation to "The Mad Gardener's Song" if the modern, frightening connotations of the word "grotesque" are removed from its definition. There is something about a completely absurd statement that makes most people laugh and the rest of them, who consider the maintenance of their dignity precious, smile. Perhaps the very absurdness of the fact that this laughter is seemingly unmotivated is the reason that most of the theorists either avoid or only briefly mention this aspect of comedy. "The Mad Gardener's Song" certainly fits into this category of the grotesque. "A Bear without a Head" that is "waiting to be fed" (11, 34, 36) is certainly a prime example of absurd humor. Bergson deals briefly with this same type of comedy by stating that "*comic absurdity is of the same nature as that of dreams.*"²⁹ It is also interesting to note that only in this part of his essay does Bergson mention the effect of mood upon laughter, but then he leaves this topic rather hurriedly to discuss the improbable "logic of dreams."³⁰ It is instructive to note, however, that both Baudelaire and Bergson have implied a relationship between comedy and the fantastic.

It can now be very naturally postulated that there is a definite relationship between childhood and the basic nature of laughter. Children are certainly filled with dreams and fantastic visions which may, at times, cause them to laugh uproariously over things which adults cannot find humorous. While it may seem trite, it is nevertheless true that children seem, at times, to laugh with a type of pure joy that most adults find impossible to imitate. It appears that children have not come in contact with such words as "superiority," "immorality," and "mechanization." As they grow older, they do develop an awareness of the relationship between these words and laughter which the theorists have described, yet most of them still, at one time or another, express, if they possess it, a general mood of happiness and contentment with joyous smiles and silly giggles. Bergson often relied, perhaps unconsciously, on his childhood memories to find examples for his laws of laughter, yet he never fully exploited the meaning of such regressions. Perhaps, it is here in the laughter of a child that one can find the "primitive and axiomatic" joy that Baudelaire talks about. One finds it very easy to arrive at the conclusion that comedy itself might have developed from this primitive form of expressing happiness into the vast territory of feelings, events, and literary works which it now encompasses. This laughter of joy could have been changed, adulterated, or dignified to suit the needs or desires of the people who sought to produce it artificially for their own pleasure; and it seems that the theorists have carefully classified and stated the causes for these artificially produced types of laughter, but have still failed to account fully for laughter's natural causes. In any case, they have failed to explain Carroll's poem, and it is only this idea of the primitive childhood joy that can truly describe the effects of "The Mad Gardener's Song."

Upon first reading, "The Mad Gardener's Song" appears to be childish nonsense, and upon second reading, it appears to be no more intellectual. The poem is merely an expression of the author's unrestrained imagination. It appears to be an expression of this child-like joy which has been postulated to be the basis of laughter, and in no other way can Carroll's poem be explained more fully than by one's acceptance of it as the comic effect of childhood nonsense. "The Mad Gardener's Song" may have no dignity surrounding it, but it possesses a quality about it which most comic works have been unable to achieve. It leaves no "saline" taste. It is simple and produces simple, yet unexplainable laughter. It tries not to teach, but to produce a silly happiness. It is sad, indeed, if one is so far removed from his childhood that such a poem stimulates only intellectual disdain. After all, this type of poem and the type of laughter it produces may actually be the basis of all comedy, for as Freud points out, all man's methods of producing artificial laughter "strive to bring back from the psychic activity a pleasure which has really been lost in the development of this activity. For the euphoria which we are striving to obtain is nothing but the state of a bygone time, in which we did not know the comic, were incapable of wit, and did not need humor to make us happy."³¹

FOOTNOTES

¹ Lewis Carroll, "The Mad Gardener's Song" (1889), in *The Collected Verse of Lewis Carroll* (The Macmillan Co.: New York, 1933), 11, 1-6.

² William Hazlitt, "On Wit and Humor" (1819), in *Lectures on the English Poets and the English Comic Writers*, ed. William Carew Hazlitt (George Bell & Sons: London, 1884), p. 4.

³ Louis Kronenberger, *The Thread of Laughter* (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.: New York, 1952), p. 4.

⁴ Marcel Pagnol, *Notes sur le rire*, as quoted by Susanne K. Langer, *Feeling and Form* (Charles Scribner's Sons: New York, 1953), p. 339.

⁵ See Sigmund Freud, *Wit and Its Relation to the Unconscious* (1905), in *The Basic Writings of Sigmund Freud*, tr. A. A. Brill (Random House, Inc.: New York, 1938), p. 776.

⁶ Charles Baudelaire, "On the Essence of Laughter" (1855), in *The Mirror of Art*, tr. & ed. Jonathan Mayne (Phaidon Press Ltd.: London, 1955), p. 144.

⁷ Henry Fielding, "Author's Preface" (1742), in *Joseph Andrews* (Rinehart & Co. Inc.: New York, 1948), p. xxi.

⁸ Henri Bergson, "Laughter" (1900), tr. Cloutesley Brereton and Fred Rothwell, in *Comedy* (Doubleday & Co. Inc.: New York, 1956), p. 105.

⁹ See Bergson, p. 84.

¹⁰ Bergson, p. 93.

¹¹ Bergson, p. 170.

¹² Aristotle, "Poetics" (c. 335-323 B.C.), in *Aristotle on the Art of Fiction*, tr. L. J. Potts (Cambridge University Press: Cambridge, 1953), p. 23

¹³ Bergson, p. 75.

¹⁴ Max Beerbohm, "Laughter," in *And Even Now* (E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.: New York, 1921), p. 305.

¹⁵ Susanne K. Langer, *Feeling and Form* (Charles Scribner's Sons: New York, 1953), p. 331.

¹⁶ Beerbohm, p. 305.

¹⁷ Kronenberger, p. 5.

¹⁸ Bergson, p. 73.

¹⁹ Bergson, p. 190.

²⁰ George Meredith, *An Essay on Comedy and the Uses of the Comic Spirit* 1877 (Charles Scribner's Sons: New York, 1897), p. 83.

²¹ Langer, p. 340.

²² Freud, p. 768.

²³ Freud, p. 791.

²⁴ Beerbohm, p. 304.

²⁵ Langer, p. 340.

²⁶ Beerbohm, p. 307.

²⁷ Freud, p. 791.

²⁸ Baudelaire, p. 144.

²⁹ Bergson, p. 180.

³⁰ Bergson, p. 181.

³¹ Freud, p. 803.

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Kay

THOMAS P. ROSSI

Rhetoric 101, Theme 2

"BEHOLD, THIS DREAMER COMETH." THE BOOK OF Genesis had announced me, but I did not hear. Lost in euphoria, I had just turned fourteen and had the world in my pocket, nestled next to my lucky piece and pocket knife. Surging with pubescent confidence, I sought new friends and experiences. I knew that I could handle any problem that came along.

One of my newly-discovered friends was Howie. We liked the same sports, the same girls, and the same brand of candy bar. We could never out-brag each other, but we always tried. It was natural that we would become inseparable friends. That summer was spent at either his house or mine. Over innumerable peanut butter sandwiches and Cokes, I came to know Howie's family.

His mother would, jokingly at first, and then with real affection, call me her number two son. Howie's dad never failed to thump me on the shoulder and bellow a hearty greeting. I felt ten times taller when they treated my like their own.

The one person who made me feel like a giant, though, was Howie's little sister, Kay. This fifty-pound angel would spy me approaching a block away and run to me. Grabbing my leg, she would try to coax me into giving her a piggyback ride. Invariably, she won, and my shoulders would be her not-too-unwilling transportation back home. Giggling and half-choking me, she would proudly announce to her envious neighborhood playmates that Tom was giving her a ride.

I never had a younger brother or sister. That is probably why Kay could shatter my adolescent pride so consistently with just a smile or hug. Howie regarded her as just a little sister, but I saw her as my personal object of protection. She was proof that I could conquer my world. She came to me for help, and I always helped. Whether wiping off her jam-smeared mouth or wiping away her tears after she skinned a knee, I never failed to solve her problems. The problems and questions that I couldn't solve or answer, I ignored.

One day, though, I could no longer ignore. I had to have the answer. Little Kay was taken to the hospital with pneumonia. I didn't find the usually spirited elf when I visited her. Frightened and bewildered, she hardly smiled at my forced jokes. I tried to help her in the best ways my young mind knew. I promised her a piggyback ride, held her hand, lessened some of her fears, and, finally, made her forget her troubles for a little while.

For three weeks I sat by her bedside whenever I could. Sometimes she laughed; sometimes she smiled; sometimes she just stared; and, one time, she died.

All of my jokes, words, and prayers could not have prevented her death. For the first time in my short life I was faced with something I couldn't control and was forced to admit defeat. The hot tears of frustration burned away my false pride and caused me to realize my shortcomings.

I still see a great deal of Howie; his mother still calls me her number two son, but the vitality is gone from our relationship. We never talk of Kay but her voice haunts the pauses in our conversations. She whispers, and I am humble.

A Memory

STEPHEN SCHRECK

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

THEY WERE SMILING AT EACH OTHER, ONE HOLDING two rifles and the other grinning down their barrels, when the triggers yielded to the pressure upon them. In one rifle the firing pin snapped forward into an empty cylinder. In the other, steel met brass as the pin rammed into the bullet which the chamber housed. The shock of the impact ignited the primer in the shell which spent itself in a white hot flash and in its dying gave birth to a flame which spread throughout the gunpowder. Pressure mounted as the burning explosive produced a tremendous amount of gas. Pressure found the least resistant point just behind the steel-coated bullet and forced it down the barrel at an ever-increasing speed until it erupted at the muzzle in a flaming roar.

It is probable that I was still grinning as the bullet tore into my chest. I saw the flash and heard the roar and it seemed to me that I remembered for a fraction of a second that I had left one of the guns loaded. I felt a burning sensation in my chest, a pain so great that it was more than pain. And memory was whipped away. I could think and feel only one thing.

Horror. Horror dominated my soul. I was dying. My back came against the wall with a thud and I began to fall toward the floor. I put out a hand and awaited the impact. Time seemed to slow down and I was spinning down a spiraling vortex, a whirlpool of sleep, of death. Time stopped. Then suddenly I was aware of lying on the floor with my brother standing over me asking, "What should I do?"

An accident had taken place. A tragedy had occurred in my life that I would never walk away from in either a figurative or a literal sense. The bullet had punctured a lung, torn through the liver, and shattered the spinal cord before erupting through the skin on the other side.

It is not an easy thing to believe, and, after believing, to accept that things in one's life will be different now. And that one is paralysed.

Rhet as Writ

I deplore you, sir, to answer my question and end my search.

* * *

I think Carroll's main thought is no matter how great the temptation is with false talk by alluring group of people painting pretty pictures always take the negative side and come out on top as a victor.

* * *

Remember the western movies where an Indian chief would tell a soldier that the soldier speaks with a forked tongue without saying a word?

* * *

On Tom Buchanan in *The Great Gatsby*: He achieved his physical climax as a football player in college and never progressed farther than that.

* * *

Many of the beds taken up by people in the hospital who are waiting to dy from an incurable disease such as cancer could be killed off and an end put to their suffering.

* * *

Latin America has started making birth control services available to the poor in Chile, while private clinics in Brazil are flourishing with eager women.

* * *

As Mary thought, she placed her frame of mind on the tract towards a tremendous conclusion to this course.

* * *

Big automobiles, called trucks, make it possible to carry industrial goods and natural resources

* * *

If it were not for the stable home life created by the American woman, where would we find great men of moral reform?

* * *

On TV cowboy heroes: Of course, they were always willing to fight for the honor or wrong doing of some lady.

* * *

The privilege of being able to visit other dormitories would be a very worthwhile change to fight for.

* * *

Of nearly 250 instances of the noun "faith" in the New Testament, more than half occur in the writings of the Epistle Paul.

* * *

First, more information concerning birth control could be given. Pills for this use could be made more easily attainable. But even this system is quite fallable. Often the most well laid plans of mice and men, as the saying goes, can fail.

* * *

I don't remember things that far back, but I do remember running home to listen to "The Lone Ranger" on the radio and ice boxes.

* * *

Older people remember horse and buggy teams, pot-bellied stoves, and other outdated gadgets with a warm heart.

* * *

On dancehall girls in TV westerns: They cannot definitely be classified as good or bad, because women are the sneaky type.

* * *

In the South, it is believed, that liberal politicians will yield the way toward integration.

* * *

Synecdoche is the substitution of a part for the whole or vice versa. It is also a city in upstate New York.

* * *

It is only fitting that a secret agent has an unusual car because one never knows when an injector seat will be needed.

* * *

Quietism in prose adds a fragrance of love. Picture yourself under a tree with your lover by your side and what will happen in the next few minutes.

* * *

A proletarian is one who permits. The proletarian allowed the race to begin.

ASSORTED DEFINITIONS

nocturnal: forever [eternal?]

flail: something to cover the face [veil?] not succeed [fail?]

diffident: innocent person [defendant?] meaning of a word [definition?]

totter: school teacher [tutor?]

* * *

One must do as the Golden Rule says: "Do onto others as you would have others do onto you."

* * *

Jefferson's fears of a British satellite, aristocracy rule, and the treat of Aaron Burr as a thorn in his side were past.

* * *

The first recorded essays were written in hot climates where food and fuel were plentiful and where shelter and clothes were almost needless.

* * *

After taking a poll of my friends, I find I am in the vast majority of students who feel the same as I towards kissing on the forehead.

* * *

Had it not been for conjunctions, pronouns, adverbs, prepositional phrases, and many other essential items of rhetoric, his address would have been meaningless to his listeners, as well as to any individual who may have read his "Gettysburg Address."

The Contributors

Morton Steinberg—Glencoe

James Kats—Lincoln H.S.

Carol Zimmerman—Niles East H.S., Skokie

James Williams—Yorktown H.S., Arlington, Va.

Julie Steinke—Woodstock

Ann Thomas—Woodbine

John S. Olson—Rockford East H.S.

Thomas P. Rossi—Rockford West H.S.

Stephen Schreck—Richmond Hill H.S., New York

The Winners

The following are the winners of the prizes for the best themes
in the March issue of the *Caldron*.

First: Edward Martell, *The Tree*

Second: F.S.N., *Have You Heard About Mary Poppins?*

Third: Mike Hodous, *Theoretically Impossible*

Fourth: Roy A. Zaborowski, *Comedy and the Absurd*

Fifth: Norman Glassman, *Life in a Fishbowl*

AWARDS

The Caldron will continue its policy of giving awards to the five best themes in each issue. The winners will be selected by the votes of the members of the freshman rhetoric staff.

The schedule of awards is as follows:

- First: Fifteen dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Second: Ten dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Third: Five dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Fourth: Five dollars worth of books
- Fifth: Five dollars worth of books

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THE GREEN CALDRON

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THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, may be published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

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THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



CONTENTS

<i>The Contributors and The Winners</i>	2
<i>Harry Egan, Jr.: End of a Heat Wave</i>	3
<i>Eve Bochner: The Children</i>	5
<i>Judith E. Filipowicz: Does She or Doesn't She? Only Her Stereotype Knows For Sure</i>	6
<i>Greg Sims: Euphemistic Physiology</i>	8
<i>Murray M. Porta: The Bomb</i>	9
<i>Russell G. Roberts: The Party That Flopped</i>	11
<i>Richard A. Knox: An Analysis of Heresy</i>	12
<i>Robert Kansy, Jr.: Hot Off the Line</i>	14
<i>Larry D. Stokes: Fishing the Kaskaskia</i>	15
<i>Stuart Glassman: Metamorphosis (Sabotage—Illumination—Continuity)</i>	16
<i>Fred Petrich: The Morality of Misprision</i>	17
<i>Rhet as Writ</i>	19

The Contributors

Harry Egan, Jr.—Extension

Eve Bochner—Evanston Twp. H. S.

Judith E. Filipowicz—Warren Twp. H. S.

Greg Sims—Marion H. S.

Murray M. Porta—Extension

Russell G. Roberts—Evanston Twp. H. S.

Richard A. Knox—Champaign H. S.

Robert Kansy, Jr.—Griffin H. S.

Larry D. Stokes—Brownstown Comm. H. S.

Stuart Glassman—Florida Sr. H. S., Miami Beach, Fla.

Fred Petrich—Glenbard West H. S.

The Winners

The following are the winners of the prizes for the best themes
in the May issue of the *Caldron*.

First: *John S. Olson, The Nature of Comedy as Seen
Through "The Mad Gardener's Song"*

Second: *Thomas P. Rossi, Kay*

Third: *Morton Steinberg, Means to an End*

Fourth: *Ann Thomas, Beyond the Books*

Fifth: *James Williams, My First Deer*

End of a Heat Wave

HARRY EGAN, JR.

Rhetoric 102, Theme 2

AS I LOUNGE LAZILY ON THE WESTWARD GAPPING FRONT porch of my home on Chicago's near south side, my view of the horizon and sky toward the sunset is arbitrarily blocked by a stoic cordon of spartan-looking, multi-story apartment buildings, blocked, that is, except for one narrow space directly across from my house which is held open by a dwarf-sized cottage amidst its surrounding cluster of comparative mammoths. The result of this "dollhouse" is a hole punched in my row of obstructions similar to the open space in a comb where several teeth have been broken away. Since most storm systems approach from the west, I call this viewing passage my "window to tomorrow's weather."

I distinctly remember one early evening last summer. Since the day's work was finished, our dinner was over, and the dishes were done, my family gregariously gathered on our front porch to swap stories, argue about the world situation, listen to the ballgame on the radio, and generally enjoy the breeze and camaraderie of this time which would someday be known as the "good ol' days." Friends and neighbors stopped to discuss the neighborhood's happenings casually. Peace literally abounded: as a matter of fact, *peace* was the key word for such a leisurely period of just plain "living."

Along the street other families did approximately the same thing. Each front porch was strewn with sprawling people; small groups of laughing adults deeply immersed in conversation pocked the sidewalk; and squealing hordes of children of every conceivable height, weight, and shape raced madly up and down the curbs and sidewalks on conveyances that ranged the full gamut of a child's imagination—bicycles, roller skates, and even soap boxes. These youngsters paused only momentarily in their wild pursuit of make-believe badmen, pirates, and Indians to patronize the seemingly endless stream of ice cream trucks which parade along our thoroughfare. Parenthetically, I do not know what the average ice cream truck driver's concept of Heaven is, but Union Avenue in the thirty hundreds must be as close to it as is possible here on earth. If just half the money kids on my street spend for ice cream went toward retiring the national debt, this financial burden would be eliminated in one good hot summer. At any rate the atmosphere on such an evening was one of conviviality, good fellowship, and normalcy.

But all the neighborliness and good conversation in the world could not negate the discomforting effects of six straight days of above ninety degree temperatures. This particular heat wave oppressed everyone unusually severely. A clear sky permitted a merciless sun to beat down and bake everyone

and everything beneath it; a soaring humidity carried up from the Gulf of Mexico by a constantly blowing southerly wind provided the moisture required to transform this quiet domestic scene into a metropolitan frying pan which caused the inhabitants of my concrete jungle to sizzle as the shortening in a deep fat fryer causes a basket full of breaded chicken parts to sizzle. The radio monotonously droned the possibility of a break in the heat wave, but only the possibility.

Around seven o'clock this specific evening, as a searing dusk settled over the steaming city, a feeling of imminent change gripped the air: the humidity suddenly leaped even higher, the warm, wilting wind dropped to a slight stir, and through my "window to tomorrow's weather," the sky was ominous. It was perhaps ten percent blocked out by an ever expanding, inexorably approaching squall line—dark, gray, foreboding. The transistor radio which heretofore had been unaffectedly blaring the ballgame now crackled sporadically with static caused by the, until then, unseen flashes of lightning. Someone in my family group, feigning nonchalance, asked what windows were open and who would be delegated to close them if a storm should break. No one mentioned the mild undercurrent of tension which permeated the atmosphere and everybody in it, but everyone sensed it, everyone girded himself against the tempest which was by now a certainty.

By eight o'clock the stars were blotted out by several layers of thick, black, rolling clouds. The air grew stagnant. Then suddenly, an icy northeast wind struck. It was as if a giant electric fan had been turned on out over Lake Michigan and pointed right at Chicago. At its first tornadic blast, everyone scurried for cover; we retreated to our enclosed hallway. My father hurriedly closed all of our windows, and then we, he and the rest of us, snuggled back in our hallway haven to await the chill which was sure to accompany this storm. By then, lightning jaggedly slashed the heavens; thunder boomed like a sporadic barrage of heavy artillery and subsequently rolled off toward infinity. One of us, cocking his head to one side and listening intently, announced hearing the first splish-splash of raindrops on the sidewalk, the collective vanguard of the deluge to come. In the short span of one or two minutes after that, the rain changed from a hit-an'-miss sprinkle to an all-enveloping torrent. The storm, with its full fury, was upon us!

At its peak, a vicious thunderstorm is fear-inspiring in its ferocity and magnificent in its rage. The gale which accompanied this particular thunderstorm drove the rain horizontally and caused the trees to writhe grotesquely before its awesome might. The rain came down so heavily that it was as if we were under a mammoth waterfall. Since the sewers could not accommodate the enormous volume of water which choked them in such a short period of time, the street began to flood. Looking out the window in my front door, I thought that the fearsome panorama which spread before my blinking eyes resembled a scene from Dante's *Inferno*—dark, eerie, violent.

After about an hour of administering this ferocious beating, the storm diminished in intensity: the wind subsided steadily, the rain slowed to a moderate drizzle, and the temperature cooled to a delightful tepidity. Everyone with an open, yet roofed shelter to protect him from the remnants of what used to be a few minutes before, stepped out to bask in the coolness. At about eleven the rain stopped entirely, so everyone retired to his bedroom, opened his window widely, and crept between crisp, cool sheets to enjoy a long overdue night of uninterrupted slumber. At last, the heat wave was broken.

The Children

EVE BOCHNER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 11

JEANETTE HAD A SAD FACE. PHYSICALLY, THERE WAS nothing ugly about her. Her only striking feature was her hair, uncontrollably naturally curly. Her short corkscrew curls gave her the appearance of a white "Topsy." Jeanette was frail and weak and most of all, pliable as putty. She was so, so easily pushed. Jeanette never asked, she always whined. When she whined, she pawed the ground like an old mare and never looked in anyone's eyes. Everyone knew how terrified of worms she was. She always found them—draped from her bicycle, intermingled with her resting dolls, even in her own pockets. And then she would whine.

Her parents were from England so Jeanette referred to objects by different names. "Come and have orange ices at my house," she would say. "Nanna gave me her brooches and we can dress in Mama's old suits." But who liked orange ices and how silly to say "Nanna" for grandma or call a pin a "brooch."

When Jeanette brought out a game to play with, she always played alone in a dark corner. Sometimes she would leave for a few moments to talk to her mother or perhaps get a sweater because playing in the shadows can make one chilly. But when she returned, she always found some of the game parts missing. Either the vital dice or spinner or important cards had disappeared. She would pick up the remaining parts and retreat up the stairs, but again there was that whine.

When Jeanette went to the playground, she always got hurt. When she fell from the monkey bars or tripped, she never made accusations. She merely picked herself up and with a blank stare departed.

Then, one day ten years ago, Jeanette's father was transferred to another position in another part of the city. But things were no different for Jeanette. Last December, after I hadn't seen her for ten years, Jeanette tried to commit suicide. Children are only small adults. Today, I hurt inside.

Does She Or Doesn't She? Only Her Stereotype Knows For Sure

JUDITH E. FILIPOWICZ

Rhetoric 102, Theme 9

INSTRUCTOR'S NOTE: The assignment for this theme required the student to select one classification of himself for which there is a commonly held stereotype. He was to show exactly what this stereotype was and then demonstrate how he did or did not fit that stereotype.

BECAUSE I AM "FREE, WHITE, AND TWENTY-ONE," I AM naturally considered to fit into one classification of all American twentieth-century women—the "emancipated woman." Since all the characteristics of this classification are not mirrored in my personality, however, I am not the *ideal* "emancipated woman." Hence I cannot be classified according to this accepted standard, and need a stereotype with a broader base if I must be so classified and regimented.

The main characteristic of the stereotyped "emancipated woman" is that she can do anything men do. In fact, the only thing a man can do that the supposedly "emancipated woman" cannot is join men's clubs, while the only thing the "emancipated woman" can do that a man cannot is have babies. The "emancipated woman" is expected to smoke, drink, and swear, as a man can. She can generally go into any profession she desires, whether it was formerly held sacred to men or not. (There are even women coal miners!) The "emancipated woman" can, of course, vote, and is expected to select her candidate herself. She must not rely upon her husband or other male friends to decide for whom she will cast her ballot. Lastly, the "emancipated woman" is expected to be just as free in matters of sex as men traditionally are, flitting from bed to bed in an imitation of a honeybee. The "emancipated woman" thinks nothing of using any convenient surface for sex—a car, a sandy beach, the bathroom tile, or even the kitchen table.

Now while I have most of the characteristics of the "emancipated woman," perhaps the one considered most important by men is lacking. I must admit that I smoke. A dreadful habit to be sure, but nonetheless I remain in its clutches. I also drink. Oh, not a dreadful amount, but I have been known to get a trifle high and demonstrate the fact by giggling hysterically at rather *unfunny* happenings. And, in times of dire stress and terrible trouble, discrete

little "hells" and "dams" have been known to erupt from my innermost soul and make themselves public. Obviously, the first qualification for being an "emancipated woman" is completely fulfilled.

The second qualification, that of entering men's sacred jobs, I shall also possess upon graduation. I intend to become a department store buyer—an eminently business-like employment—suitable only for the exalted male at an earlier date.

Women were granted the right to vote by an amendment to the Constitution, so naturally I shall vote. I shall also make my own decisions as to the man for whom I will vote, and will not be led around by male friends toward a decision mirroring theirs.

Obviously, I fit in quite well with the qualifications of the stereotype thus far. But here is where the rub comes. I do not follow the characteristic of the "emancipated woman" which rules that she is sexually as well as politically free. As a matter of fact, I even think that the traditional male sowing of wild oats can be done without. I am not particularly keen on the idea of skipping from bed to bed and sampling the goodies at each—in fact I am not even in favor of intercourse until after marriage.

The men of today who have been brought up to believe in the creed of the "emancipated woman" find this particular basic lack in my psychological make up very hard to take. "You want all the things men can give you, but you won't give anything to men in return!" "You're not an *emancipated* woman—you're just plain *Victorian!*" (or "*prudish*" as the case may be). These are a few of the "insults" thrown my way when I refuse to measure up to the vision of "emancipated womankind" held by some soul-suffering man. Obviously, men feel that they have been gypped. They gave up all of their sacred baubles, the masculine prerogatives, and in return I give nothing. Something is basically wrong with me—as an "emancipated woman"!

Because I fit in so well with most of the qualities of the "emancipated woman," one would think that the majority would rule, and I would actually be one. But in this case that one little deviation from the mark throws me away from the warm embrace of the stereotype and out into uncharted hinterlands. Therefore one must conclude that either the stereotype needs to be broadened for me or an entirely new stereotype must gain acceptance—the "think-for-herself woman."

The "think-for-herself woman" would make her own decisions on all counts, as I do. This would encompass the qualities given in the stereotype of the "emancipated woman" but would broaden it. Hence, if it is vitally necessary that people fit me into my own little slot, classified to the *nth* degree, then this would be the slot for me.

Behold, not the "emancipated woman," but the "woman who thinks for herself"!

Euphemistic Physiology

GREG SIMS

Rhetoric 102, Theme 4

NUMEROUS FRESHMEN MEN HAVE SUFFERED THROUGH the wandering, wordy wonderland, *Foundations of Physical Activity*, which is the text for the required course PEM 100. The physical education department has supersaturated this book with a splendid abundance of redundant, prolix terminology. It would appear that its sole intention is to impress all the naive freshmen with its superior vocabulary and intellectual endowments.

The book strongly resembles a medical text in that it is filled with long, technical phrases, most of which could be replaced by shorter words that would be more easily understood. Armed with two dictionaries and a thesaurus, I attempted to extricate some simple meanings from the following phrases which are frequently used in the book: "morphologically degenerated" (poorly built), "anthropometric examinations" (human measurement), "degenerative diseases associated with physical deterioration" (old age sickness), "a plethora of calories is the only explanation of obesity" (too much food causes fatness), and "human exologic interaction" (influence of surroundings). After reading the book one would not be the least surprised if future editions contained such terms as "atrocious gastritis" and "mangled metatarsal." George Orwell, with his views on language, would certainly have a cardiovascular catastrophe if he should ever read this masterpiece of "pretentious diction."

Never using a short word where a long phrase will do, the authors of the text have classified men according to their body shapes. Because it would be too artless for them to say simply that people are fat, thin, or shaped like Apollo, they have grouped them together under a term called "somatotype," or as they put it: "the degree to which each of the embryonic layers is manifested in the physique." The terms they use are "endomorphic," "ectomorphic," and "mesomorphic" which, when analyzed, mean fat, thin, or shaped like Apollo.

Another verbose passage which is particularly comical is the one which describes the correct procedure for falling. The four principles to be REMEMBERED when falling are:

The center of gravity should be lowered and the action in falling should be such that the body weight is distributed over a large area. If the fall is vertical, the momentum should be transferred from the vertical to the horizontal as soon as possible to reduce the force of the fall. The second is that bone projections of the body should be protected and the fleshy parts employed as striking surfaces. The third principle is that extended levers offer a greater potential range of motion than levers which are flexed. Therefore

when the legs or arms strike the surface in falling, they should be prepared for the contact by placing them in extension. The force of the fall can then be taken up by a gradual flexion of the legs or arms. The fourth is that during a fall in which the landing is made on the feet, maneuvers should be made which bring the center of body weight near a position above the feet in order to utilize the shock-absorbing action of the ankles, knees and hips.

The lofty language of this book is no more humorous than the titles of the reference material from which much of the text is taken. Among the better ones are: "Half a Century of Running—Clinical, Physiologic, and Autopsy Findings in the Case of Clarence De Mar," "Myocardial Infractons Among Members of Communal Settlements in Israel," and "Psysiologcal Valuation of Work in the Nykroppa Iron Works," from *Ergonomics Society Symposium on Fatigue*.

The examples above are only a few of the many grandiloquent terms used in this book. As mentioned previously it would appear that the sole purpose of the composition is to amaze the freshmen with the intellectual eminence of the physical education department. It is unfortunate if the authors feel they must use such unnatural, euphemistic language to impress us with their occupation. One begins to wonder if they are not actually "apologizing," as H. L. Mencken puts it, "for their trade."

The Bomb

MURRAY M. PORTA

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

WE FRANTICALLY REMOVED THE GAS MASKS FROM their containers and placed them over our faces, carefully adjusting the straps as we had done during countless other air raids. The siren continued to wail sickeningly as my mother and I threaded our way out of the apartment toward the stairs leading to the cellar. "Damn. This is the second time tonight," I thought to myself. "The British must really be in a vengeful mood." We hurried down the stairs and bolted through the single wooden door at the bottom of the stairwell. Some of our neighbors were already huddled on the simple pineboard benches lining the cellar walls. Mr. Bellini, the nice old man from the fourth floor, greeted us. "Ciao, Porta." I liked Mr. Bellini; he gave me candy occasionally on my way home from the Jesuit elementary school. My mother responded half-heartedly, "Buona sera, Bellini." We found two empty spaces and sat down, glancing about to see who was present.

The others were staring forlornly at the cold, damp walls, no doubt wondering how long they would have to remain. I peered through the lone window which peeked out over the sidewalk and saw occasional flashes of light signifying that the bombing and the anti-aircraft fire had begun. British flares lit up the entire sky and countryside, revealing an unbelievably exciting display of men and machines. It appeared that the bombers were more numerous that night; the Italians manning the "ack-ack" batteries on the ground would certainly be very busy. I wondered whether our house would ever be hit by a bomb or falling aircraft.

My thoughts rambled on. Maybe we should have moved out of our house six months previously when we had the opportunity. There had been a vacancy on the west end of the city which would have located us farther away from the FIAT weapons plant. But perhaps no section of Torino was safe from damage—not as long as FIAT continued to manufacture guns and hand grenades.

The British bombers were becoming increasingly more deadly. Just that day the government-owned Radio Italiana was broadcasting detailed information of the previous night's bombing raid. Apparently the damage was quite extensive, reaching as far as Milano and the Po Valley. I wondered what Mussolini thought of *that*.

Another flare illuminated the heavens, and I suddenly became interested in the war outside. I decided to climb to the level of the cellar window to see the spectacle better. The flares were beginning to fall with increasing regularity, and I was able to see sleek bombers in loose formation being chased by ancient Italian fighter aircraft. The Italian airplanes were of World War I vintage and resembled so many pesky flies. Suddenly, there was a sound I had never heard before. A piercing whistle cut through the boom of the cannons and the rumble of the bombers. A second later the air was filled with the loudest thunder-like noise I had ever heard. The concussion shook plaster from the ceiling and knocked me from my observation post onto the floor below. I thought, "This is it—the very thing I had feared all these nights in the cellar. We've been hit." My mother snatched me from the floor and held me tightly as if to protect me from further damage. It was over as quickly as it had begun. "It's all right," she said in Italian. "The bomb must have fallen across the street. We are safe for now."

Soon afterwards, the all-clear siren shrieked mournfully, and we began to file out of the cellar and up the dark stairway. We returned our gas masks to their containers and climbed into the warmth of our beds, where I lay thinking about the bomb and my terrifying experience. I wanted to wish my mother good night and hoped she was still awake. "Buona notte, Mama," I said softly. There was no answer.

The Party That Flopped

RUSSELL G. ROBERTS

Rhetoric 101

GOING TO A NOISY, CROWDED PARTY IS ONE OF MY favorite activities. As I drive party-bound down some calm, dark street, I notice my friends' cars lining the curbs, and for some obscure reason I sense a feeling of warmth and belonging. Then, in the midst of the gloom, there's a brightly lit house with an air of gaiety and excitement that quickly makes me glow. It's hard to keep from running to the door. The door opens, revealing the eager and beaming faces of the welcoming party. My reception is fit for a king, and immediately I'm part of an electric current that keeps everyone tingling. The music, the dancing, the laughing, the shouting, the singing, the excitement—the glow—is there to assure that the evening will be an enjoyable one, and one to remember.

To be a success, a party needs a magical blend of personalities and emotions that can't always be found. I've been to parties that really "bombed." Told here are my experiences from a party that was just plain dull.

On a Saturday night just after an orchestra concert at my high school, I had a date for a party at the home of a friend of mine. I was somewhat concerned when I could find only two or three cars in front of her home, and in the sad smile that poor Liz displayed when answering the door, I could see her anxiety and dismay. She hurriedly ushered us into her attractive living room, hoping that the appearance of another couple might spark some life into the quiet and astonishingly lifeless group. We were introduced *en masse* to about four other couples. Then, suddenly, Liz left us. And there we were. Stranded!

We sat down. It was much like a dentist's office with the exception that pretzels had been substituted for the more conventional health magazines. Obviously everyone was making a concentrated effort to see that no two people spoke at once. Perhaps they expected me, as a newcomer, to offer a piece of miraculous wit that might break the thick ice which they had already allowed to form. Self-consciously I leaned over and said something insignificant to a boy sitting next to me, whom I knew vaguely from school. I was shocked to hear my near-whisper echo off the high beige walls just as if I had been speaking into a microphone. The conversation proved entirely fruitless, and I meekly turned and mumbled something to my disheartened date. Luckily this time it didn't echo!

From off in the distance came the sound of a stereo, the smell of popcorn, and the clinking of ice. I wondered if Liz was playing some kind of enormous

joke on us all. Maybe somewhere, down in the basement perhaps, there was a real party going on, one that we could enter only after sweating it out in the living room for a while. But no such luck. Poor Liz was trying desperately to get things going, but she was the axle of a wheel stuck deep in the mud. The fact that I felt sorry for her made the party seem even worse. For an hour and a half we sat courteously, pretending to be enjoying ourselves, and thoroughly absorbed in the stimulating conversation. At an early hour the party finally ended. Gratefully, we offered our condolences to Liz. We stepped outside and breathed deeply the cold winter air. "Poor Liz," we thought again. Then we turned and smiled at each other, "But it's good to be out."

An Analysis of Heresy

RICHARD A. KNOX

Rhetoric 102, Theme 8

THE RELATIVITY OF TRUTH IS CONSTANTLY BEING REVEALED in the changing character of what man considers to be heresy.

This complex metaphysical question ultimately leads to the personal, bewildering revelation that there is no absolute truth, none except (many men believe) a Supreme Being which is beyond mortal powers of measuring truth. And even this Supreme Being is subject to eternal questioning as to Its very existence, interpretation, and power. The history of mankind, as well as the history of religion, suggests that all "truths" are susceptible to questioning; perhaps the more abstract their nature, the more their status as "truths" is vulnerable. Thus, as established truth tumbles from its pedestal of glory—tumbles perhaps because a seed planted by heresy grew to become a vine which snaked its way into the cracks of the pedestal and finally split it asunder—heretics probe for proof which will unseat the new truth, or other old truths. The pedestal in this analogy is public acceptance, the vine is heresy matured and fulfilled, and the cracks in the pedestal are flaws to be found in the believers' arguments supporting the "truth."

To give assent to this view of renewal and regeneration accompanying overthrow and discard, one must accept the idea that truth is that which is generally believed. This definition can be defended and "proven," if one may use the term, by a review of history. For example, Ptolemy's theory that the world is flat, formulated in the second century A.D., was held as truth for a much longer period than Copernicus' younger theory, born in the sixteenth century, that it is spherical. The basic reason most people give credence to

the latter belief is simply that they have been told it is true. Of course, there is now scientific evidence to support the Copernican theory—if it was ever seriously doubted—but still most people accept it on the basis of what they have been told, just as they accepted the previous, contradictory “truth” on the same basis and patterned their lives after it for fourteen hundred years.

It is the duty and function of heresy, then, to question theories which have been accepted as truth by the majority. This weeding-out process is the basis and the inspiration for most scientific progress, as well as the origin of theological dogma. The procedure varies considerably from situation to situation, but it may be outlined: respected truth, to which most people in a given field or area assent and subscribe, plus questioning of this truth by a few, who are sometimes called heretics by the majority and frequently are persecuted for their irreverence, yields the establishment of a new doctrine or tenet, which eventually will be subject to questioning and overthrow itself. The cycle has been exemplified in countless instances throughout history. The establishment of Christianity, its subsequent split into Roman Catholic and Greek Orthodox Churches, the further schism at the advent of Protestantism, and the still further break-up into widely different doctrines and denominations within Protestantism is an example. Newtonian physics created a scientific revolution, accompanied by considerable indignation that Newton would dare to oppose the beliefs of centuries, only to yield many of its postulates to Einstein's theories. Similarly, many of the theories accepted by modern scientists would have been considered heresy by their counterparts of only twenty to forty years ago.

So universal is the human phenomenon of heresy that one can recognize as heretics such diversified men as Jesus, Galileo, Luther, Freud, Knox, Wesley, Calvin, Patrick Henry, Karl Marx, Machiavelli, and countless others. They endured torture, hate, persecution and oppression to various extents, depending on the tolerance of their societies and times. Jesus of Nazareth was crucified, thousands were mercilessly slaughtered during the Spanish Inquisition, and still others, most notably Joan of Arc, have been burned as witches under what actually were thinly disguised charges of heresy. These martyrs were crusaders: most of them have been stubborn and tenacious. They show us that to be a heretic requires not only convictions, but considerable courage, or at least a goodly measure of foolhardiness.

What can one infer from this brief look at a phenomenon which has affected the course of whole societies, caused mighty governments to be overthrown, and served as the generating force for new knowledge and faiths? For one thing, it appears that societies fear heresy as they fear little else. Perhaps this is due to a basic human need to hold some beliefs in sacred, secure constancy. The conflict between heresy and society perhaps may be interpreted as man's perpetual tendency to search for a new knowledge or a better way, in opposition to man's tenacity in clinging to old beliefs, no matter

how outmoded they become. At times only the medium of heresy, in one of its infinite varieties, subtle or violent, is effective in piercing ignorance and hypocrisy. It would seem, then, that the resulting social, religious and scientific foment is necessary for the progress, and perhaps for the preservation and perpetuation, of mankind.

Hot Off The Line

ROBERT KANSY, JR.

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

DAVID D. WAS RENOWNED AS ONE OF THE BEST PUPPET makers in the whole country. His shop was the largest and best equipped for miles around, and, in a country where puppets were in great demand, his were known for their detail and beautiful finish.

One sunny afternoon in early September, David walked into his office to find a stack of orders greater than he and his employees could ever expect to finish on time. So David went out and enlisted the help of several apprentices, each in a different stage of training. Some could make marvelously funny heads, but when it came to arms and legs, left much to be desired. Others could make agile, lifelike limbs, but weren't very skilled at heads.

David's other employees, all of whom were masters at the art, didn't like the idea of having these apprentices working with them. Because of the large order, however, David was forced to make use of them. So he set up an assembly line on which each of the apprentices was to do the job which he could do the best. For the time being, all were satisfied.

Soon the raw materials arrived. From the great selection of woods, only the best could be used. The reject materials were sent elsewhere and made into rifle stocks or broom handles. Sometimes, however, the inferior wood couldn't be spotted right away. Some would get to the work benches where it cracked and split under the pressure of the artist's knife. Some got all the way to the paint room, the final stage, where it was discovered that it would not take paint smoothly. In all cases, the inferior was destroyed.

Finally, after a lot of tedious work, the job was completed. A final inspection was ordered, and all the puppets were lined up to be officially approved by David. As he walked along the rows, David spotted a few flaws. There were nicks from rough treatment, scratches and gouges showing inferior craftsmanship, and uneven, or in some cases, even sloppy painting and finishing.

But the majority of the puppets were acceptable. They all looked the same, all simply tools whose performance depended on the skill of their user, and all destined for the same limited, though productive future.

And all would be outdated in a few years.

Fishing the Kaskaskia

LARRY D. STOKES

Rhetoric 101, Theme 12

FROM THE RAGING, MUDDY TORRENT OF THE FIRST spring downpour to the placid steel-blue ripples of early autumn, the Kaskaskia River is a fisherman's paradise. From the wide deep pools in the bends to the rapids, dropoffs, and shoals of the straight holes come the most delicious and most vicious fighting fish in southern Illinois. Whether a man wants to fish for food or for the thrill of fighting an eighty-pound blue channel cat, the river is a grab bag of anglers' delights.

Night has fallen over the Kaskaskia, but no silence rests along the tortuous waters. The screech owls on both levees are screaming at the men sitting around a sandbar fire. Coons are scratching the waterlogged stumps, searching for mussels in the shallows or for hellgrammites in the snail-covered bark of half-buried logs. Terror-stricken minnows flash through the luminous riffles as the shadow of a lunker flathead drifts along the edge of the nearby dropoff. A mob of marauding alligator gar is wreaking murder upon the helpless inhabitants of a muskrat hole.

The night animals sense danger and a deathlike stillness hangs over the broad Kaskaskia; then the staccato sound of a small outboard motor shatters the silence, triggering the outbreak of a thousand croaking tree frogs, bullfrogs, and spring peepers. The flat-bottom craft moves upstream, white lanterns piercing the murky cloak of night. A white nylon snag-line is throbbing beneath the river willows on the far side of the river. On the business end of the line, a blue torpedo shape thrashes back and forth. One lucky pass with the dip net lands a nice channel cat in the bottom of the boat. The line is rebaited with a five-inch sunfish and the men continue upstream, resetting bank poles and throwlines.

A few hours have passed since the boat journeyed upstream. The men have returned to their campfire and hot cups of coffee. Soon they will lie asleep in the cool breeze blowing across the dark water. A hundred yards upstream, the night creatures resume their activity. With the breaking of dawn, the fishermen will drift downstream, fishing the river for white drum, bass, and the lightning-fast mooneyes.

Metamorphosis

(Sabotage—Illumination—Continuity)

STUART GLASSMAN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

SOMEWHERE, BETWEEN TIME AND SPACE THERE IS A period of limbo. This period of limbo is found between heaven and hell, black and white, day and night, childhood and adulthood. The unknown mid-section is the place or the period where a transmutation may occur. Limbo is the "twilight zone," the intermission, the deliberation of a jury; limbo is the time when, undetected, the rose bud blooms.

The virgin finds experience; the inquiring mind finds answers; the bashful lion finds courage; the seeker finds values. The period described by the word "finds" is the deliberation of experience, the period of limbo.

When a boy leaves his home, he leaves many things behind him: experiences, friends, family, and obedience to implemented teachings. Implemented teachings are values given to a child after close scrutiny by the protectorate, the family. Values are acceptable only for presentation to the heir after they have successfully passed through the board of censorship, mother and father. The judges, exercising their forged power of judicial and moral review, will weed out the harmful values of a harsh society, disregard them, and continue to protect the inquiring mind of their child.

The luxury of being a child comes from the protection afforded him by his parents who stand a constant vigil of censoring values. How lucky indeed is that disillusioned high school graduate! The high school graduate, now with an act of somewhat less than Herculean strength, breaks the chains of family protection and steps, head up, full stride, into the world of life.

Sometimes it seems almost pitiful to see how hard and how fast a young man can be knocked flat on his face. Here is a young man, protected all his life by the board of censorship. He is full of idealistic Utopian values of life, and now he realizes with frightening awareness that something is amiss. Something indeed is amiss; someone has been putting him on. All of a sudden there are no longer just good girls; he looks around and, lo, he finds some evil ones. He finds that if blasphemy is really a sacrilege, hell will soon be overcrowded. He finds that if he does not think for himself now, he is just going to be struggling in quicksand, sinking deeper and deeper, beyond the light. With a startling awareness he realizes that there are thousands of vocations in life open to him, not just one certain profession that a parent may have strongly advocated for many years.

This young unfortunate, having been ill-advised, ill-equipped, disillusioned, misinformed, and protected, enters limbo and looks for the light shining through the clouds.

What is the light shining through the clouds? Where is that light coming from? Can anyone help him find it? The light in limbo is coming from the candle of enlightenment shining from opportunity's doorway. The candle in the doorway is there for all to see and follow. The only drawback is the nerve and the ability required to reach out and take the candle. The nerve and the ability are included in the desire and the purpose.

Desire and purpose are the objects of limbo. In the enlightening experience of limbo, the values of life and the objects of desire and purpose in the living are set out to be discovered. From protection to enlightenment, from doubt to desire, and from insecurity to purpose: these are the result of the journey in limbo. Where is limbo? Limbo is between heaven and hell. Limbo is between dawn and sunset. Limbo is between birth and death. Limbo is the period of time between leaving the board of censorship and entering the world of responsibility with acquired desire and purpose. Limbo is opportunity. Limbo is *college*.

The Morality of Misprision

FRED PETRICH

Rhetoric 102

INSTRUCTOR'S NOTE: Assignment was to base a theme on the short article on "misprision" in *Time* magazine (March 4, 1966).

And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not: Am I my brother's keeper? And He said, What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground.

Genesis 4:9-10

... I've heard of a man whose friend had been imprisoned and who slept on the floor of his room every night in order not to enjoy a comfort of which his friend had been deprived. Who, *cher monsieur*, will sleep on the floor for us?

Albert Camus, *The Fall*

WHO INDEED WILL, AND SHOULD, "SLEEP ON THE FLOOR for us"? Evidently not Katherine Genovese's neighbors; they mutely stood by and ignored her cries for help when she was murdered in the street. Not the receptionists in the lobby of a New York insurance company building; they asked a gunshot-wounded postman to leave because he was drip-

ping blood on the new carpet. Bystanders who witness such felonies and then fail to act are, in fact, committing a crime themselves—"misprision of felony." Until recently, misprision laws have been largely ignored. However, the widely publicized details of the Genovese murder have initiated new public concern with the big-city first commandment: "Ignore thy neighbor." Misprision is technically illegal and thus must be prosecuted. Legality, however, is based on morality, and the question stands as to whether it is really immoral to ignore the commission of a felony. The legal codes of Western society are based on ancient Judeo-Christian concepts of morality and justice. In the Judeo-Christian tradition, the crime of misprision is first suggested in the biblical story of Cain and Abel. Cain denies his responsibility for his brother's welfare; he refused to be his "brother's keeper." Cain's real crime, of course, is murder, but the evil intent of the murder is compounded by his posed disregard for his brother's welfare. The values and laws governing his case are clear and well-defined; justice for Cain is simply a matter of black and white, cause and effect. He has broken God's law and must suffer for the crime. Cain's case is simple; contemporary man's is not. Today Christian belief is whirling in a maelstrom of doubt and radically changing ideals. Protestant theologians propose that God, in His former sense, is "dead." Existential philosophers emphasize man's isolation and dependence upon himself as the only source of order in an overwhelming universe. Puny as he may seem in comparison to the All of the universe, he is the highest being in that universe. This does not mean, however, that he need no longer be his "brother's keeper."

Misprision is, at least partly, a symptom of the misinterpretation and misapplication of these new views of God and man. This is not to say that all men consciously attempt to justify their failure to help other human beings. They do not necessarily read and analyze philosophical works and then apply the ideas to their own lives. The process is more subtle than this. Modern philosophies which stress the isolation and utter self-dependence of man spring partly from his experience in a vast, impersonal, and technological society. Scientific discoveries seem to point to the absence of a God. Traditional religious beliefs fade. In such an existence, men feel alienated from other men. Men become apathetic ciphers; other men seem thus to them. The quality of humanity dies in human beings.

Modern man's dilemma in mastering the moral chaos of a Godless universe is portrayed by the experience of Jean-Baptiste Clamence in Albert Camus' novel, *The Fall*. Clamence begins to recognize this dilemma when he witnesses a young woman's suicide leap from a bridge on the Seine. He does nothing to save her. In a court of law Clamence would not have been convicted of misprision, for a rescue attempt would have greatly endangered his life. Clamence suffers privately and mentally, for he is aware that he could have acted, yet he did not even consider action. He had previously allowed himself to assume the position of a god in his own mind; he felt himself above other

men; he himself had brought order and morality into his life. That morality failed him. Clamence had enjoyed all of the privileges of a self-ordered universe. Until he witnessed the woman's suicide, he had never realized the responsibilities of being one's own god. Now it was he, Clamence, who was ultimately responsible for the welfare of other men. By himself and by his own volition, contemporary god-in-man must still assume the position of his "brother's keeper."

In the Christian tradition man made himself his "brother's keeper"; to do so was a divinely commanded manifestation of the doctrine of Christian charity, i.e., "Love thy neighbor." Concern for men was a divinely directed human responsibility. Now, however, man is slowly losing his faith in God. He retains only his humanity, his validity as a human being. To ignore the welfare of human beings in the name of one's own position in the world and the universe, is to abdicate from humanity, to become an animal. The way in which man brings order and morality into his now Godless universe must include a consideration of other human beings.

Rhet as Writ

Being somewhat of a good Christian, this blasphemy is not only uncouth but also ignorant.

* * *

Probably this entire story is a pigment of my imagination.

* * *

After taking eyedrops for several weeks, the trouble was gone with no apparent ill effects.

* * *

In doing so, young Huck has many dissolusions about his world and finds much in it to criticize.

* * *

When Crane narrated in the third person, he seemed to be telling the story objectionally.

* * *

There are words that are so numerous in number and prevail so often in the stories, that it would be unjust for the author to give examples, which would not support my conclusions heavily.

* * *

Clay had proved his skill, but an air of suspicion still remained in the public's eye.

* * *

If the blood test should prove that the driver was drunk while driving, he must serve six months in jail.

In the first place, general knowledge about the physiology underlying the sexual act is valuable, for it tends to allay fears which might arise from misconceptions.

* * *

Her eye-bras are brown.

* * *

The quiet of the quadrangle is a sight to behold.

* * *

In some of these areas if you do not strive to get yourself ahead. You will be the one to falter and be trodden over by fate, which you created by not trying to get ahead with no holds barred.

* * *

They have inherited such cultural similarities from their posterity.

* * *

Being on my own means a looser social life.

* * *

Once clothed in the coat, the exit door becomes the primary objective of the man on the run.

* * *

Gloucester thinks of Edgar as nothing, but he thinks that Tom is better than the others; and yet, Tom, who to the average person is nothing and who is to Gloucester something, is really Edgar, who Gloucester thinks is nothing but who finally realizes is most important.

* * *

The author goes on to describe the horror and pain he felt immediately following being shot in the body of the paper. . . .

* * *

Though contraception is still forbidden by church doctrine, it is being used with increasing frequency by the lay-people.

* * *

Since *Huck Finn* is the sequel to *Tom Sawyer*, Huck's mother was probably introduced to it.

* * *

Agriculture is probably the biggest field in our present day society.

* * *

From a female freshman: As I approach final week and the prospect of leaving for home, I am clearly drastically different from what I was nine months ago. Alas and alack!

* * *

Cuckold—a husband with an unruly wife. The cuckhold, Mr. Anderson, was a pitiful sight at the party when his loud and boisterous wife appeared.

* * *

Insidious—weird or frightening; unruly or trouble-making. The werewolf gave the young girl a rather insidious look.

* * *

Propitious—favorably disposed of. Garbage is taken care of in a propitious manner.

* * *

Seminal—beginning power. Many trains are named “The Seminal” because of their power.

* * *

Procrustean bed—hard to bring under control. Many people are Procrustean beds after drinking.

* * *

Specious—leading on with deception. Many girls have specious fronts which boys don't like.

AWARDS

The *Caldron* will continue its policy of giving awards to the writers of the five best themes in each issue. The winners will be selected by the votes of the members of the freshman rhetoric staff.

The schedule of awards is as follows:

- First: Fifteen dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Second: Ten dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Third: Five dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Fourth: Five dollars worth of books
- Fifth: Five dollars worth of books

We wish to thank the following bookstores for their generosity in providing prizes:

- Campus Book Store
- Follett's College Book Store
- Illini Union Book Store
- Illini Union Book Center



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THE GREEN CALDRON

THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, may be published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

Members of the committee in charge of THE GREEN CALDRON are Desmond Hamlet, Anne Long, Victor Neufeldt, John Via, and Roger M. Swanson, editor.

THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF
FRESHMAN WRITING

<i>The Contributors and The Winners</i>	2
<i>Carol Zimmerman</i>	3 The Bachelor's Bachelor, James Bond
<i>Dimiter Gulmesoff</i>	5 Mechanical and Human Machines
<i>Jefferson Gentry</i>	6 And What Is a Free Man?
<i>Charles J. Sherviak</i>	8 The Ethics of Sympathy in Advertising
<i>Nancy Hollock</i>	9 What Is Youth?
<i>Steven A. Wright</i>	11 Society at Morgan Park High School
<i>Terry Borden</i>	13 The Nazi Educational System
<i>Barbara Hébert</i>	19 In Contemplation of the Beard
<i>David Unterman</i>	20 A Sole Full Tale
<i>Eric Harder</i>	22 The Linguists at MRH
<i>Rhet As Writ</i>	24

Volume 35, Number 2

December, 1966

University of Illinois

The Contributors

Carol Zimmerman—Niles East H.S.

Dimiter Gulmesoff—Oak Park-River Forest H.S.

Jefferson Gentry—Marion Twp. H.S.

Charles J. Sheviak—Arlington H.S.

Nancy Hollock—North Park Academy

Steven A. Wright—Morgan Park H.S.

Terry Borden—Minonk-Dana-Rutland H.S.

Barbara Hébert—Extension

David Unterman—Roosevelt H.S.

Eric Harder—Glenbard West H.S.

The Winners

The following are the winners of the prizes for the best themes
in the October issue of THE CALDRON.

First: Fred Petrich, The Morality of Misprision

Second: Richard A. Knox, An Analysis of Heresy

Third: Robert Kansy, Jr., Hot Off the Line

Fourth: Judith E. Filipowicz, Does She or Doesn't She?
Only Her Stereotype Knows for Sure

Fifth: Greg Sims, Euphemistic Physiology

The Bachelor's Bachelor— James Bond

CAROL ZIMMERMAN

Rhetoric 101, Theme 6

TRADITIONALLY, HEROIC STATUS WAS DETERMINED BY the degree of courage, daring, or physical prowess a man exhibited.

While these qualities are still emulated by the young men of today, the concept of what constitutes the American hero has grown to include many more traits. As American society became more complex so did the qualifications that delineated the hero. When America was young the major concerns of men revolved around the securing of food and shelter and the repelling of external threats such as Indian attacks. The man who could successfully ensure the crop, save the burning barn, or kill the most Indians earned the title of community hero. In today's more complex society the American hero must provide the right response to a larger number of situations. While Daniel Boone once stood as the heroic prototype of his time, merely by virtue of his clever trail blazing, today's representative hero, James Bond, secures his laurels by satisfying an infinitely more complex set of standards.

Today's hero demonstrates a shrewd intellect enabling him to cope with problems that extend far beyond concerns of protecting home or family. James Bond influences international events; he helps shape world history. The bewildered young man of 1966 realizes that as an individual he cannot make a dent in the world situation. The fictional character, Bond, however, can act in an individual capacity and actually pose a threat to the monumental forces of evil (complex spy rings or international crime syndicates) that the common man finds unapproachable.

A variety of international blunders by the United States has helped determine the need for an international hero to replace the standard national heroes that satisfied a one time isolated American culture. Bond stands in direct contrast to the fumbling, indelicate, and ultimately unsuccessful "ugly American" who has haunted the diplomatic ranks of the fifties and early sixties. The infallible Bond soothes the American conscience by being completely versed in the customs, prejudices, and overall temperaments of the peoples of every nation. While the homespun hero, Will Rogers, was a master at evoking response from the all-American audience, the Bond hero commands the interest, respect, and obedience of a continental kingdom. Bond can win the alliance of a Russian spy or enlist the aid of a Turkish fruit peddler with equal effectiveness.

With corresponding finesse the hero of 1966 cultivates his taste for the "finer things in life." He demonstrates an extensive proficiency in the selection of fine wine, women, and cars. Bond is surrounded by all the material goods that young American males idealize. Bond drives the fastest, most customized vehicle imaginable, and a variety of airplanes, boats, and helicopters are always at his disposal. Today's hero is never delayed for want of any material tool to aid him in his mission. The famous attaché case in *From Russia with Love* prepared Bond for any threat. His weapons are precision instruments, each of which is procured at exactly the right moment. The Bond hero is superior not only in his knowledge of diplomatic maneuver, but also in his choice of tools to aid him in his missions.

Though the Bond type is complemented by dashing cars and clothes, he is not a superiorly handsome man. The physical characteristics of this heroic type are essentially rugged. James Bond is a solid, hard man with dark distinctive features. His smile, as it twists at its edges, hints at a streak of inherent brutality. His face is chiseled as distinctly as the rational, as opposed to emotional, principles that guide him. Bond stands as a direct protest to the matriarchy that is often a guiding force in American society. The hero of young men today is neither ruled by women nor even softened by their attempted persuasions. Bond operates as a darkly colored calculator acting without gentleness or any form of submission to femininity or womanhood itself.

Bond follows a set of extremely individualized and flexible moral principles. It is only logical that the hero of a society whose moral code has become fractured and fragmented should adhere to a sort of hybrid code. Pragmatism is the keynote to Bond's decisions. Immediate situations are evaluated, and a decision is formulated on the basis of which alternative will yield the best results. Religious conviction is not part of the heroic character of 1966. In fact, some of Bond's principles run directly against the grain of traditional American morality. Bond's "license to kill" happens to be one of the qualities that most fascinates the young men who idolize him. The hero of today is certainly allowed a greater degree of freedom of action than any common man.

Every facet of the character of the present heroic prototype helps to create the image of unencumbered man. He is not inhibited in any way by ignorance; he is educated in terms of personal relations and taste in a variety of accoutrements. Free of any obligations to a family or an individual woman, he can take extraordinary risks. By retaining a flexible, individualized moral code, he suffers no conscience pangs as consequences of his unregulated behavior. The Bond prototype is totally free to pursue all forms of danger and intrigue. He is to young male America the bachelor of all bachelors.

Mechanical and Human Machines

DIMITER GULMESOFF

Rhetoric 102

THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE MECHANICAL MACHINE, an invention of the human mind, and the human machine, a transition from the composite man to the "one-facet man," is analogous. To assume that the intricate problems which confront humanity can be resolved by a combination of the human and the mechanical machine is tantamount to relegating the human will to the position of permanent slave to the mechanisms of his own making.

The twentieth century has made remarkable technological progress. Complex mechanisms have been devised which are more efficient and more productive than comparable human labor. In fact, science has invented computers which are capable of making decisions unaffected by human emotion. Decisions which are based on purely factual data, and which do not involve the element of human emotion, should conform to a just resolution. Since, however, few human commitments are made entirely free from the slightest tinge of prejudice, it cannot be expected that the verdicts on these commitments should fail to consider the human factor. Any verdict which does not consider the human element cannot be a just verdict. Man demands to be judged by his peers and not by an alien invention of his mind. Since mechanical computers cannot make decisions incorporating the human factor, their utility is entirely restricted to the non-human realm, a realm which operates in accordance with the natural laws of the universe. The rationality of decisions governing man's existence can only be determined by man himself. Any assumption which professes otherwise cannot be operative effectively in a human environment.

Man is a complex organism, an organism which encompasses many facets. The pluralistic conception of man does not merely term him as purely "religious man," "economic man," "political man," "moral man," or "scientific man," but rather a combination of all the factors which constitute the composite man. A "scientific man" who is only concerned with science would be useless and a positive danger, for his scientific mind would be incapable of translating his scientific computations rationally in relation to the other human facets. A "political man" who measures his work purely in terms of politics would be a demagogue, for he would lack the moral restraints to counter his dangerous tendencies. A "religious man" whose world is solely

confined to religion would be inhuman, for he would be incapable of comprehending the tribulations of the materialistic human. Only a combination of diverse but compatible facets can produce a truly rational composite man.

If the aim of education today is oriented toward producing a solely "scientific man," "political man," or "economic man," then the danger of humanity becomes a reality. To counteract this danger, a truly liberal education, embodying the facets of the composite man, should be a prerequisite for any profession. Just as humanity cannot afford to trust its destiny to a mechanical machine, neither can it afford to trust its destiny to a human machine.

And What Is a Free Man?

JEFFERSON GENTRY

Rhetoric 102

IT TAKES FOUR MINUTES TO WALK TO THE ILLINI UNION from Mumford Mall—103. This I know, for I always follow the same path.

And the sidewalks of my path are covered with moving lines of people, each head fixed forward as if held in place by blinders. Like magnets, these lines attract numerous smaller groups, all blending together into one solid stream of moving bodies. And I, now a member of that stream, quietly move along. But I see an old friend moving towards—then suddenly past me. I call her name; she does not hear. I stop, but the bodies push me on, and she disappears into the distance. I, a part of the whole, am now controlled by the whole. Am I a free man? No, for I am controlled—compelled to act against my will by those who have restricted my behavior, thereby physically imprisoning me.

And if a prisoner is not free, then conversely the man outside the cell is free. But what constitutes the cell that imprisons? While the prisoner's cell is that wall which retains him, my cell is that moving mass of students. As the mob restricts me, society can likewise restrict man and be his cell. When society limits the physical behavior of a member by social laws of conduct, he then becomes no longer free. But what of man's mind? While society may demand that man be bodily clothed, he can still be mentally nude and thereby retain his freedom. That is to say, if a man can still exist with an uncontrolled, undominated mind, if he can reason freely, his spirit is free, and he is surely a free man. But can such a man exist today? I doubt it, because whenever man asserts that he is free, he then ceases to be free for

the simple reason that he has become dominated by his quest for freedom. This is the paradox of the free man.

I ask my roommate George if he wants to be free. He replies, "But I am free." This is typical of the American. He wants freedom, cherishes freedom, and in fact claims to have freedom. Why is this so? I think the answer lies in American social history and tradition. America was born free. She was conceived in revolution and nursed on the principles of independence and freedom. Her constitution assures the people freedom of religion, speech, press, and assembly. And for almost two centuries her soldiers have died to protect these freedoms, marching to battle to songs of praise:

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free . . .

And today, I too am willing to die to make men free—but why? Perhaps the answer is the result of my younger educational experiences. It is a requirement in Illinois that before one can receive a high school diploma he must pass courses in American history, American government, and Illinois civics. I remember my high school civics class very well. From Mr. Burns, my young, energetic, just-married civics teacher, I learned the rules of voting in Illinois, and my duty and right to exercise this freedom (which at the present I am not free to do). I studied the concepts of free speech, press, and assembly. I was a good student, and so I have now become an ardent believer of freedom and a conscientious disciple of our constitution. But I must not give all this credit to my schooling alone. My home and church have also helped mold me into that lover of freedom that I am. My good Republican mother was forever reminding me of my freedoms—my birth rights she called them. And at Sunday school all my previous learnings were reinforced. "You are free," the minister would preach to us. And so I have become free.

But am I? How can I be free—that is, have the ability to reason without influence, and to formulate ideas independent of and distinguishable from society's—when I am only parroting my society. I claim I am free, but only because my country's history, my school, my mother, and my church have told me that I am free. I did not reason this for myself, but was pressured into thinking it by my society. Yes, I assert my freedom, but only because I am not free to deny it.

As a mob of students walking to the Union controls me physically, so society controls me mentally, and thereby limits my freedom. But there is a difference. I was influenced by the students for only a few minutes. Society's control over me will be longer than four minutes; it will be indefinite.

So what is a free man? Not I—I am only a parrot in a cage.

The Ethics of Sympathy in Advertising

CHARLES J. SHEVIAK

Rhetoric 102, Theme 4

THE DOMINATING TREND IN AMERICAN ADVERTISING today exploits the country's current moral upheaval by emphasizing the sexual aspects of items as diverse as toothpaste and automobiles. The public has become so accustomed to ludicrous promises of sexual success that advertisements are almost expected to contain some implications of this sort. If such sexual overtones are lacking they are nearly invariably replaced by fantastic performance claims and a "hard sell" approach. When consumers are deluged by such advertising, a campaign based on a frank and rather defensive examination of a product is quite disarming. Here lies the danger.

For several years Volkswagen has employed an advertising program that has frankly acknowledged the car's drawbacks as well as its assets. The manufacturer, after thus degrading his product, understandably takes a defensive stance. A full-page advertisement picturing a V.W. on a grey background is captioned: "Do you think the V.W. is ugly?" The remaining lines of the page are devoted to an apologetic justification of the external appearance of the car, claiming that the consumer pays for improved performance rather than for modernized design. Short, choppy sentences are used, liberally interspersed with fragments. The style betokens an unassuming innocence which lowers the reader's natural resistance toward any "sell." In addition, some vaguely sympathetic inclinations toward the car tend to develop in the consumer. Another advertisement pictures a grocery-laden V.W. parked in a garage. With the caption, "Mama's little helper," the reader's vague sympathies coalesce to form a full-scale underdog complex, as the car assumes a personified role. That this occurs is supported by Volkswagen's own survey, conducted to determine why V.W.'s were selling in such great quantity in the United States. Typical of many replies received from customers was the answer given by a Chicago woman who said that she bought the car because she felt "it needed me."

Such playing with the reader's sympathies raises ethical questions. Is this form of advertising of any better moral standing than those oriented

toward the fulfillment of sexual drives? If one purchases a product as a result of sex-oriented advertising only to have the product fail to fulfill his inferences, he has lost his investment as a result of a desire to achieve a personal gain. This is not to be condoned, but, nevertheless, it has resulted from his own selfish motives. If such a loss occurs as result of his benevolence, however, is this not in a sense worse?

The writer's personal experience, as well as that of many of his friend's, indicates that Volkswagen's advertising does indeed take advantage of American's traditional siding with the underdog. One easily finds himself thinking of a V.W. as a living creation; since it has an underdog image, one readily develops benevolent tendencies toward the car. Volkswagen advertisements, by cultivating these tendencies, prove to be no better than the more aggressive forms of advertising. To prey upon the highest of virtues, charity, is low indeed.

What Is Youth?

NANCY HOLLOCK

Rhetoric 101, Theme 9

PEOPLE WHO ARE YOUNG HAVE ALWAYS BEEN CRITICIZED by those who are old. It is the youth in a person which causes him to experiment and take risks, and those who are afraid to experiment in this way envy the freedom of the young. The changes brought about by such experimentation may affect the stability of society and partly account for the criticism which youth has been subjected to. But, perhaps the main reason that the young are criticized is that with the decline of creativity and the freedom to experiment there comes the realization that one is getting old and, subsequently, the awareness that one is going to die. Those who are young do not seem close to death. Thus, old people envy those people who are young—both the people who are young in years and the people who are young in spirit.

Youth is most frequently found in persons who are under thirty years of age. It is at this time that a person has a small amount of responsibility and is less subject to criticism. Family responsibilities, if any, are at a minimum, and society expects him to rebel somewhat. The youth who react to this freedom wear new hairstyles, invent original manners of dress, and create a new dance for every popular song. These innovations are immediately adopted by many adults; for, as any designer or stylist knows, in order to

sell an idea to the adult, you must first convince him that it is "youthful." The more conservative adults continue to criticize the new styles, but they take comfort in the thought that this experimentation is the result of a stage through which their "youngsters" are passing. Only young people would dare to do such "crazy" things because, according to an adult, adults have more sense. It is difficult for a young person to dispute the charge that he is going through a stage because he himself cannot predict what he will be in the future.

However, while an adult can confidently place the hairstyles and the primitive dance forms in the "stage" category, he is considerably less sure of himself when he tries to shrug off the protest marches and free speech movements. At this point, even the forty-year-old matron in the discotheque dress stops shaking her hips and starts shaking her head to the sounds of the protest melody. New political, social, and moral ideas threaten a society's security, and the people in it try to resist them. They cannot, however, ignore the role of young people in introducing new ideas because drastic changes have been brought about by young people throughout history. Christianity originated in one determined young man. Alexander the Great was a successful general and conqueror before he was thirty. In the 1960's, it is the young who fill the ranks of the marches to Selma, Alabama, and Washington, D.C.

Although a young person may not change the course of history with his experimentation, he should examine the values which have been passed on to him by his parents, and he should test some new ones of his own. Naturally, he will make mistakes, but this is all a preparation for adulthood. Each young person must sift out those values which he will keep as an adult and establish his value structure while he is young. Otherwise, in a crisis, he may not have any standard by which to evaluate his actions. There are many young people who blithely accept every standard which is set before them. At the same time, there are those who do no individual experimentation with their hair and clothing styles for fear of group pressure. They merely adopt the novel ideas of others. These young people have not taken advantage of the freedom to experiment with little stigma, and they have become old. Not all young people are young.

In the same sense, not all adults are old. Becoming an adult doesn't necessarily mean that a person can no longer be young, although this is what usually happens. The old person is afraid to take any risks. He has a family to support, and he is more subject to criticism. He cannot be too "far out" because he runs the risk of losing his job. He has established his political and philosophical ideas in his youth, and, remembering the anxiety that he experienced when he examined his values then, he has decided not to consider any new ideas. On the other hand, there are the adults who are considered young in heart. These are not the adults who wear all the youthful styles and have exchanged the waltz for the frug, because these adults are

not admired. Rather, the person who is young in heart is the one who welcomes, even hopes for changes in himself and in the world. Like the youth, he experiments, but there is a more mature attitude behind his efforts. He has a definite sparkle in his eye and a freshness about him that tells others he really *is* young.

Thus, youth *is* the time to experiment because experimentation means trying out new things, and only those who are young feel free to experiment. An adult's youthful experimentation can be more fulfilling since he can couple his creativity with experience. Because he is older, he can judge the proper time to experiment and the time to listen to the criticisms of others. Youth cannot be measured in terms of years since youth is found in all age brackets. Youth is available to everyone who takes advantage of his freedom to experiment.

Society at Morgan Park High School

STEVEN A. WRIGHT

Rhetoric 101

MORGAN PARK HIGH SCHOOL ON CHICAGO'S SOUTH Side differs from most other high schools in that the social activities of many of its students center around fraternities and sororities rather than school-sponsored and planned functions. By their own evaluation, fraternity and sorority members make up the "in-crowd"; all other students compose the "out-crowd."

Students belonging to the in-crowd, sometimes known as "the beer and madras set," conform to the latest fads in clothes, dancing, and speech. The boys wear White Levi's, madras shirts, pennyloafer shoes, and short hair. The girls wear patterned nylons, madras headbands, and skirts and sweaters of matching color. Sweaters are chosen on the basis of whether or not the wearer is a prude or a "swinger"; prudes pick the baggy, wool-knitted variety, while the more aggressive females tend to buy sweaters that are more apt to emphasize their physical endowments.

The latest dances—the frug, the bird, and the jerk—are performed at weekly fraternity parties at which everyone discusses the important questions of the day: "Who's Alan going steady with?" "Did Barb get plastered last week, or was it Sally?" "Why'd George dump Jan for Mary when Jan's so much better looking and Mary's a" And so on.

The speech of these students is surprisingly uniform. Words like "threads" (clothes), "chicks" (girls), "bod" (body, usually the upper torso), and "mellow" (an adjective used to describe a pleasing object or event) are common to all. Most descriptive sentences end with "'n stuff," a phrase that could be loosely translated as "et cetera." A sentence heard on a random Sunday morning might sound something like this: "We had a great party last night—mellow band, good bods on the chicks, and plenty of booze 'n stuff."

Most party-goers drink beer, but on the whole, the students who get the best grades drink the least. In fact, members of the fraternity with the highest grade-point-averages are known as "the milk-and-cookies boys."

In general, members of the in-crowd come from well-to-do families and usually form the major portion of the football team, cheerleading squad, and Student Council. Their grades are high in relation to those of the rest of the student body, and most of the in-crowd go to college. On the whole they are respected by the community, by the faculty, and (most of all) by themselves.

The out-crowd presents a definite contrast to the beer and madras set; its members go to the school dances, do as much homework as possible, and take an interest in such activities as ROTC, Science Seminar, and the Checker Team. A small percentage go to college but, except for an intellectual element among them, their grades are not as high as those of the in-crowd. The intellectual element devotes every minute to the thrills of learning; their leader is the class valedictorian who invariably is nearsighted and a candidate for a Charles Atlas bodybuilding course.

At the bottom of the social ladder are the "greasers." This group is so far down on the social scale that their existence is rarely acknowledged by the in-crowd. The boys wear their hair long and plaster it down with Greasy Kid's Stuff; a typical greaser-girl's hair is ratted five inches above her head, and her black nylons have roughly one run per square inch. These girls are skilled at swearing, drinking, and riding on the back of motorcycles. Few greasers go to college since they are too busy racing to get an education.

Members of another group defy classification by declaring, "I'm myself." Their common bond is a sweatshirt which usually advertizes witty or suggestive slogans such as: "I Like Moses," or "Help Stamp Out Virginity," or "Make Love, Not War."

It looks as though these various groups will be around for quite a few years; my eleven-year-old brother just wrote and told me that in his sixth-grade class their society is similar to that found at Morgan Park. Some students are concerned with being invited to all sixth-grade birthday parties; some use every spare minute to study the multiplication and division of fractions; others smoke behind a wooden fence during recess and race their bicycles home after school; the rest express their individualism by refusing to tuck their shirt tails in.

The Nazi Educational System

TERRY BORDEN

Rhetoric 102

WITH THE APPOINTMENT OF DR. BERNARD RUST AS Reich Minister of Science, Education, and Culture on April 30, 1934, Adolf Hitler and the Nazi party assumed complete control of the German educational system. From this moment on the Nazis were able to mold the educational system to their liking. Not until their defeat in 1945 were they to relinquish this absolute control of German education.

The Nazis' goals for education were all centered around the idea of creating the National Socialist man; in other words, the Nazis wished to replace the scholar with the soldier. The aims of the Nazi educational program can best be summed up in these excerpts from the Ordinance of the Reich Minister for Science, Education, and Culture of January 29, 1938, on the Reorganization of Secondary Education:

The National Socialist system of education is not the outcome of a pedagogical planning but of a political struggle and of the laws which govern a struggle. . . .

The school of today resolutely turns away from the former educational objective which was propounded under the catchword, 'general education.' The school of today, further, places itself in the service of the educational ideal which recommends that all educational work begin with the body and then envelop the soul, and thus, both in the school and outside the school, educate for unity. In other words, the school strikes its own path, the goal of which is the education of the total man and the man of good character. . . .

The school must, through the transmission to the individual of the common national cultural heritage incorporate him in the historical community of his people, as well as enable him, through the transmission of practical information skills, to dominate life.¹

To mold the National Socialist man, the Nazis kept the basic educational structure found in the Weimar Republic. There were three pre-university levels: pre-schools (*Kindergarten*), the elementary schools (*Volksschule*), and the secondary schools (*Höhere Schule*).

The *Kindergarten*, for children between the ages of two-and-one-half and six, was for children whose parents could not provide them with adequate care and education. Here the children were taught the rudiments of Nazi lore and reverence for the Fuehrer as a god.

After attaining the age of six, all children, by law, were to attend the primary school (*Grundschule*) for four years. The aim of the primary school was to develop in each child a moral will to work. Each child was to be taught to express his ideas in his native tongue and to use his hands and eyes for

practical work. Physical development, as important as mental development, was accomplished by games, sports, and gymnastics. Included in the curriculum were the studies of the local districts, the German language, arithmetic, singing, drawing, gymnastics, and manual instruction.

Upon completion of primary school, a pupil was sent either to secondary school if he showed scholastic aptitude or to the upper four grades of elementary school whose purpose was to prepare the pupil for a practical career. In accordance with German educational philosophy, the two sexes were separated in the upper elementary school. Here the student was given a thorough background in German history, citizenship, general and local geography, and biology stressing racial supremacy, along with the usual training in physical development. Provisions were made at this level for the education of crippled, defective, or weak-minded pupils.

A student who had completed this upper elementary education had two choices facing him: he could go to either a vocational school or a central school. The vocational school (*Berufsschule*) was the basis for all professional education and could be attended by both sexes up to eighteen years of age. There were many different divisions of vocational schools correlating to the pupil's type of work. Usually upon the completion of his vocational training, a pupil took a craftsman's exam and became an apprentice. At the age of twenty-four an apprentice became a master craftsman and had the right to set up his own shop.

The other alternative, the central school (*Mittelschule*), was for talented students who wished to take posts in commerce and industry, trade and administration, or agriculture and forestry. The central school was composed of six levels. Everyone took the same courses in the lower three levels; the upper grades were divided into the three classifications previously mentioned. After obtaining his degree, the graduate of the central school went to a higher vocational institution to receive further special training.

Those graduates of primary school who were able to pass thorough physical and mental tests are admitted to the secondary schools (*Höhere Schule*), where they were prepared to take leading political, social, and economic positions. The secondary school, divided into eight one-year stages, was an all-around education preparing the student for the universities or the technical schools. Again, as with most levels of education in Nazi Germany, the sexes were separated.

There were three types of boys' secondary schools: the *Oberschule*, the *Aufbauschule*, and the *Gymnasium*. Of the three, the *Oberschule* was the basis for secondary education. In the lower forms the pupil was given instruction in ethnology, heredity, racial hygiene, geneology, the science of population, history, and three required foreign languages. English was compulsory from the first year on, Latin from the third year on, and usually French from the seventh year on. The upper forms, the seventh and eighth

years, of the *Oberschule* were divided into the following two areas of study, mathematics and languages.

The other two types of secondary schools were the *Aufbauschule*, a six-year school similar to the *Oberschule* but with no specialization in the upper forms, and the *Gymnasium*, a classical secondary school. A town could have a *Gymnasium* only if it also had a standard *Oberschule*. The basic purpose of the *Gymnasium* was to teach German culture; thus there was no specialization in the upper forms.

The girls' secondary schools were all of one type—the *Oberschulen*. All subjects and courses in the *Oberschule* corresponded to female occupations. English was the only foreign language taught, for the standard curriculum emphasized the domestic sciences. For those girls with academic promise, there was an alternate curriculum which emphasized strictly foreign languages.

All three types of secondary schools charged tuition for each child in attendance. The standard tuition was two hundred forty marks per year, payable in monthly installments of twenty marks. Parents with several children attending school were required to pay for each child but were given reduced rates. For a family with two children, a ten per cent reduction was given; for three children, thirty per cent; for four children, fifty per cent; for five children, sixty per cent; and for six or more children, seventy per cent.²

Private secondary schools were permitted only for those students who were eligible for secondary education in all respects but health or for those students who failed to meet the academic requirements of the regular secondary schools. The head of these schools was approved by the Minister of Education, and the teachers had to possess the same qualifications as regular teachers. The curricula of these private schools were to correspond with the curricula in the *Oberschule*.

To the Nazis, history was the fundamental subject taught in the secondary schools. Nazified history was to be taught from the prehistoric period to the present with emphasis on the Nordic race as the creator of culture and civilization. History was to be traced back to primeval Germany to give the students a glimpse of the daily life of their ancestors. The virtues of the Teutons—strength of character, determination, and fearlessness—were glorified in the hope of fostering national pride in their forefathers.

The history of German nationalism was heavily accented. The Nazis taught that nationalism in Germany had been retarded through the introduction of foreign influences, such as French words, into the German culture. It was these cancers that the Nazis were dedicated to remove. Special emphasis was given to the last twenty years—the heroic efforts of the German soldiers during the First World War and the treachery or degradation of the Versailles Treaty. Every attempt was made to degrade the Weimar Republic and its principles of democracy, liberalism, and internationalism while, at the same time, glorifying the Nazi movement and its leaders. The National

Socialist movement was interpreted as being of more importance in history than the French Revolution.³

German history was taught as the struggle of a race to perpetuate itself. The struggle involved the defense of the Germans against hostile races and the German attempts to obtain soil for the extension of the race. During the racial conflicts, the Germans had acquired Aryan virtues which were passed on to following generations. Intermarriage with non-Aryans weakened the race; if it continued, the Aryan race would deteriorate into a weak, impotent race.

History was also, as Carlyle stated, "the story of great men."⁴ The Nazis used this idea of history to supplement their theory of the importance of leadership in history. Much attention was paid to these great men of Europe: Charlemagne, Fredrick the Great, Bismark, and especially Hitler. Democracy was condemned because its legislature was elected by the masses and, thus, was susceptible to corruption. The Nazi leaders were, however, more efficient since they did not have to listen to the whims of the people. "History, according to Dr. Frick, Minister of the Interior, should not merely support the racial ideas of the Nazis and confirm their theory of leadership, but it should develop a heroic attitude towards life."⁵

Other nations' histories were aided by Nordic migration. The civilizations of Babylonia and Persia were founded by Nordic immigrants. That civilization, in turn, was passed on to Greece. The great Roman civilization owed much to the presence of Nordic blood in Rome. Even the French, English, Austrians, and Scandinavians were influenced by Nordic presence. This was the Nazi concept of history as taught in the secondary schools.

After completing his eight years of secondary education, each pupil took a series of examinations in ethnology, heredity, racial hygiene, geneology, and the science of population. If he passed this examination, the student was given a Certificate of Maturity, which allowed him to enter a university or one of a number of technical schools which would prepare him for a career in industry, commerce, or agriculture.

Teacher education under the Nazis remained basically the same as it had been in the Weimar Republic; the only difference was that the Nazis aimed to make the teachers loyal party members instead of world citizens.

Every person in the teaching profession, from *Kindergarten* through the universities, was compelled to join the National Socialist Teachers' League which, by law, was held responsible for the execution of the ideological and political co-ordination of all teachers in accordance with the National Socialist doctrine.⁶

By the Civil Service Act of 1937, all teachers were made civil servants and executors of the party will. As civil servants, they were subject to all racial laws.⁷ In other words, all Jews were forbidden to teach, and all teachers took

a loyalty oath to Hitler. Each prospective teacher had to undergo six weeks of observation in camps where secret service men studied their characters. The entire public educational system in Germany was consolidated under the control of the Reich Minister of Education, who issued all licenses and appointed all university deans and student union leaders.

It was not, however, the public educational system which Hitler counted upon to indoctrinate Germany's youth—it was the vast Hitler Youth Organization. In 1932 there were only 107,956 members of the Hitler Youth as compared with the ten million members of non-Nazi youth groups. In June of 1933 Baldur von Schirach was appointed leader of the Hitler Youth. On December 1, 1936, Hitler outlawed all non-Nazi youth groups. By 1938 the Hitler Youth numbered 7,728,259, and in 1939 Hitler passed a law conscripting all German youths in the Hitler Youth. The Hitler Youth now had control of the German children.⁸

Upon reaching the age of six, a boy entered the *Pimpf*, where he served his apprenticeship for the Hitler Youth. Each boy was given a performance book to chart his progress in character development. It was here in the *Pimpf* that young boys were first subjected to heavy indoctrination. The boys were told that the Versailles Treaty was a masterpiece of treachery. The name of the United States President was Rosenfeldt and he was a Jew. All democracies were decadent and unnatural, and, since they were weak, it was Germany's duty to destroy them. To German boys, the home and religion meant nothing; all that mattered was devotion to the party. The following were the basic principles taught to the boys of the *Pimpf*: (1) Hitler was their saviour; (2) foreigners were to be hated and revenge was to be taken against them; (3) the strong rightfully kill the weak; and (4) a pure race is the only good race.⁹

At the age of ten each boy was given rigorous tests in athletics, camping, and Nazified history. If he passed them, he entered the *Jungvolk*. The indoctrination in the *Jungvolk* was a continuation of that received in the *Pimpf*; the only change was that life became more spartan. When the boy reached the age of fourteen, he entered the Hitler Youth, where he received still more racial indoctrination. The Hitler Youth was actually Germany's secondary army. Each of its members was ready, mentally and physically, to fight and die for the Fuehrer. Upon becoming eighteen, the boy left the Hitler Youth and went into the army or a labor camp.

The girls had their own youth organization. From the ages of ten to fourteen, a girl belonged to the *Jungmaedel*. Each member wore a uniform consisting of a white blouse, full blue skirt, socks, and heavy marching boots. The training was similar to that of the boys of the same age. Emphasis was placed on the role of women in the Third Reich—to be healthy mothers of healthy sons.

Girls entered the *Bund Deutscher Mäden* (B.D.M.) when they were fourteen and remained members until they became twenty-one. Here more stress was put on their roles as mothers of German soldiers. They were told it was their duty to provide soldiers for the Fuehrer—within the bounds of marriage if possible, outside if necessary. At eighteen girls performed their *Land Jahr* on the farms. They helped in the house and in the fields and lived in farmhouses or small camps, often near boys' labor camps. The Nazi officials encouraged them to mix with the boys and to have illegitimate children. Girls living on farms spent a similar year in a household in the city.

The Nazi educational system was an educational system dedicated to one ideal—the creation of a National Socialist man. From the age of two-and-one-half until he became an adult, a German child was subjected to continual Nazi indoctrination. Nazi propaganda confronted a child both in the public educational system and the Hitler Youth; nowhere was he allowed to forget that his duty and devotion should lie with the party and, consequently, with the state. Through the educational system, the Nazis attempted to mold the minds of the future leaders needed to perpetuate the Nazi movement.

FOOTNOTES

¹ Michael Demiashkevich, "More on the Reform of Education in Germany," *Educational Forum*, III (November 1938), 84, 86.

² Demiashkevich, p. 94.

³ Richard H. Bauer, "The Nazi Revolution and Its Effect on the Teaching of History in Germany," *Historical Outlook*, XXIV (December 1933), 425.

⁴ Bauer, p. 425.

⁵ Bauer, p. 426.

⁶ William L. Shirer, *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* (New York, 1960), p. 249.

⁷ Shirer, p. 249.

⁸ Shirer, pp. 252-254.

⁹ Francis Miller, *History of World War II* (Philadelphia, 1945), p. 77.

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In Contemplation of the Beard

BARBARA HÉBERT

Rhetoric E102, Theme 6

THE BEARD HAS BEEN A SIGN OF DIGNITY AND HONOR from earliest times. This hair covering of the lower part of a man's face was not only a reflection of character, but, I believe, was an influence in the shaping of character. In early times the patriarchs and prophets, the early kings and ancient heroes, wore beards which were a symbol of their high position and prestige. The beard was held to be almost sacred; oaths were taken on it. Sir Simon de Montfort swore revenge on Warenne "by his chin," and we are all familiar with the oaths of the three little pigs, "by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin." The beard in early times, too, was not to be touched by profane and alien hands; to do so gave deadly offense.

Although we know that God is a spirit, we thought of Him when we were children—and even later, for some of us—as having a magnificent, flowing white beard. Perhaps we confuse him with Abraham or Moses. Adam, the first man, was by tradition created with a beard; the beard was the sign of full manhood. Can a child at Christmas think of Santa Claus without the "beard on his chin, as white as the snow"? To a child that long white beard is kindness, love, and benevolence. It is Santa Claus.

In our country in the early and middle nineteenth century, beards were much in evidence. There is a legend that a small girl wrote to Abraham Lincoln that he would be better looking if he would let his whiskers grow. This was a left-handed compliment, perhaps, but it showed a sincere concern for him. Whatever Lincoln's reasons for wearing a beard, with it his strength and character were more evident. I believe it had a small part in shaping the great man, and that it contributed to the legend he became. Take a look, too, at the notable figures in our country's tragic epic, the Civil War. In his pictures as a young West Pointer, Stonewall Jackson is just a handsome man; in his war years, with his full, dark beard, he is an imposing, almost majestic figure; his sharp, bold eyes have a look of command. Robert E. Lee's white beard contributes to his magnanimous appearance. Many other Civil War figures, both Northern and Southern, wore beards which seem to reflect the strength and severity of this stern period.

Today beards have come to be an outward manifestation of an inner rebellion against conformity. Think how often you have heard the expression, "the bearded rebels." A young man in Cuba leads a revolution against the existing government; some college students in America are protesting—almost any cause will do—against existing conditions; young artists

are breaking with established traditions and forms. The beards they wear are crying, "Look at me! I am different. I am not a part of the herd; I *exist*." Although the beard no longer represents the dignity and honor it once did, it is still an outward sign of an inner feeling, and it still has a part in shaping and revealing a man's character.

A Sole Full Tale

DAVID UNTERMAN

Rhetoric 101

THE BIRDS OF SPRING SANG THEIR SONG. I SAT IN THE study and white billows of smoke emanated from the Amphora tobacco, which purred softly in my pipe. The soft, beautiful strains of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" drifted across the room and soothed me. The bells of Saint Christopher's struck seven-thirty. The melodic strains of the doorbell blended into the cloudy, lunar spell of the music. I grudgingly roused myself and opened the door. My good friend and companion, Sir Marshall Collingsworth III, entered.

"Harry, so good to see you, old boy!"

After the exchange of perfunctory greetings we adjourned to the study.

"Harry, it looks like the home office is sending me on another trip to Australia. Back to the aborigines again. Try to make the savages civil, they tell me. Give them shoes to protect their feet and jackets to protect them from the cold and then teach them how to use all that apparatus. What a job! The office has the whole thing poorly coordinated, as usual. The shoes they are sending will arrive several months before I do. I have a native assistant there whom I have trained in the basics of reading, writing, and understanding English. I named him Sigmund Romberg, call him Siggy for short, and I hoped that you would send him instructions on how to put on a pair of shoes so that he can teach the others and the shoes can be put to good use before I get there. Yep, that is right. He cannot even put on a pair of shoes. He does not even know north from south or left from right. I guess you will have to start from the very beginning with him. So could you do this job for me? It is a tough job but I picked you for it because of your complete mastery of the language. I am certain that if anyone can accomplish this task, you can."

He had flattered me and really I had no choice in the matter. How could I turn down a friend?

"These are the shoes we are sending," he said, and handed me several photographs and a written description.

They were not really shoes. They had a base which was made in one unit. The base had a metal plate inside it which was covered by a very tough synthetic. Across the front of the base was an elastic band which, oddly enough, had printed on it yellow flowers, daisies, I think, against a background of light blue. This band extended over the front of each shoe from about the front of the instep to where the base of the toes might be, and across to the other side of the shoe. The front of the shoe came to a point and the back of the shoe was semicircular. I instructed Sigmund as follows:

"Face the direction from which the sun rises. The foot nearest the direction from where the polar winds blow is your *left* foot. The other foot is your *right* foot. Remove one set of two shoes from the box. The base of the shoe is the part made of hard material. The front of the shoe is pointed and the rear is in a half circle. The top side of the shoe has colorful cloth on it near the front. Place one of the shoes, bottom on the ground, so that the front points towards the direction where the sun rises. Notice that the outside of the base is curved more than the inside. If the greater curvature is on the side where the polar winds blow from, it will be placed on the left foot. If it is on the side nearest the place where the warm spring breezes blow from, the shoe will go on the right foot. The whole bottom of the foot will rest on the base of the shoe. The flowered cloth, which stretches, will cover the front of the foot up to where the toes begin. Put your foot in the shoe in the position I have just described, the toes being uncovered and at the front of the shoe. Push your foot as far forward in the shoe as possible without tearing the shoe. Put the other shoe of the pair on the other foot in the same manner."

I was proud of myself; a perfect job.

White snow fell on the ground. I sat in the warmth of my study and gray billows of smoke emanated from the Sobranie tobacco which glowed in my pipe. The richness of the violins of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetique" reverberated throughout the hall. The bells of Saint Christopher's signalled the hour of nine. The doorbell rang, creating a dissonance with the rondo. Sir Marshall Collingsworth III entered my abode.

"Harry, my boy. . . ."

The glow of the fireplace in the study warmed us.

"You know, Harry, you did a capital job on those instructions for putting on shoes. They got the shoes on all right. Just one little error, though."

"Oh?"

He began to chuckle. "Oh, you pulled a real beaut, you did." He began laughing almost uncontrollably. He caught hold of himself, though, and continued. "They think left is right and right is left and nothing I would tell them could dissuade them." He fell again into a fit of laughter.

I contemplated for a moment and then joined him in his mirth.

The Linguists at MRH

ERIC HARDER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 4

THE MEN'S RESIDENCE HOUSING, BY ITS VERY NATURE, has long been the center of extensive linguistic experimentation. The perpetually heterogeneous activity in its halls during the morning rush to classes, the mid-day traffic jam through its cafeteria lines, the frequent encounters through the halls after the evening's homework has been done, all offer a fast-paced existence for its residents. At the same time MRH supplies a potentially rich "playing field" for the extensive communicative experimentation offered each day. The vast cross-section of individuals housed here provides numerous, separate channels through which a word in its daily usage is supplied the acid test for diversity and originality of interpretation. Though in each day a multitude of overstatements, gross generalities, coined phrases, unpardonable grammatical errors, and fantastic variations on the basically immutable obscenities are squeezed through the wringer of experimental usage, particular acclaim must here go for the attempts at the cultivation and evolution of preposition structure in simple questions.

The grammatical acceptability of an individual interrogative sentence ending in a preposition has long offered substantial material for critical analysis to the boys at MRH. Contrary to the invariably boring "black and white" alternatives offered in English handbooks for ruling on most grammatical usage, such as subject-verb agreement or proper verb conjugation, a sentence's acceptability as to where its preposition is placed seems a manifest challenge for our experts to undertake. Proper form for any structure at MRH is immediately disregarded. Usage is here the golden rule for determining what is communicatively acceptable. Our residents, it must be conceded, are not onto something new, however. Apparently similar experimentation and research has evolved popular but acceptable word forms for centuries. This, however, has neither discouraged them nor curbed the intensity of their attack.

For example, note carefully the following two questions which have stood the "oral" test of time and now appear with relative frequency in all housing conversation: "Who's it for?" and "What's it about?" Although in the strictest grammatical sense we would be generous to label these "questionable," they are, indeed, time-honored here because neither one violates a basic postulate for communicative acceptancy in the dormitories' fast-moving pace—brevity. It is obvious that changing these two around to "For whom

is it intended?" and "With what is it concerned?" would be undesirable because the unfortunate student who might actually attempt mentally to rearrange his delivery before he blurted out anything would not only defeat his purpose, that is, to finish what he is saying as quickly as possible, but also would run the risk of having to bear the vacant gazes of utterly astonished "progressives." Note that in these first examples the interrogative precedes the preposition. Apparently our men are primarily concerned with "shooting across" that basic question (who, where, what, etc.) and allowing the preposition—here hardly more than an afterthought—to fall where it may, or, in the case of our more traditionally inclined students, where it sounds reasonable.

Let it not be said, however, that our "linguistic engineers" rest on their laurels. More praise must be due their foresight for the appearance of a rather novel communicative concept some years back. This is explicitly exemplified by one typical classic currently the conversational rage of Forbes Three East: "What of?" The skilled reader will immediately notice the exacting conciseness of this delivery. This bold new concept, which we will here call Neo-brevity, is heard to be gaining acceptance in other fields of usage too. Brevity in housing conversation seems to vary directly as the activity surrounding its utilization ($\frac{B}{a} = k$). This then theoretically explains the common occurrence at times of dropping the final preposition altogether in extreme cases of haste for even greater brevity such as: "What?" "Who?" and "When?" (Hyperneo-brevity).

Using a few oral factors of effective dormitory communication, we can readily explain the appearance of new "structures" in terms of their effectiveness in basic, rapid communication. The following qualities are seemingly desirable for effective communication in sentence structure, particularly for questions and their prepositions:

Spontaneity:	accomplished, generally, through placing the interrogative word first.
Brevity:	through uninvolved structure for rapidity of delivery.
Conventional	
Questionability:	through "debatable" structure—to create necessary attention to the word.

If one understands these factors, then understanding the overnight success of "Where's it at?" is manifestly simple. Here we see the conventional "dorm form" classically illustrated (initial interrogative, catchy preposition). Pay, though, particular attention to a sweeping new concept—length. Here

is seen a primitive attempt to augment the comprehension potential of a passage, as it were, by lengthening the time of actual communication (Pseudohyperneo-brevity). We will not lessen the credit due this "advance" by objecting that it is nothing short of grammatical absurdity, however, but merely be content that the conservative factions within the "controlling group," whoever they may be, did not see fit to rearrange it to a challenging, "At where is it?"

Obviously, in the machinations of word and sentence evolution through the halls of MRH, one at least catches a glimpse, if nothing else, of the dynamic transitional and experimental forces at work. Moreover, they will always hinge upon usage as their guiding form and will never give the lexicographer and grammarian the security of believing them to be at a standstill.

Rhet as Writ

As Charles de Gaulle views the future, he doesn't foresee what his act of recognition has done to the free world. His "uncalled for" act of friendship has humiliated the free loving nations of Europe.

* * *

The unions are champing at the bit to sink their teeth into the company's gravy.

* * *

People are not considered numbers, they are considered human beings like everyone else.

* * *

In this world, which we live, there are very few men that we can call good, even though I'm sure that in the mist of a conversation you have heard someone say, that, "The world is full of good men," and you, being one of these so-called good men just let the remark slip by without a retorical comment.

* * *

With such a colorful player like Mays, some people do not even care if the Giants win.

* * *

[William G. Perry, Jr.] also feels that a persons heighth of education is based purely on the amount of facts he knows. When a person gains to many facts, he then wishes to disagree with known truisms and finds out that they are only beliefs. In other words, it is a vicious circle.

* * *

Definitions of *femme fatale*:

- a seductive woman who leaves men in odd situations.
- compassionate destination.
- the death of a word, no longer needed.
- the death of a female.

AWARDS

The *Caldron* will continue its policy of giving awards to the writers of the five best themes in each issue. The winners will be selected by the votes of the members of the freshman rhetoric staff.

The schedule of awards is as follows:

- First: Fifteen dollars and five dollars worth of books**
- Second: Ten dollars and five dollars worth of books**
- Third: Five dollars and five dollars worth of books**
- Fourth: Five dollars worth of books**
- Fifth: Five dollars worth of books**



We wish to thank the following bookstores for their generosity in providing prizes:

- Campus Book Store**
- Follett's College Book Store**
- Illini Union Book Store**
- Illini Union Book Center**



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THE GREEN CALDRON

THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, may be published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

Members of the committee in charge of THE GREEN CALDRON are Anne Long, Victor Neufeldt, John Via, Jeremy Wild, and Roger M. Swanson, editor.

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A MAGAZINE OF
FRESHMAN WRITING

<i>The Contributors and The Winners</i>	2
<i>James Phelan</i>	3 Rationalism in Rhetoric Instruction
<i>Michael Symanski</i>	5 Associative Law for the Addition of Vectors
<i>Jerry Woodrum</i>	7 Why Not?
<i>Vivian L. Brosey</i>	9 Here She Comes, T-Square in Hand
<i>Margie Moeller</i>	11 Cry of an Apathetic
<i>William L. Simonich</i>	13 Tragicalness and Our Happiness: The Attractiveness of Semyon in Chekhov's "In Exile"
<i>Hunt Henderson</i>	15 It Will Get Worse
<i>John Wortham</i>	16 A Compromise with Time
<i>Richard A. Hahn</i>	17 A Day of Thought
<i>Margie Ryan</i>	18 Rhetoric is . . .
<i>Nancy Fetters</i>	19 Friend?
<i>Jeffrey Rochman</i>	20 The Race to the Top
<i>Daniel J. Brass</i>	22 Dogs for Roommates
<i>Vici G. Derrick</i>	23 A Face to Remember
<i>Rhet As Writ</i>	24

Volume 35, Number 3
March, 1967
University of Illinois

The Contributors

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Michael Symanski—Schlarman H. S.

Jerry Woodrum—Griffin H. S.

Vivian L. Brosey—Munhall H. S., Munhall, Penna.

Margie Moeller—Carl Schurz H. S.

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Jeffrey Rochman—Niles West H. S.

Daniel J. Brass—Pittsfield H. S.

Vici G. Derrick—John Marshall Harlan

The Winners

The following are the winners of the prizes for the best themes
in the December issue of THE CALDRON.

First: *Jefferson Gentry*, And What Is a Free Man?

Second: *David Unterman*, A Sole Full Tale

Third: *Terry Borden*, The Nazi Educational System

Fourth: *Eric Harder*, The Linguists at MRH

Fifth: *Carol Zimmerman*, The Bachelor's Bachelor, James Bond

Rationalism in Rhetoric Instruction

JAMES PHELAN

Theme 6, Rhetoric II, 1930-31

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following essay was the first published in Volume 1, Number 1, of *The Green Caldron*, November, 1931. The *Caldron* committee has reprinted it (1) to show that the problems rhetoric students face are the same from one generation to the next, (2) to offer an example of writing done in the Thirties which might be compared to contemporary freshman writing, and (3) to serve as the *Caldron's* tribute to the University of Illinois in its Centennial year.

IT IS A SEEMINGLY OBVIOUS FACT THAT A CANNON BALL shot in Dubuque, Iowa, will not kill an ostrich on an Australian veldt. The cannon may make a glorious noise and the cannon ball may scare a herd of cows eight miles out of town, or knock a good-sized hole in some silo, but the ostrich will remain totally unperturbed, its plumes waving in the soft Australian breeze, and its flow of gastric juice unimpaired by any premonition of danger.

Of suchlike incongruity is the method of rhetoric instruction here. No sane person will deny that the art of writing as practiced by the freshmen here offers an excellent target for the faculty's guns—one wonders how a random shot in any direction can fail to hit a cleft infinitive or a muddled metaphor—but the instructors fire round and round, hitting nothing, not even knowing at what they are shooting, nor exactly what they would do about it if they did know.

There are two things which work for good writing, inherent ability and urge, and ardent, meticulous practice. In dealing with the first, the instructors are, of course, helpless. Three out of every four freshmen do not like to write, are incapable of anything except stiff, bungling, limping prose. They lack the literary urge, the desire to read, the moving passion to write, to say unusual things in a startling manner. They may have their heads pounded for a year and finally learn, perhaps, to respect a complete infinitive, but they will add no more to the world's literature than will the advertisement writers of the *Daily Illini*.

Yet it is for this three-fourths that the rhetoric course is planned, where it is planned at all, and when the members of the remaining and superior one-fourth bellow out their dissatisfaction, they are politely told to go and get exempted, which is, crudely and honestly put, the faculty's way of saying "If

you don't like it here, go to hell." It is the choice of insanity in the rhetoric kindergarten or death from thirst in the Sheol of literature 10a or 10b. In either case the potential Conrad perishes and the cart of education rolls lumberingly on.

The plan, considered from the viewpoint of cultivation of excellence, is fantastic. Why deprive the best in order to bludgeon the inferiors? There would be some measurable sense to it, perhaps, if the second-raters profited from the course. But the planning for their welfare ceases with the heaving out of those of the neophytes that show ability. Then indeed does the outlandishness of the plan of study blossom into fullness. The remaining freshmen are introduced to Literature as selected and capitalized by the local patriarchs of rhetoric; to Matthew Arnold, to Paul Elmer More, to *Sweetness and Light*, to *The Criterion*. They are shoved into the field of sterilized and air-proof literature from which they take their involuntary and balking choice for book-reports. They make the acquaintance of Impromptu Themes, better known as literature at a dead run, and Outlines, or belles-lettres catalogued and indexed. On top of this fare is added such sauce as the teacher may fancy; interesting comments upon the museums of Germany if the instructor be a former globe-trotter; enlightening facts on the bearing of the Latin *clavis* upon the English word, conclave, if he be a philologist. Finally emerging from this ordeal comes the staggering freshman, drunk on the soda-water of More, astounded at the richness of the *Malerakademie* at Berlin, dazed with the similarity between the Greek *μηχανή* and the Latin *Machina*, but still prone to setting forth his ideas in one-syllabled words.

Now common sense prompts one to hesitate at attempting to reform such an august assembly as the rhetoric staff, and besides, it is a bit doubtful if anything short of carbon-monoxide could turn the task. And they are, after all, doing no great deal of harm. The material upon which they are allowed to work cannot be rendered any worse than it is; the really talented pupils have skipped out, or if they remain, they are doing so for the entertainment and with the cognizance of the amusing fact that they can probably write as well as their instructors. Improvement, when and if it comes, will provide for the division of the students into two classes, those who cannot write, who will never learn to write; and those who have at least glimmering possibilities. The first group will be trained on fundamentals, on the high-school principles, until they instinctively avoid writing "he don't" and ending sentences with prepositions. Beyond this the course will not go; to these pupils Sweetness will mean only some Tri-Delt, and Light only something which is absent from Bradley's dance hall, while Sherman will remain a man who, during the Civil War, rode down to the sea.

It will be upon the other group that the training will concentrate. For them there will be arduous practice and pointed, purposeful criticism. No

longer will they work one day and rest six; no longer will criticism by the instructors consist of writing PS₄ and LD₇ on the manuscript in red ink. The course will be founded upon recognition of the fact that it is to instruct not in Matthew Arnold's philosophy nor in ancient Greek history, but in good writing, and that it can do this only by demanding rigorous practice, and by offering authentic, qualified criticism. Such an exacting course will be, naturally, elective, but I think that it will attract those with ability, since they shall have learned by then that writing is a hard master, and they will come gladly. And at the same time it will frighten away the unqualified, the lazy, the merely pompous and wordy such as my classmate who speaks of the atheist Burbank as knowing and performing the will of God.

It will cause the Utopians who shall found this course a moment or so of worry to dispose of the present rhetoric staff, and in view of aiding them I make a few suggestions. Some of the staff would undoubtedly make good Methodist ministers, and the more fluent could become dispensers of patent medicine. The less lovely females could be made into excellent missionaries, while the better blessed ones would be able to shift well enough for themselves in such profitable fields as the movies or the night-club business. Those who are left over after this weeding out could be shot, and no great harm would be done the world. Two or three could be saved for the museums.

Meanwhile, the business of firing cannons from Dubuque goes merrily on. Likewise, the ostrich of unlovely prose remains peacefully within our midst. I herewith offer a short prayer that it die of senility, or fall unexpectedly into some deep chasm. It will not perish, needless to say, from gunfire.

Associative Law for the Addition of Vectors

MICHAEL SYMANSKI

Rhetoric 102

ONCE UPON A TIME A DRAFTSMAN DREW THREE spheres, one slightly smaller than the others, and one line on a piece of scrap paper. He then put the paper aside and forgot about it.

Now the three balls were on one side of the paper, and the line was on the other side. The spheres looked in the direction of the vector and discussed him.

"He is not like us," said the first large ball, "and we must make sure that he stays on his side of the paper. After all, how would you like to have him marry your daughter? Your grandchildren would be cylinders!"

"Well, as long as he doesn't make any trouble, I guess we could tolerate him," said the second large ball.

"I think that we should embrace him as a brother," said the ball of inferior size.

The line heard this conversation and decided that since he would not be universally welcome, he should stay on his own side of the paper. But soon he began to feel lonely and that all the action was on the other side of the paper; and besides, he was on the dirty side of the sheet: there was a finger-print on that edge.

"Can I please join you?" the line called to the spheres.

"Are you joking?" asked the astonished first ball.

"Maybe, if you don't make any trouble; but, in any case, not right now," said the second ball.

"Welcome, brother!" shouted the diminutive sphere.

Seeing that popular opinion was still against him, the line looked for a way to get to the other side. He found that by concentrating very hard he could change his shape! So he made himself into a circle.

"Terrific!" shouted the elated former line. "Now that I am no longer just a line and more like them, they will accept me!"

So the line, disguised as a circle, went to the other side of the paper.

"He is trying to infiltrate us by imitating us!" screamed the first sphere. "But he is still not three-dimensional."

"He has no backbone, no guts to be what he is," grumbled the second ball.

"You have lost your heritage as a line!" exclaimed the small sphere.

"You must always be a line, and you will be here with us soon."

"Can I please stay?" pleaded the line.

"No, you can't."

Now the line was truly discouraged. In his despair he thought of violence, and attacked the spheres in a fit of rage, shoving and pushing to gain a place among them.

"I told you he was scum!" screamed the first ball.

"I knew he was a trouble-maker!" shouted the second.

"Be patient, line!" cried the terrified inferior ball. "Keep begging, it's your only hope!"

Now as they were struggling, they failed to notice that the draftsman had thrown them into the trash can and that they were on their way to the incinerator where they were soon consumed by the flames before they had reached accord.

We have thus proved our postulate: A line drawn tangent to a sphere will not penetrate it.

Why Not?

JERRY WOODRUM

Rhetoric 101, Theme 4

THE BARTENDER'S STILL SMIRKING, CENTERED IN A maze of focusing squares: the room divider, the doorway, then an empty pretzel rack. Looking with amusement at all the minors drinking. He just laughed at our IDs, said he was glad we had them. But I like men who have enough guts to sell beer to minors. Where would the world be without them?

Red and blue lights cast their color toward us, though it doesn't quite reach us. And other colors dance in the sign over our heads; greens and reds and yellows all jumping around, up and down, alive. Hot Line and Big Chief pinball machines are banging out their dreary sound. Three thousand points, a free game. The crashing of a glass nearby: applause. Three cheers for the broad who dropped her glass. And speaking of broads, that one over there is pretty sharp. When we first came in she was very quiet. Now she is talking more, and louder, and is gesturing with her hands, throwing them here and there for no apparent reason.

And I am saying, "Here's some money, go get some more beers."

"No, we've had seven already, let's quit."

"Goddamnit, I want another beer."

"Okay, okay, I'm going."

Trying to walk to the restroom. The beer seems to be getting to me, I can't quite walk straight. Past the endless booths, the drooping heads, the staring glazed eyes, a lopsided coat rack. Men. Relief. And the smell of centuries of urine, beer, sweat. It's actually very clean. The bright light, reflecting off the sparkling urinal, tormenting my eyes. But I'm not quite so drunk in here. Maybe because of the light, or because there's no noise, or because I'm alone. In here, by myself, just me, there's no show to put on. I was faking it out there. But I wasn't, I really don't care about those other people, I just couldn't walk straight. Hell, I'm getting out of here before I sober up. My coat fell on the floor. Lying there in a crumpled heap of cloth, forty dollars worth of warmth.

And hearing him say, "Joan's pregnant."

"Ah, you're putting me on."

"No, she really is, but it wasn't me, it was some guy at Southern."

"Pretty lousy school."

"Yeh, beautiful new buildings, nothing behind them."

"Bet you feel lousy about Joan."

"Yeh, I feel weatherless."

"What's that mean?"

"I'm not here. Yesterday's weather today. Out of time; there is no time."

"Wait, let me write that down." Come on, pencil, quit slipping; you are under my control, you know.

"You're just agreeing with everything I say. You just don't want to argue."

"No, say anything and I'll argue, I will, just say something."

The jukebox blasts out *Ninety-six Tears*, and it rips through me, and I am lost in its pounding. But now Peter, Paul, and Mary are singing *And When I Die*: "I'm not scared of dyin', And I don't really care."

And my body is talking, saying something, but not me, I'm not saying anything. "Hey, did you hear John got drafted? The smartest kid in the class and he didn't want to go to college. I told him I'd be laughing at him when he goes to Viet Nam. And you know what he said?"

"What?"

"He said he'd be laughing at us in college." And maybe he is, Jerry, maybe he is. "Let me try to work that algebra for you."

"Hell, you can't even see straight."

"Bet I can do it; come on, let me have it. Hey, I got it right; it's all so very clear, 'cept I can't add. Remember when we saw that movie about what drinking does to your brain, and they were slicing up brains like loaves of bread? You think ours look like that now?"

"No, that only happens after years and years."

"Yeh, I guess so." And rambling on for another hour: college, God, sex, politics. "Johnson did kill him, but Bobby will get even." Music, art, life, everything but yet nothing. "But why does the SDS want to throw paint on Henry's car?"

"Because he's a lousy president, that's why."

"Remember when they used to call me Zorro, because I wore black all the time. It's such a great color, because it isn't a color. Well, let's go."

"Yeh."

It's so cold out, and raining. Every drop aiming straight for me, and hitting me. The Beatles sang *Rain*: "When the rains come, we'll run and hide our heads, we might as well be dead."

"I have to go to the toilet."

"No, hold on."

"Nah, here's some bushes," and him pissing on a church.

And a cop walking straight toward us, and I'm afraid; I don't want to be arrested. Act sober, act sober.

"You're not going to piss here, are you?"

"No sir, no officer, no."

"Then get to hell out of here."

"Yessir!"

And I join in with my "Yes, sir." And walking very quickly away. The sidewalk moving under my feet, and I'm under the sidewalk, far away, not here, not now.

And my friend's voice, far away, saying, "I know a kid who was taking an advanced philosophy course, and the only question on the final exam was 'Why?'"

"That's cool."

"Yeh, and the kid that got the highest grade on it, you know what he put?"

"No, what?"

"He put 'Why not?'"

"See you next weekend."

Here She Comes, T-Square in Hand

VIVIAN L. BROSEY

Rhetoric 101, Theme 6

BECAUSE ENGINEERING INVOLVED MUCH PHYSICAL work in its early phases of development, it became a male-dominated field. However, over the years engineering has embraced more activities in which women could be readily employed. Women took this opportunity to enter a man's field and soon they were being classified as a rare breed of women who were three-fourths male and one-fourth female.

Years have passed since the first woman engineer went to work, but her stereotype has remained the same in people's minds. The woman engineer is the girl who at the age of ten took clocks and radios apart because she desired to understand how they worked. To play house in her mother's old clothes was complete boredom to this youngster, but to build a tent out of these cast-off garments was utter fascination. During high school this girl studied long hours for an English literature or history examination but never opened the book for chemistry, physics, or mathematics. Instead of discussing the latest dating status of her classmates, the future woman engineer worked on an analytic geometry theorem or went to the chemistry laboratory and tried to prove one of her own theories. *Hamlet* or *Madame Butterfly* presentations were not on her agenda for the weekend. However, a trip to the Museum of Science and Industry or to the latest automobile show filled up many Friday, Saturday, and Sunday afternoons and evenings. From early childhood the woman engineer was stereotyped by her parents and neighbors as well as her friends who were mostly boys; she would have made a better boy than a girl.

The man-on-the-street carries the woman engineer stereotype one step beyond the tomboy classification. To him she has lost all characteristics of a female. She wears triple strength horn-rimmed glasses, saddle oxfords, blue

jeans, and oversized sweatshirts. Because she wears her hair in a boyish bob, the woman engineer has no need to visit a beauty shop frequently. Another place she rarely sees inside is an expensive Paris-original dress shop. The onlooker also feels a woman engineer is indifferent to men except as a source of possible competition; she dislikes the idea of becoming close to any male for fear she will lose the desire to be independent. Ordinarily, other women regard this career woman as an odd-ball, for they cannot understand her determination to obtain a man's job rather than a husband and children. Cuddling up with her T-square and slide rule on cold winter nights is the destination that the man-on-the-street foresees for every woman engineer.

How unfair this popular stereotype of the woman engineer is to the female who enters this field today. Although I must admit that certain aspects of this stereotype fit me, most of them differ greatly from my own characteristics.

During my early teen-age years I was a tomboy. My neighbors consistently told my parents that time would change my ways and I would become a charming and sophisticated woman. How wrong they were. I remained the "rather climb tree" type. Without much effort the boys on my street managed to convince me to put away the dolls and to play baseball or cowboys and Indians. Never have I lost my curiosity of what makes things work; I still take objects apart to see what the manufacturer decided to put inside. In high school foreign language, English, and history were required, but, as far as I was concerned, mathematics, physics, and chemistry were the only courses beneficial to me. And many mornings I skipped the homeroom "gab sessions" to work on a mathematics problem that had caught my interest the night before. If loving boys' games, taking things apart, and working on chemistry and physics experiments makes me the typical stereotype, then I am typical.

Although half the stereotype fits perfectly, the other half has no basis of support when compared to my life. I cannot imagine not going to hear the symphony or the Metropolitan Opera Company if the opportunity arises. If being culturally deprived is a quality of a woman engineer, then I am disqualified because I have studied classical guitar and piano for five years. T-squares and slide rules are handy devices, but in fifty years the computer might be so advanced that there will be little need for either one of them. I want a red-blooded American male who cannot be replaced in a hundred years. Beauty shops, black crepe dresses, high heels, and contact lenses are precious possessions to me. To never set foot in a Sachs Fifth Avenue dress shop would be a terrible fate.

Engineering is a vocation which nearly four thousand women have entered since the first woman pioneered into this male-dominated field. Gradually it is becoming just another way for women to earn a living, and perhaps eventually it will become so commonplace that women will lose the stereotype that has followed them through the years.

Cry of an Apathetic

MARGIE MOELLER

Rhetoric 102

I SAW THE MAN READING THE COMICS AND I SAID TO MYself, "He will have no views," and so I maliciously asked, "What's your opinion?"

He raised his eyes quietly and shyly, in a tired voice, said, "I stand for nothing because there is nothing to stand for. No good. No bad. No right. No wrong. Nothing . . . nothing. Nothing."

Thought I, "I shall excite this man," and so I shouted, "Take a stand. You *must* take a stand. *Everybody* must take a stand."

And he bent his head self-consciously and the tired voice said, "Well . . . against Communism. No, the United States really doesn't care. She only says she does. I read *The Ugly American* and wept, I was so ashamed. Maybe Communism isn't really so terrible. Propaganda techniques. We have them too. Glittering generality, bandwagon technique, transfer device . . . so many. But *I* know. No government will mass-manipulate me into patriotism. How can one hate a harmless Russian peasant? (That's a 'people-to-people—let's work for peace' theory.) It's all so relative. Was your mother born here or in Russia? That's the main question."

I was hopeful. "For Communism, then?"

But the voice persuaded-plodded. "Don't you realize that the system doesn't work. Only Utopian. Can never be achieved. Nature of man you know—to want power. Practically a poor system, low standard of living, purges, suppression."

I was angry. "What's left?"

"Disillusionment," he moaned-whispered.

Perhaps I could raise some prejudice in this man. "Civil rights!" I blurted.

He stared at his skin and I thought he might smile. "Say, you should have heard my neighbors. 'Them niggers marchin' around here again. If I see one, I'll shoot his ass off. What do they want to move in here for? Their own homes look like pig-pens.'

"I know my neighbors are right, I've seen the slums. But a Negro family once lived on my block and Mr. Hall used to play baseball with us. We all thought he was great. So I say there are good Negroes and bad Negroes. Just like there are good Whites and bad Whites. And I wouldn't mind having a good clean Negro as my next-door neighbor."

I screamed to him. "That's no stand!"

He shrank from my cry, but the tired voice swayed on. "Oh, I can't help it. I can't see a right or a wrong anywhere. Or maybe I should say I can see 'rights' in too many places. Of course Negroes are men. Of course Negroes have rights. Ah, but the rioting and the looting and burning. My neighbors were afraid when they marched and I can see why. Perhaps the best way is to see the whole thing as a social movement."

And I thought I was wise and would appeal to him where he must be stung. "But surely as a Christian . . . ?"

But he only smiled-cried and answered, "I wonder if you can really say that about me either. I doubt it. In the true sense I mean."

The sad eyes bored through me and the tired voice went on. "Do you know that where I worked I sat under the company's equal job opportunity sign and yet for every job applicant I told my supervisor 'White' or 'Negro.' Am I a Christian? I don't think so.

"Besides, haven't you heard the theory that Christianity is only a psychological comfort which satisfies a human need to worship?"

I cursed theories and tried once more.

"Viet Nam? Gosh. That's everybody's favorite." He was mocking and the voice began sonorously, "Pro—(1) We are battling for the freedom of a poor people in imminent danger of the horrors of Communist oppression. (2) We would lose all of Southeast Asia to Communism if we gave up in South Viet Nam, thereby seriously endangering not only our economic relations but also our national prestige. Con—(1) We are actually blocking a popular movement. If left alone, the South Vietnamese would prefer to unite the country and rid it of foreign rule. (2) We can never win in South Viet Nam and are spending dollars and lives in a vain effort. (3) We are supporting a corrupt government. The last elections were rigged."

"You, what do you think?"

"I don't care."

I was defeated. But one more desperate attempt. "But the bleeding American soldiers, the starving Vietnamese . . . ?"

(Grunted) "Realism . . . Probably true . . . Propaganda."

"Who did you support in the last election?"

"Didn't vote."

"The test of a true apathetic," I thought. I knew he'd tell me they all said the same thing and nobody meant it. And I knew I didn't want to stay because I'd probably believe him. Quietly I rose and left. Not two steps away I stopped. He had dropped the comics and was sobbing.

"Nothing, I tell you, nothing. Politics, birth control, poverty, what's the difference? Pro's. Con's. Same trite arguments. Nothing."

Sadly I slipped away.

Tragicalness and Our Happiness: The Attractiveness of Semyon in Chekhov's "In Exile"

WILLIAM L. SIMONICH

Rhetoric 107, Theme 4

WHAT CAN WE CONCLUDE ABOUT A SIXTY-YEAR-OLD who has been in exile in Siberia for twenty years and who constantly proclaims, "God grant everyone such a life!" and "I want for nothing"? We certainly do not say, "Yes, it's very clever of him to realize that." Instead, we think of him as a cold, broken, spiritless creature who purposelessly and pathetically clings to his miserable existence, as a "hollow shell of a man" who "exists" rather than "lives." However, we can readily recognize the practical value of Semyon's attitude in the extreme conditions of his environment, and so are prepared to examine some reasons for our initial feelings toward him.

Living in the Judeo-Christian tradition of the West and influenced by the structure of the Indo-European languages, we have unconsciously but pervasively adopted an "all or nothing," "he who is not with me is against me," "polar opposites" conception of the world. We also have the tradition of "never give up," "keep trying," and "do or die." All of these are emotion-laden conceptions. They involve us deeply in the world and in our personal endeavors. Semyon, on the other hand, is almost completely free of this tradition; rather, he accepts what may be called a pseudo-Buddhist philosophy directed at the cessation of his suffering. His admonitions to the Tartar—"You don't need anything. Neither father, nor mother, nor wife, nor freedom, nor house, nor home"—are very similar to the practical rules that might be found in a Buddhist primer. Semyon does not hate or despise these things; he is just independent of them. Disregarding which view is philosophically the more correct, we can conclude that the difference in philosophies has a decisive influence on our satisfaction with Semyon as a character.

In the strictly literary tradition, we have learned that tragedy, with its tragic hero, its tragic flaw, its downfall of the hero, and its catharsis, is more satisfying than a mere "sketch from life" of an ordinary character suffering in some way for no particular cause. Since Semyon fails in all the criteria for

tragedy (even his downfall is not tragic) while he does meet those for the uncathartic "sketch from life," he again proves to be an unsympathetic character.

But these reasons are not a complete explanation for our feelings toward Semyon. Although we cannot admire him, we can note that he is not vicious or greedy and that he is at peace with himself and his surroundings. Further inspection of his character reveals other reasonable or even positive qualities. He does not believe in a purpose to his life or in worthwhile outcomes for his exertions, nor does he delude himself that somehow "everything will be all right" by the mediation of another source. In this he is correct. He does not hate anything (because he has no strong feelings), and he is tolerant of everyone, although he is inadvertently inconsiderate of Vassily Sergeich's feelings when Vassily is making another of his fruitless trips to find a doctor for his daughter. Semyon is capable of enjoying the humor in almost every situation, does not take himself too seriously, and tries repeatedly by his advice to spare the Tartar the anguish that Vassily Sergeich has had from the first day of his exile. Furthermore, Semyon does not bore everyone with a detailed exposition of how miserable and unhappy he is, but instead follows the spirit of the modern folk lyric: "I've been wanderin' around this land/Just doin' the best I can." (Incidentally, in some respects Semyon resembles the familiar Hollywood characterization of the likable and amusing peasant who provides the handsome, dashing aristocrat with advice and help in overthrowing the villain. However, this is only a very tenuous similarity since it ignores the specific philosophy which Semyon advances and the atmosphere of the story, which, unlike the atmosphere of the Hollywood production, is not a combination of comic and heroic elements.)

Having established all this, though, we must remember that Semyon himself states that he "wanted for nothing" from the first day of his exile. This is an unforgivable, cowardly, and unworthy thing to do, something which to our minds negates any good points which we have conceded to Semyon. We expect him at least to struggle desperately for a few years before giving up completely, an expectation which leads us to make inferences about him such as "He was a hollow person to begin with," and "If he were a normal human being he would be lonely."

Thus his attraction lies not in the way we feel about him but in the way we think about him, for we naturally prefer our own way of viewing the world to his different way, while at the same time we realize the overpowering influence of the Siberian exile upon him and upon all other mortals, including ourselves. Explicitly, our sense of reality is the key in an appreciative evaluation of Semyon's good and bad aspects.

It Will Get Worse

HUNT HENDERSON

Rhetoric 102, Theme 8

BLACK, DIRTY GREY, DINGY WHITE. A SOMBER CHOKING, gritty pillow; a child of the winds and the temperatures. Friend of disease, harbinger of decay. A citizen of civilization, a curiosity of industry and progress, a creeping, unheeded threat to suburbia. Settling, settling. The city dark, darker, darker than ever before. Noonday, twelve o'clock, lunch counters, rushing people, honking horns, traffic signals, cops, shoppers. Blackness in your eyes, your lungs, on your skin. Useless—Murine, glasses, handkerchiefs, hats and coats. Opening doors, cracks around windows, curious secretaries, astonished salesmen, gritty ash in the office, the hallways, on door handles, in paper cups. Blondes, brunettes, red-heads, shampoo, soap, showers tonight. A pale grey-gold corroded disc of sun. One o'clock, empty tables, dishwashers, calorie-counters, penny scales, a fortune—"You will soon enter the light." Radios, televisions, newspapers. Astonished, mystified, wondering weathermen, scientists, public officials. Worried, upset, distraught housewives. Confident, patient businessmen; lovely secretaries. Soot, grime, dust—Smog. Greedy, taxpaying, President-fearing, steel companies. Four o'clock. Faces at windows, a somber, choking, gritty pillow. Commuter trains, taxies, buses, lights, particles of dry, unclean, funny mist.

A wind in the mountains, a rain out over the ocean. Five-thirty. Warning announcements, people, people, people. The street below, the Empire State Building above. Light! sunlight, red, glowing, stronger, hazy, sunlight. Lifted spirits, happy housewives, patient businessmen, no excuses, lovely secretaries.

"See you tomorrow." "Goodnight Bill." "After dinner, then, J.L.?"

President's commissions, governor's commissions, mayor's committees. Public organizations, national societies, state groups. Searching editorials, Huntley and Brinkley. Questions, questions. Observations, assumptions, ideas. Unworried city people, unworried minority-like country people, vote-seeking representatives and councilmen. City Director of Public Health.

Smog warnings. Keep posted. Take precautions, cars in garages, less burning.

Happy motorists, busy streets, cops, shoppers, traffic signals.

"Sure, someday it might get bad. But I'm not worried, de President ain't worried. He's got guys investigatin' de whole thing. The government knows just what tu do."

"I think, however, this type of thing could very easily become the cities' number one health and safety hazard. I have undertaken the necessary measures to insure the health department unlimited funds in the research and study of the effects and solutions involved in the problem."

"If the federal government steps in, private business will become more restricted by bureaucratic rule than ever before. I'm sure that I represent the feelings of many corporations when I say that we are quite capable of eliminating this hazard, and, in fact, are working at top speed on various projects, right now, that should greatly enable us to control this menace to the population without government intervention of any sort."

Today, more smog warnings.

A Compromise with Time

JOHN WORTHAM

Rhetoric 101

AMONGST A LARGE COLLECTION OF RECORD ALBUMS SITS one record very dear to me. It is very old; even nestled uncovered between two large fiery-colored album jackets it manages to retain some of the lonely austerity to which its great age entitles it. Each groove is criss-crossed a dozen times with careless scratches. Its gloss is gone and its reflections have dwindled like a fading memory. A long crack extends from the rim toward the center, giving periodically an extra beat per measure when the record is playing. It's a seventy-eight, of course, made of the heavy shellac material used in earlier days.

I don't remember how I got it or when. What matters was that I enjoyed and played it endlessly. There are only two instruments playing, a drum and a string bass. The theme is very subtle and murky but the message is wild and cannibalistic: muffled pounding and erratic slices of a nervous string bass pounce on all emotions. Violent red anger and cool tranquility clash under the fuzzy rasping of the needle and the recurring click of the crack.

Many have told me to throw it away. "It's too old," they say; "It's hard to hear." But real beauty never comes easily for me and a raspy voice never stopped me from enjoying the beauty of my elders' wisdom. So I overlook these faults, which I really don't consider faults, and enjoy it for another week and another year. It seems some things never die.

A Day of Thought

RICHARD A. HAHN

Rhetoric 101-E, Theme 2

THINGS WENT WELL THIS MORNING. OUR DEPARTURE from the troop ships, the mile or so of swerving back and forth in the landing boats, the attack of U. S. troops against a couple of thousand North Korean regulars, and later, the takeover and securing of Seoul, the capital of South Korea, went better than expected. Yes, things did go well this cold, crisp morning. Our allied casualties would be light, according to news releases.

“Light casualties.” That’s how the newspapers would read, covering the events of a September morning in 1950. Well, I guess if I just looked at a number, a percentage, or a kill ratio, this is what I might have reported.

But what do I write Fred’s kid sister? Do I say that when he was blown apart by an enemy shell, he was only a “light casualty”? Would Gary be a “light casualty” to his new wife because he was torn in half by machine gun fire? Gary’s wife—I can’t even remember her name. How do I write someone if I can’t remember her name? How do I tell a person I don’t really know about how her loved one died? I knew all of them only a few months, but had loved and depended on each of them as if they were my brothers.

None of us would have wished to be anywhere else this morning. This was to have been the big push. It was to have disorganized the enemy troops so much they would surrender. Needless to say, it didn’t quite work that way.

After we secured the city of Seoul, I was ordered to set up a roadblock just outside the city wall. I had a 57mm recoilless rifle squad of five men, a light machine gun squad of three men, an interpreter, and three riflemen. Our job was to search and question any persons entering or leaving the city. The day passed quickly and quietly.

When evening came, the cool night air chilled my tired, aching body. I remember closing my eyes and thinking how, if I were home in Oregon, I could take a slow deep breath of September night air and smell heaven. I instinctively inhaled and was abruptly returned to reality, when I smelled death in the air. I could even hear the sliding of enemy troops on the ground, the cocking of a rifle bolt, even the pulling of a safety pin on a hand grenade. A scream passed my lips, just before the first explosion ripped the stillness. The hours seemed endless, as we lay in the darkness, listening and waiting. Again and again, the night erupted with the sound and feeling of dying men.

Thank God! There's a lighter tinge to the sky and morning is here. The smell of death is stronger now, but the sounds of war are gone. It's over, once again.

Things went well last night. But how do I write Tom's mother about his being one our our "light casualties" last night.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Richard A. Hahn was awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in action during the Korean War.

Rhetoric is . . .

MARGIE RYAN

Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

Recently I received a letter from Mr. Charles M. Schulz, renowned author of *Peanuts*. He is currently working on a new book, written in the style of his popular *Happiness is* and *Christmas is*, entitled *Rhetoric is*. Since I'm such an expert on Rhetoric he has asked me for a few suggestions. After careful thought I've come up with the following.

Rhetoric is . . .

running out of Rhetoric paper when you have only two more sentences to write.
a strain on the brain.

having to write a thousand words on something you don't know ten words about.
umpteen hours work for only three hours credit.

rewriting themes you didn't want to write in the first place.

having a paper you worked on for hours handed back with more red ink than blue on it and then having a paper you just dashed off quickly handed back marked "Good."

trying to keep from giving yourself away while your "author unknown" theme is being criticized in class.

wishing that genius was hereditary and that Shakespeare was your great-great-great-grandfather.

being convinced your Rhet teacher doesn't understand you.

wishing you wrote the paper, due tomorrow, last week.

wondering where inspiration is when you need it.

required by the University.

Friend?

NANCY FETTERS

Rhetoric 102, Theme 11

MAYBE WE BELIEVE IT AND MAYBE WE DON'T, BUT ON we sing, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." Perhaps "someone to call on when the going gets rough" is more accurate. A friend is a living person with whom we can communicate and share experiences. He is someone who is also in contact with the tangibles that constitute our prosaic existence, the endless cups of coffee and trite conversation. What possible relation does Christ have to such routine matters of daily life? How can a man who's been dead for over nineteen hundred years understand or meet our sociological needs of companionship?

We live in a world where only the things we can see and physically experience can have any significance. Sure, we need friendship, but not through such abstractions as God. Today's gods have taken different forms: popularity, wealth, and influence. These are the things that substantiate and perpetuate our lives. They are the measures of social worth and the determiners of success. Christianity simply does not fit into such a scheme. God has been pushed aside as material for bull sessions. Instead we are toying with philosophies and kicking Zen around. After all, it takes concentration to imagine "the sound of one hand clapping," not just the blind acceptance of well worn ideas. If then Christianity is for "crutch people," it's much easier or at least more convenient to simply say, "God is dead."

The society of material security, however, does demand a commitment on our part. It demands that we be sucked in by the "society machine." The way to be absorbed is to keep moving, always smiling and talking. Dress alike, talk alike, and think alike, but never stop and never question because the moment you do you become a rusty screw in the "society machine." To question is to admit doubt and doubt brings insecurity.

There is still another demand which is placed upon us. We must be able to get along with people—the Negro, the foreigner, and the dean. But we musn't go overboard; just enough to keep everyone happy. To achieve this is to treat everyone equally with the same smiles and the same comments, to never let on from day to day how we really feel. Be well rounded, well masked.

But what do we do when the music and the smiling are gone and we are suddenly faced with the hideous reality of our world: brutal slaughtering in

Viet Nam, riots in Los Angeles, people working, starving, and dying? Yet we want it comfortable for ourselves, away from that which hurts, upsets, confuses. It is at these moments when the momentum of banal life and continuous activity fails to suppress the dreaded questions. Where am I going? Why am I here? Surely, the Christ we sing about so apathetically offers no solution. In our scale of wealth and influence, he doesn't even rate, yet there is something about him which has molded a whole civilization. He never wrote a book, yet he has been the subject of thousands. He never wrote a song but provides the theme for thousands. He never led an army or fired a gun, yet no man can claim more followers. He healed without medicine and never charged for it. He never practiced psychiatry, but no one has healed more broken hearts. So they say. These things happened hundreds of years ago. People don't really believe that Christ can work miracles in twentieth-century lives or be the companion he was to the disciples, do they? Surely, it can't be possible that we can have a "Friend in Jesus."

The Race to the Top

JEFFREY ROCHMAN

Rhetoric 102, Final Examination

INSTRUCTOR'S NOTE: The assignment for this theme read as follows: On the basis of your own experiences discuss the statement that because Americans are so preoccupied with the achievement of economic and social status, there is little room for romance, adventure, or individualism left in our lives.

MANY CRITICS, BOTH FOREIGN AND AMERICAN, HAVE criticized us for our ever-present worship of economic and social status. The result, the critics say, is an absence of romance, adventure, and individualism in our society. I am not sure of the complete validity of this opinion, but from my experiences during the past few years and especially the past three months, I see some connection between the concentration on the social and economic aspects of our society and the lack of romance, adventure, and individualism among Americans.

The idea of romance, meaning an escape from reality, has never been predominant in our culture. We delight in the dismissal of the "corny" and the idealistic, the theoretical and the abstract. Perhaps that is why we consider Edison a hero for his practical application of scientific phenomena, while we regard such men as Einstein and Fermi with sometimes suspicion

and sometimes disdain for being such "eggheads." Richard Hofstadter has examined this feeling in his book, *Anti-Intellectualism in American Life*, and found the dislike for the abstract thinker to be constant throughout our history. Other manifestations of the American dislike for the romantic and unrealistic are the small amount of American romantic literature (Twain even goes out of his way to satirize romantic writing in *Huckleberry Finn*) and the layman's general dislike for abstract painting. These attitudes can be traced to our continual striving for economic and social status, for the rat race to the top precludes any stopping along the way for romantic dreams. The American is much too rushed for any romantic wanderings, wanderings which have no visible goal.

Much of what I have said about the American's lack of time for romance also applies to adventure. However, there is a difference in our attitude toward the two qualities. While we dislike romanticism, we admire adventure. The problem is that we feel that because pure adventure, unlike an occupation, does not provide any tangible results, it is not necessary. The little adventure which we get in our lives must be artificially packaged in James Bond films and amusement parks. True adventure is ignored because it takes us away from our task of achieving social and economic status. The only time adventure is considered acceptable is when its end is a movement up the social or economic ladder. Thus, an adventurous economic endeavor, if successful, would be considered worthwhile.

Social and economic status-seeking are also in conflict with individualism. The very nature of the terms status and individualism makes this conflict apparent, for status involves something which is considered good, reasonable, and attractive by many. Individualism entails only a personal conception of what is good. Therefore, status and individualism are incompatible because they appeal to different audiences. Examples of the status-individualism conflict run rampant of the college campus. "Penny loafers" are high on the ladder of status while plain black oxford shoes are not. Taking a girl to Kam's on a date is in; taking her bowling is not. Thus, if an individual prefers the second alternative in the above choices for purely individual reasons, he discards any chance of achieving social status. The preceding examples concentrate on social status and ignore economic status, but is there really any difference between the two? If a person does achieve economic status, that is, collect a great deal of money, he will immediately convert this money to symbols of social status such as a new car or a swimming pool.

I believe that the achievement of economic and social status plays an important part in American's lives. Because this goal conflicts with the qualities of romance, adventure, and individualism, the qualities must suffer. They become lost in the great race to achieve economic and social success.

Dogs for Roommates

DANIEL J. BRASS

Rhetoric 102, Final Examination

INSTRUCTOR'S NOTE: The topic selected for this theme was "This was the winter of our discontent."

I HAD SPENT ONE SEMESTER WITH A HUMAN ROOMMATE, and the winter of that semester had been one of discontent on my part. For various reasons I decided to depart from room 411 and find a single room for the next semester, hoping that I would never see my ex-roommate again.

The single room wasn't hard to find, but, after three weeks of unmitigated banality, I began to look for a roommate. Finding nobody and becoming more and more depressed, I stumbled across a stray dog while I was walking across the football field. Here was my new roommate, a black and white mutt.

I knew the idea of keeping a dog in the dorm was ridiculous; moreover, it was contrary to all University rules of living. I should have thought more about the rules and regulations, but I did not. The mutt was quiet, and smuggling him in and out of the dorm in a cardboard box was no problem. My friends soon found out, but they all swore not to tell anyone.

Two weeks ago, I received a notice to appear before Judicial Board A of MRH. Someone had informed the authorities that I was keeping a pet in my room. I appeared before the board, pleaded my case, and was found guilty.

I had tried to reason with the board. Sam, as I had named the dog, had not been served a summons during his nine-week stay nor had I. The semester before, my roommate had received summonses for yelling, "Go to hell," in the hall during final week and for playing his hi-fi ridiculously loud. Sam had never come home drunk either. My first roommate was drunk right on schedule every Friday night. Frequently, he had not been able to distinguish between our room and the bathroom. Furthermore, Sam had not kept me awake until 6:00 a.m. because he had an exam that he had not studied for. Sam never tied up the telephone for hours on end, and never insisted on smoking cigars. Most of all, Sam never continually complained about the University.

Still the verdict was guilty, the only explanation being that I had kept a pet in my room. The fine was not heavy and I paid it gladly. I considered myself lucky: the board had not fined me anything for the dog of a roommate I had had first semester.

A Face to Remember

VICI G. DERRICK

Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

EVERYDAY WE READ NEWSPAPER ARTICLES AND HEAR stories about racial prejudice. It is not unusual to turn on the television set and see people mobbing and being mobbed because of the disease of hatred and prejudice. Hatred and prejudice are hard words to understand unless you come in contact with a person so diseased. After this contact it is harder still.

I suppose you could say that I am fortunate. I have looked into the face of hatred only once. Once is enough. It is strange that I always thought I was immune to hatred, immune to being hated. I thought that being an individual made me different. I actually thought that I was a person, not a race. How utterly absurd, or was it?

As children we assume most of our attitudes from our parents. My parents love people; so do I. I was never taught that I was superior or inferior to any race. I did not and could not realize what racism was. I am still amused when I think of the restless nights my parents spent trying to think of a way to tell me that I am a Negro. A Negro. How do you tell a child that she will be hated by many people because her skin is black? I certainly don't know. They didn't either.

How do you explain race when a child has a white paternal grandmother and a maternal grandfather who is pure Cherokee? Is it necessary? A Negro.

Would you believe that I actually thought that the "Negro" was a disease? I thought that I was going to die. The disease, however, manifests itself in other people. It breeds in hate and lives in prejudice.

This summer I looked into the face of a person who had the disease of hatred. I did not know this man; I could not recognize him if I ever saw him again, yet it seems as though his was a familiar face, one that I had seen often.

I was crossing the street. Crossing the street is an ordinary enough phenomenon. But suddenly a man I didn't know dashed out, grabbed my arm and spat into my face. His words were "I hate you, you black nigger." I could not look into his eyes, although I tried. There was a veil that separated his eyes from mine. It would not let him see. Hate had masked his eyes and made him blind. I wanted to cry out, "I'm not a nigger, I'm Vici, and I don't even know you. How can you hate me?" Instead I remained silent and

searched the face which had grown ugly and distorted in my mind—ugly and distorted by the disease. I watched that man as he jerked away and ran. I wanted to cry out after him. Instead I silently pulled out my handkerchief and wiped my face.

Rhet As Writ

Unwed mothers are presently a growing problem. . . .

* * *

If a young adult male wears tight pants and a mode shirt, and combs his hair with bangs, he is often considered an abstract by adults. . . . [He is] no different from men who used to wear coon-skin coats and hats with beaver tails.

* * *

During the eighteenth century, however, the distinction between "who" and "whom," which is not essential for clarity, was erotically observed.

* * *

Living in Harlem is like living in the bowls of a city.

* * *

The Negro wife usually dominates the family relationship. Because of the frustration these just mentioned conditions cause, the father many times will leave home in search of relief.

* * *

The women made most of their wearing appeal.

* * *

People can walk on the streets at night unmolested by evil doings, because they do not exist. This image depicts the scene of an average, clean, American city.

* * *

Years ago, girls were butchered up while having an abortion done, or went away so people wouldn't know.

* * *

He is throwing away the chains of ignorance that have plagued him in his efforts to grasp the equality he is seeking.

* * *

God made Eve by taking a rib from Adam's thigh bone.

* * *

Before the earth was ever inhabited there was existence.

* * *

Though there was a tremendous standing ovation when Illinois played Michigan State, the Assembly Hall should have had every seat filled to its capacity.

* * *

The ways to achieve grossness are many, varied, and such that I can't write.

AWARDS

THE CALDRON will continue its policy of giving awards to the writers of the five best themes in each issue. The winners will be selected by the votes of the members of the freshman rhetoric staff.

The schedule of awards is as follows:

- First: Fifteen dollars and five dollars worth of books**
- Second: Ten dollars and five dollars worth of books**
- Third: Five dollars and five dollars worth of books**
- Fourth: Five dollars worth of books**
- Fifth: Five dollars worth of books**



We wish to thank the following bookstores for their generosity in providing prizes:

- Campus Book Store**
- Follett's College Book Store**
- Illini Union Book Center**
- Illini Union Book Store**





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THE GREEN CALDRON

THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, may be published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

Members of the committee in charge of THE GREEN CALDRON are Anne Long, Victor Neufeldt, John Via, Jeremy Wild, and Roger M. Swanson, editor.

THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF
FRESHMAN WRITING

<i>The Contributors and The Winners</i>	2
<i>Gail Skinner</i>	3 Gypsy Dancing
<i>Reid Sutton</i>	4 Eating Styles and Table Habits
<i>Lawrence Dalkoff</i>	6 Death of a Peasant
<i>Darrell L. Bishop</i>	7 The Gospel of John
<i>Marian J. Porch</i>	9 Warning or Lament?
<i>Fred Petrick</i>	11 Education vs. Studies
<i>John Wortham</i>	12 Snacktime in Milwaukee
<i>Heather McKinney</i>	14 Friedrich Schiller and the Objectivity of Comedy
<i>Ann Thomas</i>	17 Stop the Moon—I Wanna Get On
<i>John Meyer</i>	18 Petty Cash
<i>John O'Connell</i>	19 My Changing Neighborhood
<i>Rhet As Writ</i>	20

Volume 35, Number 4

May, 1967

University of Illinois

The Contributors

Gail Skinner—Hyde Park High School

Reid Sutton—East Alton-Wood River High School

Lawrence Dalkoff—Rock Island Senior High School

Darrell L. Bishop—Bloomington High School

Marian J. Porch—Wyomissing High School, Wyomissing, Penna.

Fred Petrick—Glenbard West High School

John Wortham—Lake Forest High School

Heather McKinney—Peoria High School

Ann Thomas—Stockton High School

John Meyer—Thomas Jefferson High School, Denver, Colo.

John O'Connell—Assumption High School, East St. Louis

The Winners

The following are the winners of the prizes for the best themes
in the March issue of THE CALDRON.

First: *James Phelan*, Rationalism in Rhetoric Instruction

Second: *Jerry Woodrum*, Why Not?

Third: *Michael Symanski*, Associative Law for the Addition of Vectors

Fourth: *Daniel J. Brass*, Dogs for Roommates

Fifth: *Margie Moeller*, Cry of an Apathetic

Gypsy Dancing

GAIL SKINNER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 2

EDITOR'S NOTE: At age ten, the author lived with her parents in Iraq, where her father worked with an archaeological expedition.

TWO KINDS OF WANDERING PEOPLES LIVE ON THE Iraqi desert, the Bedouins and the Gypsies. I had seen Bedouins, who are just wandering sheep herders, but never had I seen Gypsies. Then one day in winter, they passed through our village.

Just at twilight, when the flat desert country is caught in the rust-red glow of the setting sun, the Gypsies came on the horizon. Still miles away, their wagons and horses were mere specks silhouetted against the sinking sun. Alli, my Arab friend, and I were first to spot them and we raced to the compound with the news. Strangers in this desolate, sparsely inhabited desert were few and of great interest. But the villagers recognizing the strangers spread fear and panic through the village. With haste Alli's father hurried to warn my parents of the Gypsies, who were thieves and murderers, wild people knowing no moral order. Dust flew as the Arab women scurried about collecting children, chickens, and livestock into the courtyards of their mud-brick dwellings. The men watched silently the caravan's process. On the men's faces, illuminated by the sun's bright orange and lined with night's heavy shadows, was a strange misgiving. Alli, my sister Beth, and I watched too, children's shivering excitement and love of the mysterious overwhelming us. We plotted and planned night spy missions to the Gypsy Camp.

As the night drew nearer, the Gypsies edged closer. By nightfall they had camped their wagons in a circle about a mile from the village. The village, however, was tightly locked, all articles of value hidden. Donkeys, sheep, and chickens cluttered the village streets and houses. The women huddled around kitchen fires and the silent men stood at windows looking out in the blackness at glowing red Gypsy wagons. Beth, Alli, and I, our plans formulated, awaited the proper time for our expedition, our eyes never leaving the camp.

In the camp, fires were being lit, food cooked. The brightly colored Gypsy wagons glowed warmly in the flickering firelight. People were laughing and singing. As night deepened, the music grew; drums beat a steady hypnotic rhythm, while recorder and guitar-like instruments accompanied haunting atonal singing. The Gypsy women danced around the fires, playing finger cymbals. Their bodies moved with instinctive primitiveness, a continuum of

motion. Shadows danced wildly on the wagons and the whole camp seemed caught in the firelight of motion, an oasis of forbidden joy in the blackness. Beth, Alli, and I, our courage mounting, wrapped the blackness around us and crept near the camp. But as we neared the wildness, our courage failed, and one extra loud yell was enough to send us running back in terror to the village. There we built our own fire and danced as only children can, free and uninhibited. The Gypsy music flowed, like the dancing fire, through our civilized spirits, moving our bodies in an instinctual undulating motion. The fire had given warmth to the blackness and the Gypsy music had given release to our fear. So deep was our concentration, all tension, all thoughts released themselves, unifying mind and body in a single purpose. I was suspended in time in an eternity of movement and motion, a feeling I was never to forget. Only when worried parents called us to bed, did I remember myself. The Gypsies continued dancing far into the night, long after I'd fallen asleep. When I woke in the morning, the Gypsies were gone.

The Arabs' loss consisted of one donkey, three sheep and ten chickens; also a rare gold pin belonging to my father was stolen, but there were no murders. The villagers counted themselves lucky and returned to normal routine. But Beth, Alli, and I and the other Arab children continued our nightly dances around the fire for at least a week, chanting our own primitive music to the rhythm of bodies.

Eating Styles and Table Habits

REID SUTTON

Rhetoric 101, Theme 9

INSTRUCTOR'S NOTE: The assignment was "observe the table manners of those around you at dinner tonight. Ponder carefully, then discuss the people and the manners."

BECAUSE EVERY PERSON HAS A DIFFERENT EATING "technique" and general table etiquette, there are many different approaches to eating. For simplicity, though, we will place eating styles and table oddities into three categories: the Eater, the Faker, and the Banger.

When the Eater is dining, he does not fuss with such trivia as passing dishes to the starving soul across the table or engaging in polite dinner conversation. The platter of meat, on its journey around the table, always seems to stop abruptly in front of the Eater's roost. Because he abstains

entirely from table discussions, the only words ever emitted from behind his mountain of food are an impatient "Please pass the . . ." Even this is muffled and garbled, for the command is invariably spoken with a mouthful of beans, peas, or corn. Eaters eat and don't waste much time in the process, but eating for them is more difficult than for most of us. Food is attacked and beaten into submission. The fork, characteristically, is gripped in the same manner as a cloaked man would grab his dagger. The knife is wielded with reckless abandon—with the finesse of a slaughter-house butcher. The spoon is a multi-purpose weapon which usually operates with the same efficiency as a steam shovel. Watching an Eater eat is like watching a war.

The Fakers, unlike their gluttonous counterparts, do not want to eat. Haunted by the fear that he will be "caught" taking a bite, the Faker only pretends to eat. To stall for time, he will discuss everything from his great aunt's appendicitis attack to his bad luck in buying used cars. He is constantly stirring the sugar in his coffee and wiping his foodless lips with a napkin that will remain perfectly clean. The most revered, time-honored, and most time-consuming trick of the Faker is to mince the various dishes and then, very subtly, mix them into a conglomeration that no one will touch. The hostess is always assured that "everything was simply marvelous," and the Faker always makes a special point of getting several recipes, but that hardly explains why none of the food was touched except in the preparation of a magnificent goulash.

The final group is the Bangers. A very nervous lot, Bangers enjoy tapping their spoons against coffee cups, salt shakers, and anything else within reach. Leave a Banger alone in a banquet hall and he will surely arrange the glasses in order, depending on their water levels, and begin tapping them with either his knife or spoon. A true Banger will become totally enraptured with the resulting racket, but this is too much like a Banger's paradise. For the average Banger, there is far more adventure sitting at a regular dinner table and being forced to devise ingenious contraptions which will catch the eye and capture the imagination of fellow-Bangers. To prevent becoming tone-deaf within a few years, the wise Banger is also a builder. A frustrated Frank Lloyd Wright by nature, he constructs such wonders as the "Leaning Tower of Plates" and the "Empire of Cup and Saucers Building," which always win the praise of the hostess, provided the Banger-builder was not uncouth enough to use her best china in the construction.

The Eater, the Faker, and the Banger are quite at peace with themselves as they drive me towards insanity. But, it is probably one of the blessings of Providence that I cannot observe myself in action.

Death of a Peasant

LAWRENCE DALKOFF

Rhetoric 101

I REGRET THAT I NEVER REALLY KNEW TRAN KHE. I was a Frenchman, an overseer on one of the outlying sectors of the Michelin plantation. He lived in the small village beyond the rubber trees. Most of the time he grew rice. Sometimes we hired him when we needed extra workers. He was a stand-offish member of a people I had always regarded as dull and cowardly. But I really wasn't any better. I sold information on Red troop movements to the Americans and sent blackmail payments to the Cong once a month.

I saw Tran Khe only when I had to go down to the village to get extra fieldhands. The villagers were inexperienced and useful only for carrying the latex to the shed. They would let us hire them only after the rice was harvested and even then only when we offered good wages. Khe was no exception, yet once hired, he never needed supervision and always earned his pay.

He was considered an "odd one" by the other villagers. Some of the elders said he was living according to his own peculiar set of standards acquired, no doubt, when he moved to Saigon a few years before. He harmed no one and so was tolerated.

It had been the custom of the Viet Cong to exact a tribute of rice from the villagers. The tax gatherers were steel-eyed fanatics and always carried rifles, so no one complained. Khe usually looked sullen after making his payments, but then he was always acting strangely.

One morning, a Viet Cong officer walked into town with a squad of men behind him. The farmers gathered before him. They were puzzled. It was not the day for taxes. The officer told them to double their payments. They were to line up in half an hour and give the Cong the rice. The villagers were overcome with despair and trudged back to their huts, knowing that after the day's payments, the rice would not last until the next harvest.

A half hour later, the villagers lined up with rice sacks in their hands. The Viet Cong officer ordered his men to put down their rifles and prepare to load the rice into the oxcart they were going to use to haul the tribute away. His pistol would be enough to terrorize the farmers. Tran Khe walked up to the front of the line of peasants. The officer asked him why his bag looked empty. Khe said nothing. The tax gatherer became angry and bent down to

look in the sack. Khe slipped it over the officer's head and pushed him to the ground. The act of defiance stunned the other guerillas. The villagers saw this and mobbed them. One Viet Cong managed to get to his rifle, fire two rounds at Khe wounding him mortally and fled. He escaped and never returned to trouble the village again.

A few days later, I and a few other Europeans walked over to the hamlet. I spent a few minutes by Tran Khe's newly filled grave. Most of my friends avoided it. Later, I tried to discuss the man with them, but they always changed the subject. I think I see why. We are always trying to deny in others virtues we don't see in ourselves.

The Gospel of John

DARRELL L. BISHOP
Rhetoric 102

IN 1917, THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY SAID UNTO JOSEPH, "Your wife, Rose, will bear you a son, and you shall call his name John. He will be great, and will be called the son of a Democrat, and also a son of a . . . , and the people will give to him the throne of the Americas, and he will reign over the house of White forever; and to the reign of your family there shall be no end."

Joseph, with Rose, went up from Washington to the city of Massachusetts which was called Boston. While they were there, the time came for her to be delivered, and she gave birth to her second-born son, wrapping him in silken cloth and laying him in a golden cradle—because there was no room in the platinum one.

In that vicinity there were party chairmen out in the streets, keeping watch over the polls by night. A silver blimp appeared to them in the sky. Anxious to seek out any potential voters, they followed it with haste. The blimp, stopping over a house, soon revealed to them Rose, Joseph, and the baby John. They saw John, marveled at him, and presented him with gifts: a key to the city, a pass to the 1960 Democratic Convention, and a seat in the House of Representatives.

The baby John, a terribly precocious child, spoke to them with some difficulty because of the silver spoon in his mouth:

"Listen to me, people of Massachusetts! You ask me to go to Congress. (Would not all the nations of the world do so if I was available?) However, I cannot go at this time, because of the rules of the Constitution. Prepare, however, the way to the Presidency, make the election turn out right, and

every pocket shall be filled, and every Republican shall be brought low."

All who heard him were amazed at his political ability and his understanding.

As the years passed, John increased in wisdom by attending Harvard, in stature by eating regularly, and in favor with man and the Democratic Party by getting good publicity. Also during this time he walked upon the water to save a comrade from the wrath of the devil and the Japanese navy. All who saw him wondered and believed him to be the one to soon lead the Democratic Party into the days of glory.

John, returning from the sea, began his ministry in earnest. He was led by the spirit of FDR and the Democratic Party to Congress. From there he preached, taught, and recruited many to be his followers, including Simon Lyndon, Robert of McNamara, Robert the son of Joseph, Edward the brother of Robert, and Mary Jacqueline.

During 1960, John and his faithful disciples reached the pinnacle of their efforts to convince the American people of the righteousness of his message. John, now called Master by his disciples, went out and gathered about him the multitudes, and he taught them, saying,

"Blessed is he who believes in me. He who does not believe is condemned, because he has not believed in the only truly worthy candidate for the Presidency. Do not hunger and thirst after old Nick's son, Richard, for he will lead you down the paths to death and destruction. Cleave to me and my words, and receive life and eternal happiness.

"With what can I compare my kingdom, the righteous New Frontier? Oh, what parable shall I use? It is like unto a grain of crabgrass seed, which, when sown upon the ground, is the smallest of seeds. Yet it grows, spreads, and becomes a weed of weeds, driving out the grass of disbelief from the lawn of the world."

With many such parables he spoke the word to them, that they might be more easily converted. The people listened to him, were guided by his words, and chose to follow him. The people rejoiced, and cheered and waved their palms at him, shouting to him as he rode down the streets of Jewrusalem—now New York—riding a white ass bearing a remarkable likeness to Simon Lyndon.

"Hosanna!" they shouted. "Blessed are your teachings and the coming New Frontier!"

The joyousness did not last, however. Men began to doubt, and to deny the truth of his sayings. Yet, still he charged his disciples, "Men may come and seek to destroy me, but my words and righteousness are immortal. Go therefore into all the world, preaching the gospel of John, and making disciples of all people; and, lo, my image will overshadow you always, even to the close of the age."

Warning or Lament?

MARIAN J. PORCH

Rhetoric 102, Final Examination

INSTRUCTOR'S NOTE: The assignment was to establish what the theme of the following poem is and discuss how the author uses language, particularly figurative language, to reinforce his theme. The author was not aware that the poem was written by Wilfred Owen.

ARMS AND THE BOY¹

Let the boy try along this bayonet-blade
How cold steel is, and keen with hunger of blood;
Blue with all malice, like a madman's flash;
And thinly drawn with famishing for flesh

Lend him to stroke these blind, blunt bullet-leads
Which long to nuzzle in the hearts of lads,
Or give him cartridges of fine zinc teeth,
Sharp with the sharpness of grief and death

For his teeth seem for laughing round an apple.
There lurk no claws behind his fingers supple;
And God will grow no talons at his heels,
Nor antlers through the thickness of his curls.

THE THEME OF THE POEM "ARMS AND THE BOY" SEEKS ironically appropriate for contemporary readers, since it involves the manifestation of war in the hearts, minds, and souls of the young. It is questionable whether or not the "lad" alluded to throughout the poem is symbolic of young men in general, or perhaps is the dead son of the poet. If the former is true, then the work becomes a universal message to all parents of young boys whose lives are overshadowed by the fierce knowledge of the responsibility they must assume in ever imminent wartime. Either as a father or only as a man, the poet laments the situation which finds a once carefree, curly-locked youth brutally introduced to the monstrous implements of war. The coldness, hate, and utter carnal destruction implied in the description of the weapons appear in direct contrast to the young innocent who possesses neither, "claws," "talons," nor "antlers." However, it is subtly implied that perhaps these characteristic marks of cruelty, hate, and brutality may be evident after wartime experience ("And God will grow no talons at his heels"), but the war may arm him so.

¹ From THE COLLECTED POEMS of Wilfred Owen. Copyright © Chatto & Windus, Ltd., 1963. Reprinted by permission of New Directions Publishing Corporation.

The poet seeks basically to present two different types of bitter images throughout this poem, and because of the resulting contrast between them, the reader is able to see the evil, bleak, shameful contrast between youth and war. The incongruence of situation is matched frequently with incongruence of image and description. Also, the very word choice in a few cases emphasizes incongruence.

The negative imagery of the poem, of course, concerns war. Through a description of some common war implements, the poet develops his image. The “*steel*” of “this bayonet-blade” is “*cold*,” “*keen* with hunger,” “Blue with all malice,” “thinly drawn.” All of these references are in cold, hard, calculating, completely objective terminology. The word “*keen*” suggests fierce, impelling desire. The blade of the bayonet is “famishing for flesh,” and is “keen with hunger of blood.” Certainly these images present war and subsequent death as utter rampage and physical destruction. The war implements themselves seem to need no human power behind them—rather they murder and destroy merely out of their own being.

The verb usage in two particular places also contributes to a somewhat ironic contrast. The lad is permitted to “*stroke*” the bullet-leads, which “*nuzzle* in the hearts of lads.” The emphasis on the word “*sharp*” (“*Sharp* with the *sharpness* of grief and death”) gives added intensity to such a gruesome, cold picture as the poet paints.

Responses to the senses are also an important factor in the war imagery. The coldness of the blade can be *felt*, its blue color can be *seen*; “*fine zinc teeth*” and “*blind, blunt bullet-leads*” (note the harsh alliteration) are “*stroked*.” The bayonet is at once “*malice*,” “*a madman’s flash*,” and seemingly animated.

In direct contrast to the war imagery is the poet’s positive description of “the boy.” The beautiful line, “For his teeth seem for laughing round an apple,” could no better emphasize childhood freedom and blissful peace. The lad’s “*supple*” fingers bear no “*claws*,” probably indicating the lad’s soul bears no malice. The reference to God never growing “*talons at his heels*” or “*antlers through the thickness of his curls*” again may allude to the absolute innocence and childlike ignorance of this young lad to any manifestation of hate. “*Curls*” is a metonymic reference to his head and a convention to indicate innocence.

In carefully noting, therefore, the minute ways in which the poet seeks to fill images with meaning and inference, one can sense the almost “*black and white*” contrast in the poem as the images reinforce the contrasting themes. The poet wishes to emphasize gross and unwarranted incongruence of situation and he does this through the utilization of figurative language.

Education vs. Studies

FRED PETRICK

Rhetoric 101, Final Examination

“STUDIES” AND “EDUCATION” FREQUENTLY APPEAR incompatible. The accomplishment of mechanical processes required to comprehend and pass a college course seems to overshadow the primary purpose of the course—to educate the student, to make him into a thinker and creator as well as a technician. Many complain bitterly that the university should be a place for independence and pursuit of special interests and aptitudes. Students themselves should be responsible for their own development and for the pace of that development. The university administration should function as a provider, not as a controller.

This is, of course, a proposition of “scholastic anarchy.” It has worked and is working, notably under the British “Oxford” system of education. However, applied generally to undergraduates at American colleges and universities, this “scholastic anarchy” would probably work something like political anarchy. As the basic goodness and self-sufficiency of men are assumed in political anarchy, so are the basic responsibility, industriousness, and inquisitiveness of the American college student assumed by those who favor “scholastic anarchy.”

Unfortunately, most American students lack these qualities, or at least do not have them in sufficient strength and quantity to enable them to educate themselves. In Great Britain the student studying under the “Oxford” system, which allows for independent research and study with instructors for counsel and advice, is one of a gradually selected elite, as are all college students in Great Britain. American college students come from a far broader scholastic base; in this base are far more of those who are incapable of doing college work without some form of coercion. The American institution of higher learning is noted for the number of diversions—athletics, social activities, etc.—which it offers; presumably these activities develop the student’s mind outside of scholastic accomplishments. Paradoxically, added diversions must be balanced by controls and rigidity in the scholastic system.

This rigidity in the scholastic system is frequently reflected in unrelenting emphasis on the technical aspect of almost any subject, be it mathematics, sciences, languages, or even philosophy. This is unfortunate but necessary. The university has assumed more and more a place as an advanced training school for specialists. A successful specialist in any field must have an advanced technical as well as philosophical knowledge of his specialty.

One can thus refute the advocates of "scholastic anarchy" with these arguments. The nature of the American student and the demands of the American society which will utilize the skills acquired in the university demand that the university stress "studies" as well as "education" in its development of the student. Each graduate, in order to make his bachelors, masters, or doctorate worth the time and effort put into it, must have a working knowledge of vast amounts of specialized information which he might otherwise ignore, if the university did not take the responsibility for the acquisition of that knowledge. "Studies" are synonymous, in this case, with "education."

Snacktime in Milwaukee

JOHN WORTHAM

Rhetoric 101, Theme 6

THE WILES OF BIG BUSINESS ARE NOT CONFINED TO those corporations holding space in the *Wall Street Journal*. One of the most vicious and beguiling business operations serving the public today exists in the colored section of Milwaukee's backyard. Here hot sticky summers and an excessive amount of leisure time produce an abundance of half-naked black street urchins along with an uncontrollable desire for the by-product of a sinister consumer service, popcorn vending.

The friendly neighborhood popcorn salesman is probably a retired janitor, a part-time cab driver, or any blue-collar worker who has acquired some money and invests it in an old second-hand truck. He then converts the truck into a red, white and blue, fire-breathing, smoke-spouting, high-octane popcorn cooker and is off to make his fortune, which invariably ends up in weekly installments to the vaults of Arlington race track at Chicago.

The popcorn science is a difficult system to grasp. Since most trucks also sell snow cones and cotton candy, a helper is needed, preferably a young kid who can be persuaded to put off getting his social security number for a year or two. At least two weeks, twenty burns, and four bottles of salt tablets later an apprentice salesman may have learned this demanding science. The basics are fast-bagging, spilling the butter on the sides of each bag to give a thoroughly saturated effect (actually it's coconut oil—"It's better than butter, mister!"), and cutting the snow cone syrup with three parts of water to one of syrup (the dishonest dealers cut it eight to one). A general indifference to heat, pain, sweat, and an occasional robbery or assault become valuable assets. The congenial popcorn man, however, does carry another basic, a

revolver for protection, in his cotton candy machine. Handling the public properly—that is, giving free popcorn to the right people—and avoiding public health officials are the refining touches which complete the background needed at the peak of the season.

The popcorn man's largest money-making day is the Fourth of July. Cars are parked in strategic spots along parade routes weeks in advance so some popcorn truck owner can move into the thick of the holiday crowds. All stock on the truck is tripled and an extra boy is hired to handle the overload.

They're off their old route and in the white part of town for the day, so prices skyrocket and bag sizes shrink. Woe to any colored boy, downtown for the fireworks, who spots his friendly neighborhood popcorn man and runs over, nickel in hand, to buy a cherry snowcone or a bag of corn. At midnight a large fireworks frame is ignited and the American Flag roars into brilliant living color. The National Anthem is played by the band, and the popcorn man counts his money and frets over the long anticlimactic summer ahead.

The route covered by the popcorn man has to be built up over a number of years until he has a regular clientele. The boundaries of the route are sacred, and no popcorn man will infringe upon the route of another for fear of starting a popcorn war.

Lately large syndicates of five or six trucks have tried to muscle in on the territory of the small independents. This, of course, has brought on an all-out popcorn war. It's not unusual to find an independent truck charging down the street, with horn blaring and popcorn flying out the windows, hot on the tail of some Jolly Jingle Corporation truck fleeing with every kernel of strength for the border. Price-cutting, tire-slashing, cotton candy adulteration, bribery, and some all around healthy swearing abound along the battle zones. Numerous individual treaties are made and alliances are formed. To make peace and stop further escalation the district popcorn supply distributor is called in. Treaties are established and business returns to normal until someone blunders and poaches customers from another district; then, the whole salty mess starts all over again.

For every popcorn salesman, the ultimate dream is a twenty-to-one shot and a popcorn caravan such as the ones that travel with the circuses. Each diesel truck engine pulls four corn poppers, three cotton candy machines, and a fifty-bag ice cooler for snowcones. A Harvard education, a penthouse office, stock manipulation, integral back-stabbing, and corporate fraud give the New York financiers an infamous reputation and the means to achieve their goals. The popcorn man, with half the education, influence, and gimmicks, will be just as successful in finding his dream. Avarice and the ambition of every popcorn vendor to try out his stratagem on a large scale will keep the popcorn salesman's knowledge of business ethics small and his notoriety equal to that of Wall Street.

Friedrich Schiller and the Objectivity of Comedy

HEATHER MCKINNEY

Rhetoric 102

AMONG THE MANY ESSAYS WHICH DELVE INTO THE REASONS for laughter, Friedrich Schiller's "On Simple and Sentimental Poetry" lucidly explains the objectivity of comedy. The subject of a comic work according to Schiller does not of itself elicit humor. He wrote, ". . . in comedy the object does nothing and the poet all."¹

The author's skill and method in telling a story determine the degree of humor. The author employs verbal devices, such as contradiction and the pun, and applies patterns of repetition and inversion in the plot of his story.² Thus the writer's treatment of his topic and his ability to draw out the natural absurdities in his characters create the comic effect.

The goal of comedy is to give men freedom of mind. Schiller theorized that this goal is achieved by lifting the audience above the level of emotion. Comedy must therefore appeal to the intellect, to calculating reason. Over one hundred years after the publication of Schiller's work, Henri Bergson wrote: ". . . laughter has no greater foe than emotion."³ It is this exclusion of emotionalism, the freedom from what Schiller called "the influence of violent passions,"⁴ which enables man to survey his environment with impartiality and inspires him to solve his problems objectively. Again Bergson may be quoted to support Schiller's original theory. He stated that laughter serves the "utilitarian aim of general improvement."⁵

The short stories "Laura," by Saki, "Why I Live at the P.O.," by Eudora Welty, and "A Reasonable Facsimile," by Jean Stafford all illustrate Schiller's thesis that the author's manipulation of his characters' actions and his readers' viewpoints, rather than the actual subject matter, produces the comic effect.

The subject of "Laura" is death. The normal reaction to this topic is one of fear, but in Saki's story, the reader is permitted to trace the fate of the character Laura. Laura is so certain of the hereafter that she maps out a series of reincarnations which are appropriate punishment (or reward) for her life as a woman. She is first reincarnated as an otter, then as a "little brown, unclothed Nubian boy."⁶

The two principal devices of humor described by Bergson and employed by Saki are repetition and the endowment of human characteristics upon an animal.⁷ Laura's delight in annoying her perennial enemy, Egbert, boarders on the sadistic, yet the repetition of her attempts at revenge becomes comical and makes Egbert's selfish reactions appear ridiculous. The otter, who the

reader presumes houses the spirit of Laura, acts with human motivation. However, the otter has no scruples or inhibitions: she is straightforward in her attack upon her enemy. The non-human may take aggressive action without fear of human opinion. The otter is killed, but not without fulfilling her intention of frustrating Egbert.

While admiring Laura for her originality and craftiness in working revenge, Saki's reader feels superior to the pettish Egbert, for he is ignorant of the spirit that plagues him. The character Amanda does suspect Laura's reincarnation, but she breaks down from fear of the supernatural. The reader's feeling of superiority promotes the freedom from emotion which Schiller believed necessary for the appreciation of comedy.

Eudora Welty's "Why I Live at the P.O." is based on a theme of jealousy. The story describes a family that is broken up because of a conflict between two sisters, the candid "Sister" and the cunningly subversive Stella-Rondo. The forces which advance the plot are bitter sibling rivalry and selfishness.

Author Welty uses several techniques to transform her story into a comedy. She uses inversion⁸ in developing the plot, for the rôles of the two sisters are reversed from what they would be in a live situation. Stella-Rondo comes home to her family after having "run off" to get married. She is not questioned: she is given the welcome of a "prodigal daughter." Sister, who has been the obedient daughter, is constantly misunderstood by her family and out-witted by Stella-Rondo. The thwarted Sister becomes peevishly vindictive and is forced to pack up and leave.

Because the story is told from the viewpoint of Sister, Miss Welty uses the vernacular of the lower-class southern whites throughout the narrative. The repetition of certain phrases elicits humor.⁹ The eccentricities of each member of the family are depicted. The reader laughs at their unhappiness because it is caused by inflexibility and unsociability.¹⁰ Not one of the characters will compromise after his vanity has been hurt. The reader is lifted above the situation and experiences definite superiority to the story's characters. As Schiller theorized, this detachment enables the reader to laugh at the faults and frustrations of the persons in the story without being injured himself.

In "A Reasonable Facsimile" by Jean Stafford, an old man learns that one of the great dreams of his life—to have a son—is not essential to his happiness. The actions of young Medley, who proffers himself as Dr. Bohrmann's prodigy, makes this study of human relationships a comedy.

Jean Stafford takes two personalities often stereotyped in literature, the wise and patient professor and the enthusiastic young academician, and draws them out beyond their usual stock characters. Henry Medley is pictured as having an all-embracing intellect, and as being constantly exuberant. He appears to have superhuman talents and abilities, but, like the hero of Greek tragedy, he has one fatal flaw. The nature of his flaw makes Medley ridicu-

lous. Medley imitates Dr. Bohrmann: he is unsure of himself and tries too hard to obtain approval. Dr. Bohrmann finds that the younger man's hero worship gives him "the feeling . . . that Medley has robbed him of his own personality."¹¹ Medley's over-enthusiasm becomes tiresome to Bohrmann and to the reader.

The reader's sympathy is given to Dr. Bohrmann. This does, in fact, present a point of departure from Schiller's theory of comedy. The reader does not remain completely aloof from the action in the story: he identifies with Dr. Bohrmann. Jean Stafford draws this character with skill. The account of his background and the description of his vital interest in life, his curiosity about people and things make Bohrmann believable and lovable. Therefore the reader assumes the old professor's viewpoint. Bohrmann himself, however, is an objective person. Because he is able to appreciate the absurdity in Medley's precocity, the reader sees and appreciates it also. Because of this sympathy with the main character in "A Reasonable Facsimile," the reader is not as free to draw his own conclusions or make his own interpretation of the story as he is after reading other comic works. However, Bohrmann's insight into Medley's personality problem does "bring into play the understanding"¹² and suggests to the reader a way for improvement, which is, by Schiller's theory, the aim of comedy.

The elements of comedy are strangely contradictory. Humans tend to laugh at the misfortunes of their fellows. Awkwardness, discomfort, and pain all arouse humor. If the observer feels no sympathy toward the person who exposes his own character weaknesses and faults, he will find that person ridiculous, laughable. The observer is secure in a sense of superiority. In a comic work the reader easily sees the blunders of the characters and sees how the blunders might be avoided. The objectivity brings about self-improvement and additional understanding of human nature. This, according to Friedrich Schiller, is the true rôle of comedy.

FOOTNOTES

¹ Friedrich Schiller, "On Simple and Sentimental Poetry," *Essays Aesthetical and Philosophical* (London, 1884), p. 293.

² Henri Bergson, "Laughter," trans. Cloutesley Brereton and Fred Rothwell, *Comedy* (New York, 1956), pp. 119, 121.

³ Bergson, p. 63.

⁴ Schiller, p. 294.

⁵ Bergson, p. 73.

⁶ H. H. Munro [Saki], "Laura," *The Short Stories of Saki* (New York, 1930), p. 269.

⁷ Bergson, pp. 62, 119.

⁸ Bergson, p. 140.

⁹ Bergson, p. 140.

¹⁰ Bergson, p. 154.

¹¹ Jean Stafford, "A Reasonable Facsimile," *The New Yorker*, XXXIII (August 3, 1957), 29.

¹² Schiller, p. 294.

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Stop the Moon—I Wanna Get On

ANN THOMAS

Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

MAYBE YOU'D THINK I WAS NUTS IF I TOLD YOU I wanted to go to the moon. I want to go to the moon. Now you think I'm nuts. We should understand each other. In fact we ought to get married and go there together, we understand each other so well. Yeah, but, personally, I don't want to do that—I'm against marriage. I'm against everything. That's why I want to go to the moon.

You see, it all started years ago when my mother took me out of my crib after I'd just eaten, slapped me up to her shoulder, and began to "pat" my back. Pretty soon I started feeling bubbly. And then I bubbled. All over her back. It tasted awful. It tasted so bad my eyelids stung and my mouth got kind of all bunched up. I thought she wouldn't ever do that again after she saw what a mess I was (and she was) when she got through. But she did, and that's when I decided that life wasn't going to be just a joy ride in a baby buggy, and that's when I also decided I didn't want any part of it.

Corny, isn't it? Well, that's what everybody says, and I always try to act aloof and indifferent just to show them that I really don't care *what* they think. Anyway, as soon as they can get a man landed on the moon, I'm buggin' out of here. There, life will be hard and simple—some people say like me—but like I said, I don't care what they think. Besides, people in general never think about the advantages of living on the moon. They never think about anything at all. They just sneer.

The biggest advantage would be no people. There would be just big, cold rocks and me. There wouldn't be any loving mothers, or sticky-fingered, curtain-climbing little kids, or football-playing fathers, or beer-bellied uncles and sweet-smelling aunts. I'd leave them all back here with the rest of their

kind; may they live in misery for the rest of their lives. Don't ask me why I said that. I could tell you why, but you wouldn't be interested. Nobody ever is.

That's why I'm going to the moon. There will be no more people who don't understand and won't try.

There won't be any green beans either. I can't stand green beans.

Petty Cash

JOHN MEYER

Rhetoric 108, Theme 1

THE DOUBLOON, OR WHAT WAS LEFT OF IT, WAS NEARLY the size of a half dollar and almost twice as thick. Its faces were tarnished to a reddish-brown by the elements which had buried it beneath tons of rubble many centuries before. Excavation had once again exposed it to the eyes of a civilization that had achieved a miraculous level of technical finesse.

A careful observer could detect that underground water movement, as well as the action of the earth itself, had over the centuries ground away the coin until the original characters were all but erased. Even so on the obverse side the outline of a head was still visible. The coin had been awkwardly stamped, and the head was slightly off center, but it was unmistakably the head of a ruler; a high, sloping forehead disappeared up into a crop of thick, curly hair, and zigzagged down into a long, Roman nose. A sparse beard, full lips, and a grimly set jaw finished off the noble profile. The bulk of the coin created a vignette of smoothness around the head, marred only by a deep scratch behind the ruler's ear.

The reverse side presented a completely different aspect, for a strong chemical stain had blackened the lower rim, fading into gray, and then back to dirty red-brown as the eye progressed toward the center. The entire face of the coin was pitted with furrows and scratches, many of which were almost worn smooth again. Near the upper left edge the letters SIB were distinguishable amid an aggregate of lumps and ridges, but the remainder of the letters had been defaced beyond recognition.

The coin now lies alone in a glass box, the object of the inquisitive imaginations of the disinterested who pass by, yet are oblivious to its world of antiquity, and are unconcerned with its story of residence in the heart of the earth.

My Changing Neighborhood

JOHN O'CONNELL

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

IT HAD BEEN THREE YEARS SINCE I LAST SAW MY neighborhood and I felt a warm, tingling sensation inside me as I walked through it for the first time since my return from overseas.

It was a cold March day, and there still remained patches of old, sooty snow along the scrupulously clean and dry sidewalks. The trees that lined both sides of the street were bare and lifeless, giving little protection to the aged, red-brick, look-alike houses behind them.

I could be a thousand miles away and still picture my neighborhood. The artist need only select his colors for the different seasons because the picture was always the same. My neighborhood was a strong Irish community with a few Polish sprinkled in. It was a good place to live. The people were gregarious and full of fun. The majority of them had grown up in the neighborhood, creating a pleasant, secure, and highly informal atmosphere; our doors were never locked. The women while washing dishes or sweeping the sidewalks would often be engrossed in pleasant conversation, the same conversation their mothers and grandmothers had spoken. It seemed changeless.

The focal point of the community was the little church on the corner—St. Patrick's. After Mass people would gather in little groups on the church steps and talk. The women would talk about family matters and the men would invariably talk about business or politics. There were, of course, many fish fries and cake sales, which were simply a front for bingo, sponsored by the little church. All the people participated in these activities like a large family with the church as its parents. My neighborhood would stay this way; today would be as yesterday and tomorrow as today.

Yet as I now walk through my neighborhood, I know it did change. During my three years absence, there was a horrible crisis that changed it completely and forever. There was no mass epidemic, no bomb dropped. It was something much worse; it was something irreparable. It came with no warning; it was a silent disaster. It was as silent as a family getting out of car, walking up to the door, unlocking it, and walking in. They were colored.

The word spread like a serious illness; everyone within minutes knew about the crisis. The implications were all too clear; it meant a "deterioration in the neighborhood": the "moral standards would be lowered," the doors would be locked, the women would never be allowed outside alone, the church would grow poor, and worst of all, our neighborhood would forever be broken up.

My neighbors did not throw rocks or spit at them. They did not antagonize them in any way because good people do not behave in this way. They simply moved. They sold their land and houses to the very people they feared. It was mass exodus. I was told of how an aged Irish grandmother with tears in her eyes walked away from her home cursing that first colored family. How could a just God allow such a horrible malady to happen to good people?

There were a few white families that stayed. But it was no longer the same. The informality, the security, the pleasantness were gone. It is now like two hostile armies encamped next to each other, waiting for the dawn to resume battle.

There still remain after Mass on Sundays little groups gathered on the steps of St. Patrick's. But somehow it seems sacrilegious, unfitting; for they are neither Irish nor Polish.

Rhet As Writ

The book-banners have defended censorship on the grounds that obscure material tends to incite the young to lewd, lascivious, indecent, and generally parental behavior.

* * *

The beatnik conforms to very strict standards of dress. He has an unkept appearance.

* * *

These men had a passion incepted into them to succeed at goals never before attained by man.

* * *

After thoroughly reading and re-reading the essay, I found very few faults in my mind.

* * *

I was born and conceived in the presence of Christian parents.

* * *

I know it seems like I am allowed enough money, but I am finding it very difficult to love on this amount.

* * *

After sitting down in one of the two luxurious wooden back chairs which the owner was so generous to provide, a state of depression feels imminent.

* * *

Homosexuals are now banding together and demanding abolishment of old laws penalizing such activity. Most of the rest of society want to see the law enforced, while the psychologists are trying to keep homosexuals out of jail and instead put them on the couch.

* * *

The young couple, without trying to reveal the basis or prospects for success, lounged into a hasty marriage.

* * *

This was the most profounding statement I had ever heard.

AWARDS

THE CALDRON will continue its policy of giving awards to the writers of the five best themes in each issue. The winners will be selected by the votes of the members of the freshman rhetoric staff.

The schedule of awards is as follows:

- First: Fifteen dollars and five dollars worth of books**
- Second: Ten dollars and five dollars worth of books**
- Third: Five dollars and five dollars worth of books**
- Fourth: Five dollars worth of books**
- Fifth: Five dollars worth of books**



We wish to thank the following bookstores for their generosity in providing prizes:

- Campus Book Store**
- Follett's College Book Store**
- Illini Union Book Center**
- Illini Union Book Store**



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THE GREEN CALDRON

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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, may be published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

Members of the committee in charge of THE GREEN CALDRON are Lorne Forstner, Victor Neufeldt, Melvin Storm, Jeremy Wild, and Roger M. Swanson, editor.

THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF
FRESHMAN WRITING

<i>The Contributors and The Winners</i>	2
<i>Sheryl Sellgren</i>	3 Sometimes There's Nothing Else to Do
<i>James McElligott</i>	6 The Sox of '59
<i>Carole Johnson</i>	8 "Death in a Spanish Village"
<i>Elizabeth Loiacono</i>	9 The Pied Piper of Fourth Street
	10 The Sketchbook
<i>Michael Symanski</i>	12 Purity
<i>William Ikler</i>	14 Playboy Interview: Bill Ikler
<i>Judy Smyth</i>	16 707 N. Dearborn, Chicago
<i>Bruce Seidel</i>	17 How to Write a Rhet Theme Without Really Trying
<i>Betty Ingold</i>	19 The Dead Women
<i>William Hansen</i>	22 Come Back, Little Chavera
	24 Rhet As Writ

Volume 36, Number 1

October, 1967

University of Illinois

The Contributors

Sheryl Sellgren—Big Foot H. S.

James McElligott—St. Bede Academy, Peru, Illinois

Carole Johnson—Champaign H. S.

Elizabeth Loiacono—St. Teresa H. S., Decatur

Michael Symanski—Schlarman H. S., Danville

William Ikler—Maine Twp. H. S., Park Ridge

Judy Smyth—Homewood-Flossmoor H. S.

Bruce Seidel—Evanstowm Twp. H. S.

Betty Ingold—Nokomis H. S.

William Hansen—Paxton Community H. S.

The Winners

The following are the winners of the prizes for the best themes in the May issue of THE CALDRON.

First: *Darrell L. Bishop*, The Gospel of John

Second: *John Wortham*, Snacktime in Milwaukee

Third: *Marian J. Porch*, Warning or Lament?

Fourth: *Gail Skinner*, Gypsy Dancing

Fifth: *Heather McKinney*, Friedrich Schiller and the Objectivity of Comedy

Sometimes There's Nothing Else to Do

SHERYL SELLGREN

Rhetoric 102

I WAS EATING ICE CREAM AND THE HEAVY FEELING OF it in my mouth made me tired, weary. I turned a page of my book and the sound of the paper echoed sharply off the walls and beat against my ears from every direction. In a few seconds it was completely silent again except for my mind, talking to me.

You are tired and it's so quiet. You are going to go crazy from the quiet. He's over there, fixing the microscope—loud clinks of metal on the table, sudden, startling, exaggerated because of your tiredness. She burped. How vulgar. But at least it's quiet now. You were going to go crazy from the noi... oh, damn. That voice scared you. It's a question, too. Why can't they leave you alone? They're always asking you questions. You hate questions. You're tired and you're trying to read. Stop asking questions—that's all you want. You're tired. Shut up. You're trying to read. Shut up. You're trying to read. You're leaving.

“I’m leaving.”

“Where?”

“I don’t know. I just want to go someplace, that’s all.”

“But it’s starting to rain. And it’s night. You can’t go out in the night and the rain.”

“I’m not scared.”

“It’s storming. Listen. The wind.”

“Mom, I’m leaving.”

“But”

Run! Don’t let her say anymore. I guess that surprised her. You’ve never done that before—just left without asking. But you had to. They wouldn’t leave you alone.

Out, out, out into the storm I ran, feeling wild as the wind was wild. I stood on the backyard hill and the wind and rain whipped about me and tugged at my body.

I was glad I had no coat so I could feel my clothes slapping against me, no shoes so I could feel the cold grass under my feet, no scarf so I could feel the pain of the driving wind and rain in my ears.

I closed my eyes and faced the full rage. *Wind, wind, take me away! I can fly in this wind. Blow me away!* My own violence of a few minutes before was replaced by the violence of all-nature and I was finally happy.

I ran back toward the house, and passing the door again I heard the microscope-boy's laughter, laughing at me. I flew across the front lawn, my feet coming down upon thistles that didn't even hurt because I was running so fast. I reached the road, stepped on it, and stopped. My feet were shocked. They had moved from the arctic to the tropic in a single step, from the cold, icy grass to the asphalt road, still hot from the day's sun.

As I stood there, I pitied the people who were safely sheltered in houses and cars. In their comfort they were missing so much. I was glad I was out in the night and the storm.

I smiled all over with my mouth, my eyes, the curve of my arms. *Thank you, God, for most this amazing . . .* as I twirled round and round on one foot and then continued across the road to the newly plowed field.

Over the fence and under the telephone wires I went. I could hear the strange storm-sounds of those wires and they reminded me of the lightning. *What if you're hit by lightning?* My mind was talking to me again. *You're very vulnerable, alone in this open field. Lightning strikes the highest object. You are the highest object. It would hurt you. You would die.*

"So what," I said out loud and walked deliberately further out into the field. My feet were becoming heavy with their new shoes of brown, wet earth. They didn't fit very well. The heels and toes were too big. And they sucked the ground as I stepped along, slowing my pace.

As my feet became heavier and heavier, so did my mind. And always it talked of the lightning until every thought was filled with the fear. *The lightning! The lightning! The lightning can kill you!*

The flashes hurt my eyes, but I didn't care. My eyes and ears couldn't get enough of the light, the rumble, the wet and wind. "More. More," I yelled, my voice small and lonely in the terrible loudness of the storm.

I stood deliberately solid like a lone fence post, and thought, purposely torturing my mind with ugly things that had happened—things I hated.

The party. The lights went out because of a storm just like this one and my friends and I played spin-the-bottle. Actually, I sat behind someone so the bottle would never point to me and only observed the rest in the faint candlelight.

The game started innocently enough, but soon it became a grotesque fantasy of children playing with pseudo-sex. The outside players began to count the seconds it took for the couple in the center to kiss.

"Let's see who can kiss the longest."

"Yeah."

"Cool."

"One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . ."

Like the movements of a tide, the heads of the circle drew back and came forward, counting in unison, washing towards the shore of the couple who were the passionate, awkward lovers of the moment. Then, at the end of the embrace, the hands of the circle burst into applause mingled with giggles and suggestive remarks.

I felt like they were betraying me. How could they be so vulgar? I wanted to leave. I wanted to cry.

The bowling alley. One night I went in there with a friend who was drunk, sick, and wanted a cup of coffee. He immediately disappeared into a restroom and I was left alone at the counter.

It was late at night and the only other people underneath the ugly, yellow lights were the man sitting on the stool next to me and the owner of the place, behind the counter, in front of me. They were both grinning at me.

"You're a nice-looking kid," my neighbor said.

"You should see her mother. She's a real looker." The owner was a lecherous man. He had a filthy mind and lived a filthy life and there were evidences of both in his eyes, his continuous leer, in every aspect of his features. "Her and me and your dad and my wife used to have some pretty good times together. She's a real looker, all right."

That leer and those words shocked my brain and nerves and made my eyes widen in anger. I hated that man for cheapening my mother in that way. And I cried all the way home.

My mother. Every night when she got home she had a glass of wine. And later in the evening she'd say, "I'm thirsty. Are you, hon?" to my father, hinting for him to mix her a drink. Only two a day; that's not too bad. But it bothered me. It was worst when, for Mother's Day, my father bought her six bottles of Thunderbird Wine. Six bottles of watery liquid that tasted like acid. They stood on the desk and I wanted to send them all crashing to the floor with a sweep of my arm. When I saw her drinking alone, or when I washed the dishes and came to the small, low glasses she used, I saw her in my mind as cheap as the bowling alley owner made her; I wanted to scream at her.

I did scream, again and again, enjoying the pitch, the piercing quality, the way it hurt my throat. The poisons of my thoughts had filled my body and I was irrational. I walked back across the field, faster this time, and broke into a run when I reached the road. I galloped along the broken white line of the road that seemed to glow in the dark, seemed to hold me in a straight line and pull me forward. I galloped at a frenzied pace, shouting in the rhythm of the pounding steps, "The wind! The wind! The wind! The wind! Fas-ter! Fas-ter! Fas-ter! Fas—" A final flash of lightning and a final roll of thunder across and across and across the sky ended the storm and my mad storm-life, and I dragged one foot after the other, up the front lawn, the steps, and into the open door.

The Sox of '59

JAMES McELLIGOTT

Rhetoric 133

ONE NIGHT IN THE SEPTEMBER OF 1959 THEY DANCED in the streets of Chicago. That night the air-raid sirens blew loud and clear, panicking those citizens more conscious of civil defense than baseball. In Cleveland, Jack Brickhouse bubbled as he broadcast the glad tidings from his television booth, while down on the field, "Jungle Jim" Rivera cha-cha-ed with a frothing bottle of champagne in each hand.

The White Sox had taken the pennant.

That night in Cleveland the Sox had clinched the American League championship, breaking the Yankee string of domination and ending their own forty-one years of pennant-less frustration. It was a strange team to win a pennant. The Sox were an unheralded team, one without a super-star, a home run hitter, or a batting champion. The Sox boasted an excellent defense; its pitching sparkled; but as a team it couldn't hit its way out of a Clark Street tavern. No one argued when manager Al Lopez said the Sox won the pennant on "pitching, speed, and defense." They had little else.

Offensively, the White Sox left a lot to be desired. To be sure, they had Nelson Fox, a .300 hitter and an excellent bunter. They also had Sherman Lollar, who attained career highs of twenty-two home runs and eighty-four RBI's in that pennant year. But after Fox and Lollar trooped a parade of hitters who hit weakly and infrequently. Jim Landis, batting third in the order, hit .272 with just five home runs. Al Smith managed seventeen homers, but with his .237 batting average was able to drive in a scant fifty runs. Joining the Sox for the last few months of the campaign, brawny Ted Kluszewski added some offensive thrust to the line-up, but for all his beef, "Big Klu" was just a singles' hitter.

Although they lacked any real scoring punch, the fleet-footed Sox made up for it with their "hitless" offense. In this scheme, a White Sox batter would reach first base on a walk or error, steal second, advance to third on a sacrifice, and score on a wild pitch, a fly ball, or an infield out. Luis Aparicio and Jim Landis were the best of the base stealers; Fox had mastered the art of the sacrifice bunt, and the White Sox bench was loaded with men who could make infield outs.

Chicago's offense was marginal; it was only as effective as the defense. In order to win, the Sox had to capitalize on their opponents' mistakes and keep their own errors to a minimum. To offset their hitting shortcomings, the Sox needed the best defense they could get. They got a good one.

An old baseball adage says that a team's defense is only as strong as it is "up the middle"—catcher, shortstop, second base, and center field. In these vital areas the Sox of '59 were on a defensive par with any recent major league team. Sherm Lollar, an excellent receiver mechanically, was a master at handling pitchers as well. The wide-ranging Aparicio and the sure-handed Fox formed a double play combination that would rival the Dynamic Duo. In center field Jim Landis used his speed and strong arm to turn hits into outs and doubles into singles. The Sox had a solid core in Lollar, Aparicio, Fox, and Landis.

Flanking this core was an adequate, if mediocre, array of fielders. Billy Goodman or Bubba Phillips guarded the third base side of Aparicio, with either Earl Torgeson, Ted Kluszewski, or Norm Cash on first. In the outfield Al Smith, Jim Rivera, and Jim McAnany took turns patrolling Comiskey Park's wide open spaces with Landis. The total effect was just what manager Lopez wanted—a defense that made few, very few, mistakes.

But a good defense means more than just fielding. Pitching, in the cliché-ridden world of the major leagues, is seventy-five per cent of baseball. For the Sox, whose margin of victory was frequently a single run, it may have been eighty-five or ninety per cent. Fortunately, Al Lopez had an uncanny ability to get the best from his pitchers, and pitching coach Ray Berres was known for his talent of making big winners out of once mediocre pitchers.

Though Sox pitching did not have great depth, it possessed the two main essentials of a good pitching staff—a core of capable starters and a strong bullpen. Among the starters Early Wynn was the big winner. The forty-year-old wonder compiled twenty-two wins in '59, a feat which later earned him the Cy Young award. Wynn was backed by Billy Pierce and Bob Shaw, who won thirty-two games between them. Shaw, one of Berres' special projects, was a hurler of nondescript talent until joining the Sox in the spring of '59. From July to September, Shaw was the most consistent pitcher on the Sox staff and compiled a remarkable .750 winning percentage overall.

But if these pitchers were exceptionally good, the other Sox starters were woefully ineffective in comparison. Wild-armed Barry Latman, best remembered for his unparalleled feat of walking the first five men he faced in one of his starting assignments, was typical of what Lopez had to turn to after Wynn, Pierce, and Shaw. The relief crew, with two notable exceptions, was not much better. Jerry Staley and Turk Lown, the two wise old men of the bullpen, gave the Sox a pair of relievers who could be counted on in the late innings. It was Staley who had come on in the ninth inning of that crucial Cleveland game with one out and the tying and winning runs on base. Staley threw just one pitch, a low slider, and the Sox had a double play, a ball game, and a pennant. It was only fitting. . . .

The White Sox finished five games ahead of the second-place Indians, then took on the Los Angeles Dodgers in the World Series. In the Dodgers the Sox faced a team much like themselves—a team of pitching, speed, and defense. But along with this formula, the Dodgers combined something the Sox of '59 just didn't have—a reasonably effective offense. To no one's surprise, the Sox lost the series tilt four to two. Pitching, speed, and defense are great, but it helps if you can hit your way out of a Clark Street tavern.

“Death in a Spanish Village”

CAROLE JOHNSON

Rhetoric 102

INSTRUCTOR'S NOTE: This half-hour impromptu theme was based on the photo "Death in a Spanish Village" by W. Eugene Smith which the author viewed on a class trip to the Krannert Art Museum.

WE HAVE COME TODAY TO THE HOUSE OF DIEGO CANASTAS. This house has been the scene of many joyful events: the marriages of his son, Jaime, and his daughter, Maria, took place here. This house has vibrated with the laughter of a hundred fiestas. But today is not a day of laughter. For Diego Canastas is dead; his body is stretched out upon a mat; his eyes are closed and sunken; his cheekbones jut out unnaturally.

I pick out familiar faces as I approach the circle of people around my friend Diego. His daughter Maria sits at his side, grasping a hand that will not grasp back. Maria's eyes are black and flat: frightening. I look away. His son is here also, but he stands back in a corner and looks nervously about him. His old friend Manuel is standing near. Manuel blinks as he gazes on his friend's face and then looks up quizzically. Many women are here. They mill about, murmuring; they dab at their eyes with kerchiefs. I notice that many of those eyes are not wet. Diego's wife is back in the corner, preparing food for the mourners. Her cheeks are flushed from the oven. When someone speaks to her, she smiles brightly, and then catches herself.

Suddenly, I think that the best way I can pay my respects to Diego is to leave. I do.

The Pied Piper of Fourth Street

ELIZABETH LOIACONO

Rhetoric 101, Theme 2

WHO SHE REALLY WAS I WILL NEVER KNOW. ALL THE the children in our Lower Manhattan neighborhood were brought up with the strict rule, "Never speak to strangers," and so I was allowed only to stare at her. Yet, even after many years, her image remains in my mind. She was an unusual person and has become a recollection from my childhood, a unique memory that was subconsciously engraved and is remembered in reminiscent moments.

My friends and I called her the Cat Lady. Tall and spindly, dressed in Salvation Army handouts, she wandered through the streets with a parade of scrawny cats behind her. Two things were needed to complete the Pied Piper illusion: a flute and a jaunty cap for her head. From time to time, she would confidently enter a grocery store (not the sleek, chrome-decorated supermarket on the corner, but a shop with piles of unwashed fruit and vegetables, loaves of unwrapped fresh bread, sawdust on the wooden floor) and beg some milk, bologna, or salami for her followers. My grandfather owned a local Italian-American store, and I, a bony, curly-haired eight-year-old, would peek curiously around a crate or counter while she stood there. She was almost regal in her rags with a natural dignity and poise. She never spoke more than her request. After she left, there were shrugs and a few comments from the grown-ups. Then the conversations about the landlords and about the weather would resume.

Sometimes, we would be playing on the sidewalk when she walked by. Everyone would laugh and yell mocking insults. The only reaction we ever received was a haughty glance before she sailed on.

It now seems rather pathetic that her life should be what it was. She was an outcast from an environment that philosophized on apartment stoops, threw garbage in the gutters, and summoned its families home in raucous tones (SAL-va-tore) from windows four stories up. But then I thought she was a gloriously tragic creature with a romantic past copied from books. Had her large fortune been squandered? Did her children abandon her in her time of need? Was she under the spell of a wicked witch? And my secret, naive wish was to be just like her.

The Sketchbook

In front of me is a picture of four football players. It is not of a swift, young half-back running for a TD on a glorious autumn afternoon. It is of four professional defensive linemen. It is a dreary, rain-soaked day. The picture is mostly in blue and dark green tones. The players are covered with mud and awaiting the next play toward the end of a losing game. They are exhausted and with dulled feelings. One is staring at his hand as though it was hurt but the pain doesn't affect him and he is just curious about the sensation. The men are old and big. They almost appear fat. But they are strong. They have been driving against and been hit by other big men for a long time and they are ready to do it again, and again after that. They are not doing it with a lot of go-get-'em spirit, not now, but grimly; tired, but ready to give everything they have until the gun goes off and it is over.

—JOHN SWANSON

The Chippewa is a lovely little river. It isn't very long, but in its course it has everything a river should have. It rises in the mountains, and tumbles down a while, runs through shallows, is dammed to make a lake, spills over the dam, crackles among round boulders, wanders lazily under sycamores, spills into pools where trout live, drops in against banks where crayfish live. In the winter it becomes a torrent, a mean little fierce river, and in the summer it is a place for children to wade in and for fishermen to wander in. Frogs blink from its banks and deep ferns grow beside it. Deer and foxes come to drink from it, secretly in the morning and evening, and now and then a mountain lion crouched flat laps its water. The farms of the rich little valley back up to the river and take its water for the orchards and the vegetables. The quail call beside it and the wild doves come whistling in at dusk. Raccoons pace its edges looking for frogs. It's everything a river should be.

—DALE GALLIEN

INSTRUCTOR'S NOTE: After a class discussion of the relationship of rhythm and dance to religion, the author used jazz rhythms to relate her ideas on rhythm, dance, and religion.

Dancing to the beating of the feeling of the meaning of the rhythm seems to be moving with the spirit of the gods. The hypnosis and emotion that the spiritual, not unbearable, feeling that one knows expresses and releases inner bodily motions for the honor of the gods. The giving of the self to the gods through the dance is in turn the giving to the self the feeling of the dance from the gods. The receiving and believing of the sensating beat and feel from the gods causes man to plan on feeling free. And so, through the dancing and entrancing of the feeling that is felt the dancer can be contented or demented through the experience of the dance.

—KAREN HARGETT

The tree still stands as it did during the days of scraped knees, Santa Claus, roller-skates, fairy tales and Howdy Doody. But it looks different now. No longer do its branches resemble the mast of a pirate ship nor do its leaves fall on a sacred injun burial ground. The tree house fell long ago from the wear and tear of a little girl and the summer storms. Someone has cut down the tire-swing. Weeds grow at the tree's bottom where once the trampling of worn gym shoes gave them no opportunity to sprout.

—DONNA MUNIN

This novelist, who had been known, yes known to those who could know him indeed, for I do not perceive him or his ways methods approaches, to his—both American and European (ah, yes, European—those wonderful literates who were the first [however disastrous the consequences of their irrationality are going to be in the future—how long or how soon I could not care to say or even guess—years] in the realm—of course even these were to say, not fully aware of the abilities of him at a time soon after what he had writ was written—of rhetorical achievement to recognize that he was in their mind's eye, great)—contemporaries as being somewhat thorough, (thorough to be sure, though not explicit, since his structure in creating loses one, possibly out of a driving desire to expletive writing, but somehow after being gargled into the the bindings of the creation, appears at times to be inexplicable) thoroughness, so as to become the fulgent one of their ranks (this is art), is (is, is, is, for he lives on, perpetuated by his verbose dabblings, most notable of which, are, in chronological appearance on the literary scene: *Sartoris*, *The Sound and the Fury*, and *Absalom, Absalom!*, even though he died in this decade) not a good—good, which has been mentioned, cannot even be a considered syllable when speaking of the man, not only in the presence of his least adamant enthusiasts, but also in engaging in normal conversation with his more vehement, belligerent critics (I am, but I am not as well known and therefore of a somewhat lesser [or useless] strain when one is referring to greats such as he) who would make strange regurgitative noises in their larynx-esophagus labyrinth at the connection of "William" and "good" in the same statement (fact to his admirers, jest to trees such as I)—writer

—JOHN S. SADA

Ceilings are such nice things to have. It is so easy to stare at them for hours, trying to extract meanings from each crack, each line. From a distance, the ceiling looks clean and smooth; close up it is dirty and ragged. Life is similar to this.

—DAVID ST. PIERRE

The stream cuts deep and true as it wanders beneath the lofty, vaulted trees crowding against the banks. Ahead a doe and her fawn sip the clear, refreshing spring water. Fish hang suspended in the still pools, and a squirrel nibbles on a chestnut. All is permeated with the eerie silence with which nature endows the wilderness.

Suddenly the doe bounds into the underbrush with the fawn close behind. The fish scurry into the dark shadows, and the squirrel scampers to his nest. The silence breaks with the sounds of wildlife seeking shelter as paddles cut the glassy surface of the water, and canoes glide swiftly upstream. This world has come astir, and rightly so, for here man is the intruder.

—E. K. MOSNY

Purity

MICHAEL SYMANSKI

Rhetoric 102

IT WAS DARK AND DAMP, AND THE RATS SCURRIED UNDER the low wooden benches that lined the stone walls of the cellar.

The only light came from two candles, one each upon a skull, one at each end of the top of the high, heavy, wooden desk at one end of the room. Next to the desk was a wooden chair upholstered in red leather. On the benches sat about twenty figures, each dressed in a long black robe and peaked hood and mask. Soon a form came into the light; this one was dressed similarly, but instead of black he wore red. Under his arm he carried a human skull and the thighbone of a woman. He took his seat behind the rostrum and set the bones on the desk. He then rapped the thighbone on the skull.

"Hear ye, hear ye. This court is now in session; I, Judge Gallows, presiding!"

The spectators chanted: "Blood! Blood! Blood!"

"Order!" shouted his honor, again wielding his grisly gavel. "Call the first witness, Brother Bailiff!"

"Brother Studdly, forward!"

One of the black robed men stepped into the light. By his voice he seemed to be about twenty years of age.

The bailiff produced a Bible with the pages printed in reverse. "Place your left hand on the book. Do you swear to tell us no lies, by the decaying heart of the dead God?"

"I swear."

The bailiff retreated from the light, and Studdly sat in the red chair. Another black-clad figure appeared in the light; on his hood was a red crescent.

"Tell us, Brother Studdly, about your relationship with Sister Purity," commanded the new man.

"Tell us!" shouted the spectators.

"I was alone at a party one night, and I saw Sister Purity sitting alone at a table in a corner. She was wearing a very tight red dress, very low cut, and a little short. She is quite well-built and the dress was to her best advantage, mine too, by the way."

"Filthy mind!" shouted a spectator.

“Order!” Pock! Pock!

“As she sipped her drink, she looked at me over her glass in a way that was not uninviting.

“So I sat down beside her and struck up a conversation. When the party broke up, I offered her a ride home and she accepted. As she slid into my car, I caught a glimpse of her fine breasts because of the low dress, and her thigh under the short skirt. I had a sudden urge to take her by force right then, you know that kind of feeling, but of course, I am not a rapist.

“We got to her door and I asked her for a date for the next night which she readily accepted. I then kissed her and she returned it with some vigor.

“After our next date when I parked the car near her apartment, we made out passionately, and she did not object to the increasing freedoms I took with her. Things went on like this for many dates; each time we would become very passionate and would progress in our sex play. Soon there was only one short step to take.”

“Animal!” screamed a spectator.

Pock! Pock!

“That brought us to a crisis. She flatly refused to go all the way with me. She said that she was not that kind of girl, and that our relationship would be ruined if we went the limit.”

“Thank you, Brother Studdly,” interrupted the man with the crescent.

“The next witness!” called Judge Gallows.

“Sister Purity to the stand!”

“Purity! Purity!” chanted the group.

“Order!” cried the Judge, once again femorizing the naked cranium.

Now a white-clad figure entered the circle of light. She had no hood, and was tall, graceful, and very pretty. Under the long robe she obviously had a fine figure.

“I swear.”

“Now,” said the man with the crescent, “we’ve heard from Brother Studdly; please tell us your side of the story.”

“The events were as Brother Studdly described them. I thought that he was very nice, but I wish that he had not made that ugly proposition.”

“Why did you not object to anything else that he did?”

“They were harmless enough, but to sleep with me would have been immoral, and it wasn’t necessary.”

“Enough!” roared his honor.

“A verdict! A verdict!” chanted the gathering.

Pock! Pock!

"This court finds the defendant, Sister Purity, guilty of provoking a proposition, and then refusing it!"

"The sentence! The sentence!"

"I turn her over to you for sentence!"

The jubilant, yelling crowd rushed around Sister Purity, now protesting rather excitedly, and embraced her. . . .

Playboy Interview: Bill Ikler

WILLIAM IKLER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 10

A candid conversation with America's most controversial critic turned playwright, author of the new Broadway hit, "I'm Still Afraid to Die."

PLAYBOY: What was it about drama that made you change your original aspirations as a critic?

IKLER: Nothing about drama in particular. When the Village Players offered me a short-term contract in 1955, my main concern was the money.

PLAYBOY: Weren't there aspects of being a critic that hindered your new venture?

IKLER: No, it seems that both my experience and outlook as a critic gave me a better insight as to the faults of conventional drama.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps this explains your association with the "Absurd School" of dramatists. As a relative newcomer to the group, your box-office successes seem quite remarkable. It's been said though, that only shrewd management has led to your widespread popularity.

IKLER: That's a bunch of crap. I've always believed that a play should be understood by the audience while they're listening to it, rather than forcing them to seek other sources for interpretation. Probably the only reason my early plays succeeded was because there were enough "outsiders" attracted by the less symbolic approach to drama. But at the same time, plays like "Blank" were ridiculous enough to be accepted by those goddam New Yorkers who came to the village because it happened to be "in" at the time. The "shrewd management" came later on.

PLAYBOY: But you've been accused, as a result, of "commercializing" drama. Do you agree?

IKLER: At first, it seemed necessary from purely a monetary position, but later on, even the villagers became more interested in my work. It was at this point that I tried to isolate the basic concepts of my early work and elaborate on them.

PLAYBOY: What were you really trying to prove in "Help, I'm a Rock"?

IKLER: The play is a study of Man with a lower case m.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by that?

IKLER: Merely that I don't try to generalize about human behavior. I try to treat each character as though he were as unique as his fingerprints. The play is based on everyday situations, but the characters seem as if they control their blue-collar existence, rather than get swept away by it. It's something on the order of Henley's "Invictus."

PLAYBOY: But what about the hippies in "I won't hurt you, I won't hurt you"? They certainly don't relate to the "blue-collar" image.

IKLER: The purpose originally was to try to draw parallels between the "Turned on" cult in San Francisco and the "Lost Generation" of the twenties. Hell, the only difference is, the hippies use narcotics and psychedelic music as escapes rather than the bullfights, gambling, and alcohol of the Hemingway and Fitzgerald novels.

PLAYBOY: What are they really escaping from?

IKLER: From themselves. They're usually disillusioned with the inadequacies and injustices of the "square" world, and try to find solace in peyote and LSD. At some time in his life, each character evaluates his existence, and finds something lacking, something undefinable. He fills the void, or least attempts to do so with fast dancing, drugs, poetry, and in many cases, sexual perversions.

PLAYBOY: Why did *you* choose to live in San Francisco?

IKLER: I don't have to pay the damn transport taxes on marijuana.

PLAYBOY: Seriously, what was the big attraction for you?

IKLER: I don't know exactly. I just seem to enjoy myself more when I'm here. I can look out of my window and get a tremendous view of the most diverse human experiences. I remember hearing once, that it's the only place in world where you can get on a trolley car in the noon rush hour, let a fart, and be sworn at in twenty different languages. Besides, I don't have to pay any taxes on my marijuana.

707 N. Dearborn, Chicago

JUDY SMYTH

Rhetoric 102

FROM THE WORLD OF CITY-SMOG-LIGHT YOU ENTER the dark, unperceivable hallway. Cabbage—the nauseous, penetrating, old-world smell of cabbage, cooked by some nameless old woman who will die nameless. As the oppressively humid walls close in on you, groans of warning are issued by the almost concave stairs. Nothing can be seen, yet the stairway tells you of all the things that have happened on its surface and of all the people who have touched it. Cabbage and more cabbage—the odors resound within your stomach and make it ache. And you wonder who will destroy the stairs first, the demolition crew or the rats. Down the hallway—same as the stairs, only your feet remain on the same plane. The cabbage is overwhelming. Indistinguishable, vague sounds reach your ears—your mind tries to make some order out of them, but it is in vain. Imagination takes over and you construct elaborate tales of the people who live behind the doors—but you'll never see them, they're only voices. Second door to the left—it really doesn't make much difference which door, though there are always the voices telling you some different story of their existence. Groping for the door handle—cold, no longer smooth or glittering, but still in its respectable position where you had hoped it would be. A wicked, sinful red lightbulb reveals to you only highlights and shadows, while Howlin' Wolf is on the record player telling you about how his woman ain't no good. Close the door and there's no more cabbage—well, not much, anyway. Don't move too fast—you might step on something, but you wouldn't be able to see what it was. The room is all furniture—wall-to-wall, ceiling-to-ceiling furniture. There's not much furniture, but the room is all furniture. A mirror confronts you with yourself, and you are no longer sweet and innocent—it must be the red light, you hope. Pull up the shade and maybe it will improve—ccccllllaack! On the window you can see where the rain has washed down the dirt from the bricks above. The outside light has given up and decided not to even attempt an entrance into the room. Stillborn light. Solid, authoritative brick wall not four feet away—some one breathing and moving not four feet away—physically close, spiritually unknown—dead light—pull down the shade. Now Howlin' Wolf is telling you how he wants to go back to New Awlins, and you're thinking maybe you ought to do the same. Reach for the door handle and walk out. Damn cabbage.

How to Write a Rhet Theme Without Really Trying

BRUCE SEIDEL

Rhetoric 102, Theme 8

Dear Freddy,

Everything is still the same down here. So, what's happening back home? Is Russo's engine still lying on the auto shop bench torn apart? Does Avery still tell everyone that his "283" is a "427" with a quad? And do you ever see Willy driving his "what fifty nan Imperial wif what inteeryor and head rists"?

Well, you wouldn't believe how much work I got this semester. My Rhet class's gone on this Existentialism kick. You ought to see the messed up assignment that woman gave us. We got to read a lot of garbage and then write a brownie theme saying how profound and "deep" it all is. Of all the phony philosophies this has got to be one of the tops. Those Existentialist guys think you're a hero just because you suffer. Hell. I'm in agony just reading this stuff, and I'm certainly no hero. One of the guys we've got to read is this phony who talks about being chased all over by the Furies. The Furies? The only kind of chasing I know about is what Heh-Heh does with Rhonda the Slime. Then there's another guy who wrote a play about guys laying eggs and pictures of dead men talking and stuff like that. The play's supposed to tell about man's nothingness and alienation. Well, if you ask me, he didn't have to write an Egg-play to tell about nothingness in this world. Remember back in high school how Old Lady Briscoe used to ask us "why" the author wrote this or that, and someone would always tell her he wrote to feed his wife and kids. This time that someone was a stupid-looking kid who always carries a slide rule around. I think he uses the slide rule to calculate how far one pimple on his face is from the next.

Anyway, there was also this student who wrote a theme about drinking at Kam's and Middie's.* It wasn't half bad; but it was kind of pathetic when you really think about it. It was all about these guys who go out and get drunk on the weekends. The fellow who wrote it thought this was a big deal. Too bad he wasn't with us last summer when we were drinking in the car

* Jerry Woodrum, "Why Not?" *The Green Cauldron*, XXXV (March, 1967), 7-9.
(Editor's note.)

while doing seventy on Eden's. Or at Max's party, when Max got plowed and tried to make out with that statue in his living room.

Speaking of Max, he called up the other night. Wanted to know if we could heat the oven to two hundred degrees so he could bake some banana peels. I told him come right up. And he did

Actually I kinda feel sorry for the teacher. About seventeen other college Joes are going to write themes pointing out a lot of "symbolism" garbage. They'll grab that line in that boozier's theme about "Out of time, there is no time," and say it's about "man against the Void," and they'll say the same thing about the ending. The big deal alienation and nothingness again. Or their frat brothers will tell them that part about the dead man's picture talking, in that Ionesco play, means that people live in the past. Maybe they'll write that Ionesco says that the only thing man has to live for is reproduction. And not one of the intellectual phonies will choose to say what he really thinks; Woodrum wrote his theme to satisfy some grad student's ego and Ionesco wrote his theme to buy next month's booze. Instead, everyone's going to claim they were inspired. Just like the hippies hanging around the Union, who really eat that stuff up. (It probably tastes as good as your grandfather's kosher salamies.)

The saddest part of this whole mess is that the guys who wrote that Existentialism stuff, Hegel, Nietzsche, Goethe, and Camus, had their whole lives affected by this baloney. That Kafka character needed a shrink more than me. They all would have been better off taking Voltaire's advice, (remember Candide?), to stop worrying about the "uniqueness of every man" and the importance of human reason and go out and "tend to their own gardens." Probably not one of them ever did an honest day's work. They ought to work with me one summer putting up buildings for Hatfield Construction Company. After a few months of carrying pipe not one of them would care anymore about that philosophical nonsense. I can just see Nietzsche wearing my old hard hat and a pair of combat boots.

Ming told me that Baum broke his leg. He probably did it at a stop light flooring his old lady's Riviera. Speaking about Ming, after reading Ionesco, when I come back I'm going to ask his old man if he's laid any eggs while I was at school. He'll probably ask me which one of the Egg sisters I mean, and I'll tell him Colleen.

Have you seen fat Rabbi Kanter since he went into your bedroom and saw that big picture hanging over your bed of Pete sitting on a chopper? My Rhet instructor'd probably call Pete Fonda, Marlon Brando and all those other motorcycle jocks Existentialists. After all, they are about as free as you can be and they're kinda alienated and estranged, even though they don't seem to be afraid and aren't trembling. I wonder what she'd say about Greene and Ross—they only got big Honda's.

Well, Freddy, I've run out of things to say (actually I never had anything to say to start with). Anyways I have to write that Rhet theme, which is almost a week late already. If I had any real guts, I'd type this letter up and turn it in, or even just turn it in without making it look all pretty.

Chug-a-lug,
BRUCE

The Dead Women

BETTY INGOLD

Rhetoric 102

AS SHE BIT DOWN ON THE STALE, THREE-DAY-OLD CINNAMON roll, old Mrs. Parsons glanced at the clock and saw that it was 2:20 p.m. She called to her husband, Carl, "Aren't you ready yet? You know how I hate to walk into church late—the way everyone looks at you and sneers. And that sniveling Gladys always sits next to the aisle so she can see if you have any runs in your stockings or if your slip is showing."

"Ah, good, you're ready."

Carl, who rarely even spoke to Mrs. Parsons, was dressed in his funeral black suit, shiny with age, for it was fifteen years old. The vest was too tight, so he kept his overcoat buttoned. He always followed Mrs. Parsons.

As they were driving to the church, Mrs. Parsons said, "I wonder what she'll look like? She always was a little pallid, and in the past five years the wrinkles in her face have become so deep! But you know how she was—never would touch a jar of cream. I remember when she was younger, she rarely ever wore make-up or anything, and it certainly wasn't that she didn't need it."

Carl, pretending he was concentrating on driving and listening to his wife, was also wondering what she would look like. He thought to himself, "There'll be no life in her, so she'll look stiff and cold—she won't look like herself."

Carl, a realist who was accused of being a pessimist, had always, since college days, been a little in love with the dead woman. She was tall and slim, never had become fat like his own wife. He remembered how the

dead woman always used to bite her lip. At first it was just an occasional nervous habit, but later she did it all the time.

As they approached the church, Mrs. Parsons exclaimed, "My goodness, just look at the cars! I certainly didn't know she had so many friends. Hmph! I imagine most of them are friends of her husband—they probably want a raise in pay.

"You know, I'm surprised he did so well. The way she used to carry on. Did I ever tell you about the time I was at their house when he came in late. She didn't say anything at first, but then jumped up and asked him questions—like she was the lawyer, not him. He didn't say much, but just glared at her. Then he looked at me, winked, and said his old familiar line, 'Behind every successful man, there's a woman who said he couldn't do it.' I didn't want to laugh right there in front of her, but I just thought, 'She must be hard to live with.'"

As he pulled the car into the parking lot, Carl looked at his wife and half-heartedly wondered what she had been saying. His own thoughts had wandered from his college days to the job where he met his wife. He thought of the fun they had when they were first married and of how badly they had wanted children.

The church was full of flowers and smelled like a wedding. Even the quiet, somber atmosphere was like a wedding.

As they took their seats in the next to last pew on the right side, Mrs. Parsons craned her neck to see if she could see the husband. Not seeing him at first, she took note of the number of younger men present. None of them looked at all mournful, but rather dutiful. They sat rigidly, looking quite strained, as if frightened or apprehensive about something. One of them haltingly lifted his right hand and scratched his ear, then self-consciously smoothed his hair back on the side.

Then she saw him sitting in the front pew on the left side. He was tall and straight in a navy blue worsted suit. As he turned his head slightly in her direction, she thought he looked more tired and haggard than usual. The wrinkles in his face seemed to have deepened since she last saw him, and he looked thinner. His bald head, framed by a thin ring of gray hair, reminded her of the beautiful, thick, brown hair he once had. She had always felt she could have been much better to him than his wife had been, and although she wouldn't admit it to herself, she thought he felt the same way.

Mrs. Parsons' eyes wandered around the room looking at hats and make-up. To her horror she noticed the wife of one of the young men without a hat. She couldn't resist. "Carl, just look at that girl! No hat! You would think that she would at least have the respect to wear a hat in church, if not for a funeral." Carl glanced at the girl and thought she looked rather nice without a hat. He wondered if she wore much make-up.

As the minister began talking, a few polite sniffs were heard and the attention of most people was focused on the shiny dark-wood casket in front of the altar. It looked like a sacrifice of some sort with the flowers surrounding it.

From the next to last pew, Mrs. Parsons could not see the face in the casket, so she discreetly peered over the heads of the people sitting in front of her to see it. At this, Carl wriggled uncomfortably in his seat hoping she would sit back, but she continued peering.

She nudged Carl and whispered, "Whose idea do you suppose it was to have a wooden casket? Hers, I imagine. She was always so cheap. Why, do you know, one time when I was with her in a restaurant the cashier overcharged her 6¢ and she asked for it! I was embarrassed to tears, but it didn't seem to bother her a bit. And they certainly aren't poor!"

The minister, in his holy monotone, spoke of the heavenly afterlife the deceased would enjoy. "Do not weep, my friends, for she has passed on to a better life, a life with Our Lord, for she was a good woman."

Mrs. Parsons snickered to herself, for she knew that the dead woman didn't even believe in an afterlife. And even if she had, she probably wouldn't have gone to Heaven—she wasn't that good.

Mrs. Parsons was barely conscious of the remainder of the eulogy, but when it was over, the silence was ghastly. The pallbearers, all young, went forward. Their faces were flushed and strained. They were conscious of every sound they made, even a little embarrassed by the creaking of the wooden casket. They refrained from looking at the face in the casket as they lowered the top or at any of the mourners, but with their faces fixed in a somber gaze looked straight ahead.

As the pallbearers left the church, the mourners rose and followed. Mrs. Parsons tried frantically to catch the husband's eye. She thought she could console him with her glance, but she mostly wanted to see if he had been weeping. Straggling behind, she finally saw him. He merely looked at her with sorrowful eyes, not really seeing her, for he was absorbed in his own grief.

Carl, hurriedly and embarrassedly, offered condolences to the husband, and Mrs. Parsons sniffled, "Oh, you poor man. You must be so sad. She was such a good woman. She and I were such good friends, you know, and I know how you must have loved her."

The husband was barely aware of her voice and heard not a word of what she had said. He continued walking to the back of the church, avoiding direct contact with anyone.

Carl gave his wife a quick, reproaching glance, and wished she wouldn't sniffle for it smeared her make-up.

Come Back, Little Chavera

WILLIAM HANSEN

Rhetoric 102

WE OFTEN HEAR FROM FOREIGNERS THAT AMERICANS are provincial, that we think everything in America is the best in the world, that we know little of the world outside of our boundaries, that we are a shallow people without values, without culture and without purpose.

How provincial of them to believe this!

In "Kibbutz; Venture in Utopia" by Melford E. Spiro, the author quotes an Israeli girl who, after visiting the United States, remarked that "they have no values. Of course, in Israel we have austerity, but we have values; we are absorbing immigrants, building a new society. Hence, you feel that your life has meaning. But what meaning does it have in America?"

How clever she is! How astute she must be to determine all of this on a brief visit. It reminds one of the columnist or politician who goes to Vietnam for a week's "look for himself" and comes back an expert on that complex problem.

Of course, it is very bad form for Americans to answer their critics. We are considered immature and overly sensitive if we object to their generalities and over-simplifications. But surely Mr. Spiro's Israeli friend has heard that America absorbed the largest immigration in the history of the world, that these immigrants built a new society and that their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren are still at work on this society. Furthermore, the Israeli experiences in socialistic communes are not dissimilar to our own experiences with the Oneida community and the Amana colony.

It is probably more satisfying to be a part of a society when it is new and still small. Each small success is identifiable; each solution to a problem, no matter how minor, can be recognized and savored.

Unfortunately, much of the information foreigners have about America has been learned from American movies or from the writings of their journalists who take an inordinate interest in our slums and skid rows. Neither gives a balanced picture.

I don't think that it is out of place for Americans to mention that other countries have had problems of integration, that the Jamaicans in England, the Algerians in France and the Jews in Poland, Russia and Germany have

been subjected to rather severe discrimination. While we have many steep mountains to climb in race relations, I am proud that my country has placed the weight of law behind these minorities and that millions of men of good will are searching for solutions to these difficult problems.

We are often accused of being too materialistic. How materialistic is too materialistic? I do know that by imagination, intensive preparation, hard work and frugality, we have molded a standard of living that is the envy of the world. And with it, we have not lost our generosity or concern for our fellow man. Surely the rest of the world, beneficiary of our largess for the past twenty years, has not forgotten the Marshall Plan, which rebuilt the European economy, or the billions in aid that have been given to the newly arising countries of the world.

At home, as our society has become more complex and problem areas have been identified, our concern for our old, our sick and our poor has fostered a wide range of social legislation. It is much more satisfying to care for the poor in your own community, to nurse your own sick, to insure that your elderly parents have no unsatisfied wants. This attention can be given in a small and simple society. In a large, complex and mobile society, however, this is impractical, and so we have embarked on a large-scale program of building a more rewarding life and a more secure old age for our people.

We are accused of not being a cultured people and yet there are more symphony orchestras in the United States than in all the rest of the world combined. What does it mean that the art capital of the world has shifted from Paris to New York in the last thirty years? What about the argument that more people saw Margot Fonteyn and the Royal Ballet on American television than have seen all of the previous ballet performances given in the world since Diagalo brought the art form out of Russia?

What about our youth? Do most people really think they have lost their way? Do they really think this is the "beat" generation? If they do, then they have misjudged those who will inherit this land. There are ten thousand men in our armed services for every man who has burned his draft card. There are ten thousand students who are making great sacrifices to get an education for every whimpering misfit who complains of the shallowness of our colleges and universities. There are ten thousand young people who have never been in trouble with the law and who feel that their lives have meaning—for every beatnik in our midst.

I wish I knew the Israeli girl who wondered if life had meaning in America. I would like to have her meet our people in their homes. I would show her the magnificence of our cities. I would have her talk to our farmers who find dignity in working with the soil. I would introduce her to our craftsmen who find creativity in physical labor. I hope she would talk

to the childless couples who willingly pay enormous taxes to support our educational programs for youth. For, as complex as our social system has become, our lives have not lost their meaning and we have not lost our sense of purpose.

I think that if she were to come back and stay with us a little longer, she would find in America an opportunity to paint with a larger brush on an infinitely larger canvas.

Rhet As Writ

Because they [children of the poor] became covered by dirt, were too weary to wash at night, and were removed from all the decencies of life, they swore and used vile language. It seemed that right after birth, they became demoralized.

* * *

Most of the anxiety about teen-aged drunken driving comes from the excessive publicizing of teen-age accidents. No sooner does a teen-ager go off the road than he hits the front page of the newspaper.

* * *

Birth control has made possible the continuance of recreation by the poor without the unwanted side effects.

* * *

Early in his career, Michael DiSalle even supported a bill to include kidnaping in the death penalty.

* * *

The root to halting the accelerating increase in population lies in halting the increase itself.

* * *

For example, heading west on Green St., the light at the intersection of Sixth and Green will turn green six seconds after the intersection of Wright and Green has turned green.

* * *

Growing up is an experience that no person should ever miss. This statement may seem rather odd, but there is a problem connected with it. Unfortunately, many people skip over this wonderful process. Some take the experience for granted; others are rushed through it and miss its wonders.

* * *

Automobile accidents kill more people than any other disease known to man.

* * *

It is part of the doctrine of the Catholic Church that a marriage is consummated by a man, a woman, and God.

* * *

[From a book report on *Crime and Punishment*]: Sonia, a prostitute, gets degraded thru the whole book. That she should remain spiritually inviolate is a necessary possibility. It is her lack of complexity that draws Raskolnikov to her from the beginning. But if Sonia is not a real person, then she is not just a disembodiment. She is certainly not the literary convention of a "give-all" prostitute. Yet after the whole murder has dimmed Raskolnikov's own personality, he finds security within Sonia

This book has changed my way of thinking slightly due to the forward showing of just plain facts. The author, Fyodor Dostoevsky, writes about plain people. He shows his personal views on humanity and also uses psychology within the book. He stays away from making everything clear and lets the reader probe for hidden meanings.

AWARDS

THE CALDRON will continue its policy of giving awards to the writers of the five best themes in each issue. The winners will be selected by the votes of the members of the freshman rhetoric staff.

The schedule of awards is as follows:

- First:** Fifteen dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Second:** Ten dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Third:** Five dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Fourth:** Five dollars worth of books
- Fifth:** Five dollars worth of books

We wish to thank the following bookstores for their generosity in providing prizes:

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THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, may be published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

Members of the committee in charge of THE GREEN CALDRON are Lorne Forstner, Victor Neufeldt, Melvin Storm, Jeremy Wild, and Roger M. Swanson, editor.

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THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF
FRESHMAN WRITING

<i>The Contributors and The Winners</i>	2
<i>Robert Bacon</i>	3 Existentialism: Philosophy of Optimism
<i>Melinda Nadel</i>	5 The Blushing Peony Skinnidipper Challenges the Establishment
<i>Jane Faintuch</i>	8 October
<i>Laurel Webster</i>	12 About Those Gimmicks
	14 The Sketchbook
<i>John Wortham</i>	15 Down Paths Seldom Trod
<i>Selana Bochka</i>	16 The Danger of Being Practical
<i>Peggy Alonas</i>	18 Thought for Contemporary Society
<i>Duane Cromwell</i>	19 A Vote of Confidence
<i>Joseph Peckos</i>	21 Uncle
<i>William Ikler</i>	22 It's An Ad, Ad, Ad, Ad World
	24 Rhet As Writ

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University of Illinois

The Contributors

Robert Bacon—Riverside-Brookfield H. S.

Melinda Nadel—Highland Park H. S.

Jane Faintuch—Niles Twp. H. S.

Laurel Webster—Hinsdale Twp. H. S.

John Wortham—Lake Forest H. S.

Selana Bochka—Maria H. S., Chicago

Peggy Alonas—Niles West H. S.

Duane Cromwell—Mazon Twp. H. S.

Joseph Peckos—Argo Community H. S., Summit

William Ikler—Maine Twp. H. S.

The Winners

The following are the winners of the prizes for the best themes in the October issue of THE CALDRON:

First: *Bruce Seidel*, How to Write a Rhet Theme Without Really Trying

Second: *Sheryl Sellgren*, Sometimes There's Nothing Else to Do

Third: *Michael Symanski*, Purity

Fourth: *Betty Ingold*, The Dead Women

Fifth: *James McElligott*, The Sox of '59

Existentialism: Philosophy of Optimism

ROBERT BACON

Rhetoric 102

EXISTENTIALISM IS OFTEN ACCUSED OF BEING A PESSIMISTIC philosophy. According to Jean-Paul Sartre, however, this philosophy is not pessimistic. Sartre, who is one of the foremost existentialists, says, "When all is said and done, what we are accused of, at bottom, is not our pessimism but an optimistic toughness."*

Before we decide whether existentialism is a pessimistic or optimistic philosophy, we must first examine the basic principles of existentialism. The basic premise of existentialism is that existence precedes essence. This means that there is no universal concept of what man should be, nor is there any set human nature that governs man's behavior. Man is free to choose what he wants man to be. This freedom of choice does not mean that men are isolated from each other, or that they choose without regard for other men. Sartre says, "In fact, in creating the man that we want to be, there is not a single one of our acts which does not at the same time create an image of man as we think he ought to be."(20) Thus, when we choose, we are subject to great responsibility because we choose for all men.

All men must bear the anguish which results from this responsibility for their fellow men. Leaders especially know this anguish, but it does not keep them from acting. In fact, it is this anguish which causes them to act. They realize that there are a number of possibilities, and that they (or anyone else) cannot be sure which decision is best. But they also realize that a choice must be made, and that the choice will be of value only because it was chosen.(25) It should be the obligation of every person to make the decisions that he thinks are best for himself and for all men, although he can never be sure what is best.

Forlornness is another consequence of existentialism. This means that God does not exist or at least that man can never be sure that He does exist, and, therefore, he must face the consequences of this.(25) Since God does not exist, man can neither find any truths to cling to nor can he make excuses for himself. Because of this apparent meaninglessness of life, man is forlorn. Sartre says, however, that "man is nothing else but what he makes of himself."(18) Once man realizes that any value that life might have is dependent on his actions, he should no longer be forlorn. What more could man ask for? There is no fixed goal for life, so the future of man is unlimited. If man is not satisfied with his life, he has no one to blame but himself.

Existentialism is a philosophy that gives a dignity to man that is impossible if his actions are considered to be determined by circumstances or if his actions are influenced by the thought of reaching a fixed universal goal. The concept of a universal goal may be comforting, but it requires man to give up his individuality. The dignity of man is also lessened if man is considered to have a "human nature" which is beyond his control.(43) If there is a fixed human nature, the potential of man is limited. In light of this argument, the concept of man with a limited potential is a pessimistic philosophy, while the existential concept of unlimited potential seems to be optimistic.

A third consequence of existential thinking is despair. This means that man can only rely on that over which he has control. Man has complete control over his actions, but he can never be sure of those things which are dependent on other's actions.(34-35) This is a natural result of the concept of individual sovereignty. If one person was capable of being certain of a second person's actions, this would be a violation of the second person's individual sovereignty. Thus, despair is the price that one must pay for his freedom.

An existentialist is unable to pass moral judgment on others since he proclaims that there is no universal right. The existentialist does, however, feel that some actions are more right than others, and he forms opinions accordingly. He will not condemn others on the basis of these opinions because he can never be sure if he is right. Despite his uncertainty, the existentialist will act in accordance with what he thinks is right and will try to show the rest of the world that this is best.(21) Action is the existentialist's only hope, for only through action can life have any meaning.

One judgment that the existentialist can make is that of whether a decision is logical or if it is based on error. That is, did the person admit that he chose what he wanted, or did he try to rationalize his decision in terms of some passion or circumstance? Since everything is dependent on man, the one thing that the existentialist cannot tolerate is dishonesty.

After considering the results of the existential philosophy, it seems that we must agree with Sartre that this philosophy is optimistic. This conclusion is mainly a result of the existential concept of the importance of the individual and the unlimited potential of man which it implies. Anguish, forlornness, and despair are the prices which man must pay for his freedom. If one is overcome by these three consequences, he will be afraid to act, and therefore, he has nothing to look forward to. The existentialist realizes that he cannot escape anguish, forlornness and, despair. He acts because of these, not in spite of them.

* Jean-Paul Sartre, "Existentialism in a Humanism," *Existentialism*, trans. Bernard Frechtman (New York, 1947), pp. 39-40; other references to this source are indicated by page numbers in parentheses in text.

The Blushing Peony Skinnidipper Challenges the Establishment

MELINDA NADEL

Rhetoric 102

O N A SATURDAY NIGHT ACROSS LOS ANGELES'S SUNSET Strip, brightly clad, long-haired youths swarm into an emporium named the Psychedelicatessen. In San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district, rebellious teens don their weekend ragged clothes, sandals, beads and bells, and crowd establishments such as the Blushing Peony Skinnidipper and the Chickie P. Garbanzo Bead and Storm Door Company. They seek pop-art posters, "psychedelic" music, bizarre glasses, incense, undecipherable poetry on love, or any artifact which will bind and identify them with the hippy subculture. In the ten by fifteen block area of Haight-Ashbury there are 25,000 to 30,000 "part-time hippies."

Speculative merchants and youths who are searching for diversion have capitalized on the "hippy revolution," and provided all the publicity needed to bring the "revolution" into national, and even world, focus. But behind the gimmicks and excitement-seekers are approximately five thousand "full-time" San Francisco hippies, and almost that number in Los Angeles. Contrary to the observation of the conservative white-collar worker, these genuine hippies are not merely "unspanked children," but a loosely organized protest movement of conscious and concerned young adults, some from the finest universities in the country.

Hippies protest the Viet Nam war or any form of violence, society's impersonal, computerized methods of sorting people, the suburban value system of one house, two cars, and three televisions, and taboos on sexual freedom. "Dropping out" of what they term the Establishment, they preach love, peace, hedonism, individuation, and a pattern of living which resembles the basic clan or extended family unit. They protest by example; they dress in unconventional and colorful clothes, display flowers as symbols of gentleness and love, wear their hair long in a loose style, seek pleasure for its own sake in sex and euphoria in drugs, and live on a bare minimum of money. Whether active in political demonstrations and picket lines or withdrawn in their own world of "love-ins" and "be-ins," their philosophies represent a protest against society.

Unfortunately, their actions and way of demonstrating their protests are not solutions to the evils they condemn. It is illogical to defend the hippy movement as an end in itself, if only because the hippy could not survive economically were he not living in the same society he denounces. The significance of the hippy lies in the implications his protest carry, not in his hedonistic colonies. The intelligent hippy's philosophy and protests challenge the individual to evaluate his own identity and his relation to society.

The hippy challenges the open-minded individual to take an objective look at himself and his world. The hippy movement, as any revolution, redefines commonly accepted terms. The hippy clearly understands society's definition of "success" as money and prestige, and chooses to redefine that "success" as "failure." He defines the reality of "patriotism" and "loyalty" as blind approval of government policies, and the reality of what society terms "goals" as the button-down collared, sterile world of suburbia. The hippy counters the hushed taboos surrounding sex with an open recognition of the sexual revolution. He reveals the exploitation behind the venerable front of big business and the propaganda from behind the "credibility gap" through magazines, such as *The Oracle* or the *Los Angeles Free Press*. Much of the hippy's debunking deals with the Viet Nam war; his protests slice through the padded explanations of "duty," "foreign threats," and "it's-a-dirty-war-but-someone's-got-to-fight-it," and lay bare the killing and torturing of human beings. On the front of his anti-war literature is a poem written by a child. "Listen and hear,/Loud and long,/Children are screaming/In the jungles of Haiphong"; there is no compromise with reality.

The hippy is defining the words of society that allow people to speak without consciousness or association, as George Orwell has illustrated in his explanation of Newspeak. Perhaps an individual fears the reality behind his words, but the hippy's honesty in "calling a spade a spade" carries the challenge to define that reality. What the hippy has extracted from his definitions is the reality of society which he calls the Establishment. The Establishment is a game or drama, produced by the members of society, who assume assigned roles.

Role-playing offers another form of unconsciousness to the individual; he has only to learn society's expectations and conform. The hippy disdains the man who plays the role of promising businessman in the grey flannel suit or the loyal fraternity brother in the Oxford shirt. He maintains that in this kind of role-playing the desire to be accepted is the primary determining factor, rather than genuine happiness or pleasure, the hippy's goal. The hippy has rejected most social roles by dropping into a subculture where he is free to define his own role. He rejects accepted norms by wearing bizarre clothes or practicing Eastern mystic religions, and finds happiness, motivated by need, pleasure and, he says, love.

The importance lies in the results of role-playing, which is the individual's lack of responsibility for his actions. Once an individual chooses a role, there is little he can do to deviate from its pattern, but the hippy has demonstrated that a person is free to choose his roles. The hippy demands that the individual be responsible for his actions; he will not accept the rationalization, "Well, I had no choice, it was my job," or "I didn't realize it would lead to this." For example, the hippy does not assume the role of political dissenter blind to the fact that he may be arrested as a result. As a protester who believes he has found a better way for himself, the hippy challenges the individual to examine his roles in society and question whether or not he is satisfied with the drama he creates.

If an individual will accept the challenges implied in the hippy's protests, to define reality and his own role-playing, he will realize that these challenges carry the possibility of individual freedom. Jean-Paul Sartre uses the term "bad faith" to mean pretending something is necessary that is, in fact, voluntary. The hippy has rebelled against people who act in "bad faith," and challenges others to follow. Many unhappy individuals unconsciously act in "bad faith," and many others knowingly act in "bad faith" because it avoids conflict. Freedom entails choice. The hippy has resisted the flight from freedom in "bad faith," examined himself and society, and has chosen his own course of behavior.

Freedom cannot be realized by assuming that the "okay world" of society is the only world there is. The hippy's personal identity is not dependent on society's expectations. Through examining himself and his roles he has stepped out of society and seen grounds for protest. His choice to drop out, after intelligent reasoning, is an act of freedom, even if it later proves to be impractical. In his example lies the challenge to the open-minded individual for freedom, either in actions or attitude. (Implicit in the challenge lies the unanswered psychological question, do people really want freedom of action and thought?)

Philosophers, sociologists and, generations of youth before the hippy have protested against society and the loss of individual identity; the hippy's protests and challenges are in no way unique to the flower-children. But for today's society, the hippy movement provides a challenge for individual thought and a measurement for self-evaluation that can help men understand the world around them and their place in it. "The hippies are the barometer of our sick society," comments a California sociologist, "dropouts who are turned off by the wars, poverty, political phoniness and the 'game' they see around them."*

* "Dropouts with a Mission," *Newsweek*, February 6, 1967, p. 95.

October

JANE FAINTUCH

Rhetoric 108

IT WAS SUNDAY MORNING, THE SECOND WEEK IN October, cold, but not winter cold. Just Autumn cold. That time of biting ripeness when everything seems to be so ripe, so much at its zenith of perfection that it is unmistakably tinged with a foreshadowing of decay. Like the chestnut trees that were so laden with the heaviness of ripe nuts that you knew the only thing they had left to do was fall. That was how it was. I guess that's why they call it fall. That's all things can do at that time of year. Fall.

So here it was Sunday, and that meant papa would drive me to church. I sang in church on Sundays. I'm Jewish. I sang in church on Sundays, though. Tom Harris, the director of the choir needed a flutey, boy-soprano voice, and gave little yellow checks on Sundays that said \$10.00, and so I sang on Sundays. When you're poor, really poor, you do. Even when you're Jewish, like me.

So Sunday morning in October, almost a year ago to this day, papa and I picked the Sunday comics off the table with egg breakfast dishes and pulled the front door closed tight and slammed into the old blue station wagon in front of the house. He loved that car. It was his favorite. I remember when I was a little girl, I used to hang with my elbows over the top of the front seat of the broken-down Chevy and ask in his ear, "Daddy, if you had a hundred million dollars and could have any car you wanted. . . any kind at all. . . what would you get, what kind?" And he would turn around and smile and say, "We'd get a station wagon, because that's the best car in the world, and we'd get that one."

And here I sat in the best car in the world, with Sunday comics and papa, even though we never knew how a "hundred million dollars" could ever feel like in our pockets. We sat in the STATION WAGON, and it was good. We were always happy then, when we were together like that. And fall was very ripe. But it was too ripe.

I remember everything about that day. We speeded down expressway pavement etched in clear outlines by the contrasting colors of the leaves and the brightness of the October sun. I remember it was so bright that we had to squint, and I pushed the button on the glove compartment and got out his sunglasses. He always used to keep his sunglasses in the glove compartment.

But the streets narrowed. We turned onto Peterson, then left to Hollywood, then left to Kenmore where the church sat and waited. There is

no street like Kenmore. There are a lot of alleys like it, though. You squeeze into that girdle of a street and you can almost hear the car ripping. We hated that street. It was fitting for that church to be there. They complemented each other. I don't know why, though.

We said goodbye. The car burrowed on, and I watched my father disappear slowly down the street, then ran up the stairs and struggled with the heavy oaken door. You know how when you usually open a door, you think of light? How you expect it, like when you open a window you expect air? Well, the church door wasn't like that, just the opposite. I stood on the outside, in the light, and tugged open a vault of oppressive darkness. It was like walking into a closet. Whenever I opened that door, it was like being hit in the face with a blanket. I used to think it was metaphorical. There was something metaphorical about the whole physical structure of that place, but I never stopped at the door long enough to complete the analogy, because I was late. Inevitably. You travel seventeen miles on a Sunday morning and leave at anytime, and you will invariably be late. Catechism of a commuter.

Walk down the aisle past the pews, past the empty pews, and don't look up. Your footsteps are echoing. Damn, they've already started rehearsal. (And don't swear in church.) (I'm not swearing. I never swear. Only in church.)

"You are late again, sopranos, you are constantly late." (Tom always referred to me in the plural as "sopranos.") I could never figure out whether he was trying to be polite and save me from embarrassment, or whether he was just simply being sarcastic.) "You are late, and we never have enough time for rehearsal. Now I have just lost fifteen minutes of my time, and we still have to warm up yet, and I haven't even gone through the descant I put out for you yet." (Silence.) "Now *people*, let's not have any more of this." (Tom assumes hurt look on face. He has a blond baby face, even though he's thirty, and when he pouts and gets sullen, he looks like he's just going to burst into tears.) "Honestly, people, we just *never* get anything done unless I bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch." (Don't swear in church.) We rehearse. Enough said.

10:50. People have started coming in for mass, and we leave through the back and go downstairs to the robing room. I can still smell the musty odor of damp, old wood and feel the grain of the old wood of the bannister in my fingertips yet. They were old steps leading down the back way to the robing room, and you could always hear the hollow sound of your high heels echoing on those wooden stairs. Everything echoed in that church. You could hear the generations echoing in that church if you listened closely enough. I could, sometimes.

The black robe, flimsy, typical, proper was always hanging there on the rack. It always looked the same. Sometimes clothes look different in your

closet from day to day, and they seem like different clothes entirely, depending on what day it is. But this robe always looked the same. Limp, kind of.

Upstairs. Hold the prayerbook in both hands and be sure your head is covered with the lace, otherwise Reverend Dean Paxton Rice's wife will complain. She does every week. The alter boy can't get the candle lighted. Come on, hurry up, Tom's already on the second verse of the processional, and we're still standing here behind closed doors. Come on, Charles. (His name was Charles.) (I thought that was particularly fitting, too.)

Candle lighted. Open doors to loud singing. ". . . evermore. Amen." Third verse. You could almost feel Tom seething through the sound of the organ notes. They even sounded as if they had been produced by seething fingers.

Kneel when you get to the alter. No, I can't do that, I don't believe in this, I'm not Episcopalian. Kneel at alter. When in Rome, do as a Roman. I kneel at alter and think of my own God. If He's everywhere, I guess He's somewhere in here, too.

Sing Introit, sing Gradual, sing "Kyrie Eleison," and "O Leg of Lamb that takest away the sins of the world." Stand up, sit down. Communion. "Cleanse yourself of sin through communion with Me." "Take. . . eat. . . drink." "For this is your body and your blood." Heads down till the bells. Ring a ling a ling a ling. Heads up. I keep my head down, too. I don't know why. I guess there's nothing to look at when everybody else's heads are down. Usually you can look at your fingernails or something. Bells. Heads up.

We sing for communion, simple Gregorian chant, haunting melodies that keep echoing back. We lay each crystal note on the medieval atmosphere and let it waft up to the organ pipes. There is no more innocent or pure or unassuming sound than that. Transformed as a part of something perfect and beautiful, the sopranos have their own communion, of a different kind. It kind of makes the whole day, somehow.

The people stand in silence. The two alter boys assist the Reverend D. P. Rice give wine and wafer at the rail. The same people wait: the nineteen-year-old girl with the long, red, wavy hair and the black kerchief who, they tell me, has come since last June when she was big with child; the oriental couple and their children, children with reflections of curiosity but a little fright on their faces; the gypsy woman who never has shoelaces in her shoes and wears taffeta purple dresses; the retarded middle-aged boy who says "Ave Maria" all the way through the service and then gives the minister a quarter; the man they dub "Creeping Jesus," who hangs back until all else have received the wine, and for some martyrous reason always goes last, all six feet, bent spine of him, feet sticking out behind his bended knees, hands clutching the rail, and tongue thrust out, waiting

and vacant, ready to receive and commune. They go back to their seats. Dean Paxton drones. I remember it all so well. I can see it, feel it, live it again every time I remember that day. It's amazing. I remember the way Carol would be, sitting next to me, and how her hair would look, and the sound of her voice in my ear. Even how she would say, "Tom," when she wanted to get his attention for a question. She had red hair, too, come to think of it. No, it was strawberry blond. She was the first strawberry blond I'd ever seen. It's beautiful, you know?

And then it would be over, and we would go downstairs and come up again, and I would wait for papa. I would stand on tiptoe at the oak door with my paper cup of coffee and look out the high window for the car, the station wagon. The window was too high and the street too narrow to see the car until it was right in front of the window, and then I'd always have to bound out and race down the steps before he'd have to turn the corner, because on that narrow street you just couldn't park or stop or anything. But I couldn't see the car yet, especially because the coffee was sifting through the pores of my forehead and cheeks and steaming up my glasses.

Blue car, burrowing like a mole down that street. Bound out of the door, slam the blue door, rearrange skirts, turn and smile.

"Hello."

But. No smile back.

"Papa?"

"I have something to say to you, something very important. I want you to listen and try to understand. I know it will be hard. You probably won't understand. But listen anyway. I have something very important to tell you."

Car door, blue door slams. Walk up walk. Blind. Don't look back (don't swear in church, don't be late.) Don't look back. Oh my God don't look back. Go in the house and close the door and try to understand what you can't understand, that which should never have been created to be understood. Go in the house and try to understand why the blue car and Sunday comics and glove compartment and driver drive away, and why they never come back again. Never. Not ever again. Go in the house and try to understand.

And sit down at your desk and put your head in your arms and cry until the tears won't come anymore, and you can't try to understand anymore. Because the leaves on the chestnut tree are full, too full, and all is much too ripe.

And Fall falls.

About Those Gimmicks

LAUREL WEBSTER

Rhetoric 102

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO MY PARENTS HAD A MOST UN-
usual party. Fastened to the paneling of the recreation room were
various slogans and pictures which advertising companies have designed
to promote their customer's wares. Only one slight alteration was made—
the name of the product had been cut off or deleted from all the samples.
The object of this procedure was to provide a few minutes diversion for
the guests as they traveled around matching product to promotion gimmick.
Actually, the game emerged as an enlightening discovery of the relative
ineffectiveness of advertising on people. Whereas all the guests were ex-
tremely familiar with the sayings and pictures, very few could readily
connect the majority of the ads with their correct products.

Admittedly, the group was small, only twenty couples, but out of them a
mere twelve were able to name correctly the products of more than ten
of the thirty advertisements displayed. Of course there possibly were many
extraneous factors affecting these results. Maybe these people were not
members of the t.v. watching set, or perhaps they did not read magazine
advertisements. However, even if this were so, one fact remained clear.
The public is not being as conditioned by advertising as many promotion
executives would like to think.

Several reasons are responsible for this lack of conditioning. One of
the most important is the over-flooding of the advertising market with
catchy sayings. A common comment among my parents' friends as they
circulated from wall to wall was, "I've heard this [slogan] so many times,
I just never pay any attention to it any more." How often have you heard
that "_____ has the light touch, just the right touch of menthol," or if
you "Hate that grey," you can "wash it away"? However, are you abso-
lutely positive what product to reach for? Or if you find yourself stuck
with "morning mouth," are you confident what will get your breath ocean
fresh with just one rinsing? Or if your car needs "rain tires," are you
positive what dealer to contact? Or if you desire your clothes to be "a
clean you want to get close to," are you sure of what detergent to buy?

Another factor involves the negligence of the advertisers to incorporate
the product's name into the slogan in such a way as to make it impossible
for anyone to forget what commodity is being promoted. A good example
of this is the "Put a tiger in your tank" saying. All of those present had
heard the slogan many times, but when they attempted to name the cor-

responding product a large number of them—twenty-two—could not match it with the correct brand of gasoline. On the other hand, in the phrase, "You're in the _____ generation," one hundred per cent of the group produced a correct response. The difference is obvious. The second slogan is structured around the name of the product, but the first one relies on the memory of the public to connect it properly with the product.

Surprisingly, though, sometimes even slogans with the product's name in them were missed. Fifteen people came up with "See the U.S.A. in your" Ford, and "You're ahead in your" Buick. About seven were sure it was Marlboro smokers who "would rather fight than switch," and eight said the Camels "refresh your taste." The people responsible for these answers maintained that it was not their stupidity, but rather that the continuous bombardment the public receives from commercials and advertising causes people to lose awareness of what product is being pushed by what gimmick. Of course, even if it were their stupidness, they would not be expected to admit it. However, the results were so widespread that it is unrealistic to explain them all on an individual basis.

The pictures utilized during the party also yielded the same results. One of the most widely missed was an advertisement of a beautiful blonde tantalizingly hovering over a martini glass. Out of forty people only four could correctly name the specific brand of martini mix she was promoting.

An interesting contrast to this example occurred with a picture of an empty ketchup bottle containing a juicy ripe tomato. People remembered seeing the ad and thinking it was interesting, but in this case twenty-five knew whose ketchup tasted like it contained fresh tomatoes. Considering there were only forty people in this experimental group, twenty-five is a relatively large percentage. Most of the guests agreed that the reason so many could connect this picture to the right ketchup was that there were no distracting elements involved. Blondes and martinis may mix, but one is not necessarily contiguous of selling the other. On the other hand, ketchup jars and tomatoes naturally incline the victim of the advertisement to think of nothing but ketchup.

Overall, the results of this party game furnish strong evidence that the costly, catchy gimmicks of today's advertisements and commercials are not doing their job properly. The descriptive slogans such as "Let _____ win you over," or "_____ 's just a little bit better" often fail to immortalize their product because the harassed consumer unconsciously blocks the message out. If advertising executives would observe this party game, they might realize the inadequacy of many of their promotion programs, and millions of dollars of ineffectual publicity would cease to barrage an un-receptive nation.

The Sketchbook

One's first impression of Mr. Starrett was of a tall, dark, very slender man—with teeth. Those teeth were not crooked, did not protrude, lacked none of their lawful number. Those above meshed nicely with those below. All of them were Mr. Starrett's own. Indeed, they were such unexceptional teeth that it is a wonder that they were the first thing about him that one noticed. One noticed them because they were always, always visible, gleaming and resplendent, between lips fixed in a perpetual, mocking smile—a smile quite without common mirth but full of relish for some secret joke that he found in everything he looked upon. The smile disappeared only when he gazed into a mirror. He seemed to find no joke there, and so the teeth retreated for the nonce to well-earned privacy and concealment.

—DALE GALLIEN

I found myself in a long, dark, narrow hallway. It was so narrow we walked single file. His hallway contained nothing but a long cord revealing a bare, burned-out light bulb. We walked through the doorway and a very few steps brought me into the middle of the room. It was a perfectly square room, very, very small. It had a high ceiling. The ceiling would have appeared high even if the room had been large. One wall, facing the street, had three long, narrow windows. They were but a foot from the floor and almost touched the ceiling. The room was gray and brown and green and beige. It contained only earth tones. The bare floor was deeply stained. Along one wall was a small, dark green, worn couch. It had a small table next to it, which supported a lamp, a full ashtray, and newspapers from the past several days. A thick layer of dust covered everything. It seemed even to float in the air in that dark, dismal, drab room. One entire wall was covered with books. All but a few were paperbound. Rows and rows of books. They were the only thing in that ugly, beautiful room that was not covered with dust.

—KIMBERLEY STEVENSON

I am now contemplating an apple as an object—nothing more—it is not a food, nor a weapon, it is merely an object. Its shining red brilliance captivates my eye. But it isn't a solid red color; it is constantly varying, changing itself to provide the observer with a myriad of shades of red. Sometimes, for no apparent reason, it blends into warm yellow, then back to red. The texture—so smooth and squeaky—but it is a hard, solid smoothness, not like the smoothness of skin. It is amazing unsymmetrical, as I have never noticed an apple to be. The top rises and sinks in a somewhat even ellipse. The bottom, however, is composed of little mountains, five, to be exact, culminating into a green volcano at the moment of eruption. At the other end the stem fascinates me because it is so thin and weak looking. How can it hold the relatively heavy apple on the tree for so long? Oh, this is a wonderfully mysterious object!

—JUDY SMYTH

Down Paths Seldom Trod

JOHN WORTHAM

Rhetoric 101

IN A PAWNSHOP HIGH UPON AN OBSCURE SHELF RESTS a large gold-plated trophy wallowing in dust and badly tarnished. Engraving covers half its surface though much of it has worn away, including the name of its receiver. These few fragments are still legible.

For courage in service,
To a hero supreme,
We dedicate this symbol
of our everlasting obligation
and love.

Mayor John Fitzgerald
Summerton Corners

Now sad and defeated it drowses through time waiting for a forgotten hero to restore its dignity.

From this take note. What is given should be the result and not the cause of a hero. Greatness will come not from mayors and metals but from walking with those greater than you. It is not pawnable.

Neither is support, which you need to be a hero, support of a people that love you for your full head of hair, your handsome face, and the vitality you give them. Be young and aware. Be sensitive and understanding. Take the dejected of the earth under your care and shout, "Ich bin ein Freund!" Let the populace see and adore you as you ride down long avenues past their cheering ranks. Thus support will be secured.

"Give me your suffering. Let me share it with you as we walk down to the sea and fight for salt." This you do to be a hero. Martyr yourself against a common foe. Eat nothing, wear only humility in the midst of giants, and ask only for peace. Live with the people and tell them to spin their cloth while you die renouncing their slavery.

Knowledge and ability you must have also, not to hang stagnant on a wall in a diploma's frame, but to make men wonder at your works. Know something of everything pertaining to man. Paint God on the wall so that all may admire you for creating their Creator. Diagram planes and study flight when men are still learning to walk. Penetrate the womb and discover the giving of life.

Knowledge within your grasp, work into the soul of the world by seeing through eyes of others. You must travel through all levels of experience.

Follow the masses down into their holes. Walk in the gutters swelling green with stench. Live the hellish existence of a rat-infested flat. Taste dysentery, syphilis, and malnutrition. Now transcend the loneliness to a middle life, that of contentment and complacency, that of the prefabricated home and the well-rounded education. Be frustrated by the inability to break the mold.

Live thus with the faceless; then strike out for the divine, the penthouse at the top, the wrathful gods of finance and status. At those heights where men fall hard, puzzle the dissatisfaction wealth brings to some and the joy it brings others. Know as they know the power and control they must temper.

The meek, mild, and mighty, you have been them all. You can build a spirit out of decadence. Give men a belief, an idea. Preach to their hearts and their minds but make them believe. Hazard the leper's cave, give light to the blind, walk on palms or water, but give them a reason.

Lastly sharpen your tongue on the hypocrisy of your flock. Pounce on guilty and innocent alike. Nag their ears with questions so their minds may escape from their atrophied state. Make them think until they begin to question themselves.

All this accomplished, you will be a hero. Your reward may be an assassin's bullet, a culture's exultation or exile, death on a cross or by a chalice of hemlock, yet you will be a hero. That is a truth that needs no trophy and will never be tarnished by time.

The Danger of Being Practical

SELANA BOCHKA

Rhetoric 102

NO MAN IS WITHOUT A SMALL PLATONIC ELEMENT IN his soul. Inborn in each man is an intrinsic sense of justice. He cherishes justice for its very nature alone, and his knowledge of it forms his ideals, his model of perfect happiness. Like Socrates in *The Republic*, man "knows" justice, but cannot put it into definition, without some difficulty. Socrates' just man was temperate, brave and courageous, and did harm to neither the just nor the unjust. Today, the concept of the just man is one who is reasonable and law-abiding, and this concept is similar to Socrates. But we live in a world of realities and not concepts. Man is motivated by reality and not his ideal conceptions of it. Consequently, more

manifest in the modern world is a "justice" which Socrates would not have in his perfect city, a practical concept of justice. And indeed, in today's practical society, it is infinitely more at home than Socrates' concept would be. The ironic part of man's unfortunate submission to the world's reality is that while man creates his own realities, he does not use his concepts of ideal justice and happiness to determine them. His society has no intrinsic value system because he does not construct it to have one. He has wittingly manufactured a society in which he could never realize his own ideals of happiness.

Man is the victim of a dreadful curse. He is afraid to be too happy, so he blinds himself to what and where happiness really is. What part of man fears happiness? Perhaps it is his practical part, the side which is afraid to look beyond a man's ambitions and environment for happiness. As a compromise, he "practicalizes" those things that would bring him the greatest happiness—his humanity, his soul, his values and ideals. Practically, these in themselves have no value to him; that is, in his own social environment, they will not make him a success. So, with good practical sense, he converts these into prestige and money-making motives. His sense of accomplishment must be plausible, tangible, and so arise those glorious concepts of the profit motive, competition, and the successful man. Happiness is reduced to a survival of the fittest, and the successful man is the "happy" man. Although the majority does not reach that point of success, those who do never reach that point of happiness. Can anyone really believe that to reach a far-away point of success is to reach the far-away point of happiness? The common man constantly lives and strives for "more" than he already has, for "better" than he already has. Since "more" and "better" are such distant goals, he associates them with happiness which, too, is so far away. Unfortunately, when "more" and "better" are finally realized, happiness is not a necessary consequence. But it is doubtful that any man can successfully drown his own intelligence in such concepts of practicality. It seems then that man fears and doesn't really desire that which he seeks (or pretends to seek) most—true happiness. It exemplifies a basic psychological quirk of man: he can never have enough of what he really does not want. The life of modern man is one passionate pursuit of, but no arrival at, happiness.

Recently, some factions of society began to see the impracticality of practicality. If man really desires what he claims to be seeking, it is surprising to find that, despite one fiasco after another, he continues to seek happiness in those same places he has found it not to be. If one loses a coin, and looking in his pocket, does not find it, is it reasonable then for him to look here again and again in his search for the coin? This seems to be man's internal and insoluble problem. It is looking for a beautiful sky in a

mud-puddle. It is not the sky he sees, but a dark and distorted reflection of it.

Where might man find happiness if he sincerely wanted to find it? Socrates says that virtue is to be "loved both for its own sake, and for what comes from it, if you mean to be perfectly happy."* If man shrinks from his own soul, where intrinsic virtue is, he cannot know what it is that comes from virtue—happiness. Socrates' motto is "Know thyself." There is real beauty there, in oneself—enough to give a man a taste of real happiness. But man drives himself out of his own soul. He contents himself with a superficial existence, only occasionally side-swiping his conscience, only occasionally left alone with himself.

Man can contact happiness when he looks for it in his own humanity and does not run from his soul. Here would he be happiest, and here he would no longer need the solace of his pathetic "practical" reality.

* Plato, *The Republic*, Book II.

Thought for Contemporary Society

PEGGY ALONAS

Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

WITHIN THE COLLAGE OF HEARTFELT EMOTION AND divine inspiration which girdles the site of the new psychology building, one expression stands less conspicuous than the others: "Fence."

Outwardly it is not a plea for reformation or a warning to the world of its evils, but a declaration of existence. It is unique in that it has no involvement with its environment, and concerns only itself. Nothing has to be read into it because it *is*. The multi-colored phrases next to it broadcast loudly, but "Fence" only whispers.

Though it has an evident face value, it also has an intelligible inside. It says nothing, but in that sense it says more than the others because it seeks to explain itself. It tells the observer "this is a fence." It does not contain a double meaning, analogies, or references to current discussion. It is representative of the clarity and understanding that is lacking in the world today. The other graffiti are hypocritical in that they complement the confusion in the world that they scorn. To a sensitive observer "Fence" would seem to be the most purposeful warning for current times.

A Vote of Confidence

DUANE CROMWELL

Rhetoric 102

I WON'T SOON FORGET WHAT HAPPENED TO ME ON APRIL 30, 1967. When something affects your life so totally, you may forget the date, but you never forget the occurrence. On that sunny, fair morning, I was dragged, although not altogether unwillingly, to church. I had not attended a church service for nearly two years. My companion and captor was a friend who had expressed some of the same ideas and seemed to have some of the same values that I had. We had both rejected the religions we had been brought up in as being basically contrary to human nature and intrinsically irrational, and had started looking for a religion to which we could comfortably commit ourselves.

I felt uneasy as we walked up the chapel steps. Unconsciously, I was afraid someone was going to stop me at the door and ask to see my religion ID card. A smiling usher gave us a program, and we took a seat in the small, dark room. It looked very churchy—a huge gold-piped organ dominated the front. The pews were as hard and uncomfortable as only straight-backed oaken benches can be. The arched ceiling and purple light coming through stained-glass windows I had seen in similar settings many times before. All this prepared me mentally for what I thought would be another mindless wandering through prayers written in another age.

At first my negative expectations were not disappointed. The organist played a mournful tune which, like any church service prelude I have ever heard, contained a multitude of pleasant rich tones, but which seemed to lead absolutely nowhere. The small, balding minister came in and read a passage from the Bible. It probably contained some meaning, but it escaped me because I could not translate the archaic wording quickly enough to decipher what the words were saying as a whole. The sermon was billed next, and I settled down for a long Sunday's nap.

The minister started to speak. Somewhere a hollow, rhythmic clanking started echoing through the walls and seeped into the little church. Seeped? Crashed would be more appropriate, for the walls were shaking with its rhythm. Suddenly, the minister stopped and said, "If you are wondering what that horrible noise is, it is the sump pump laboring downstairs. I would turn it off, but we would float into the Boneyard." This was incredible, unbelievable! Here was a "man of God" in his sanctum speaking to me, being affected by the same thing I was, and not ashamed to admit it. I had never before seen a clergyman in his pulpit refer to anything that was current except the lack of people in the pews and lack of money in the collection plate. He continued the sermon, talking about moral problems we are facing

today and what I personally could do about them. I sat fascinated.

In my previous church experiences, I had felt I was merely a spectator watching a preprogrammed show. Nothing, believe me, nothing could shake the priest from his schedule once the service got underway. One hot summer day a little girl got sick—politely but decisively—in the front row. The smell threatened to turn the place into a wretcheding comrade. If that priest noticed, he must have rivaled Richard Burton in acting ability, for the show went on. The gears of the church machine were so well oiled that even the fact that people were being crushed in its teeth could not make it stop.

As was the service mechanical and unalterable, so were the beliefs you were expected to hold. “God is good, God made you, honor God, obey God’s laws as interpreted by us” was the catechism. Never question it, or the fierce, threatening nuns would hold you up before the Sunday school class as being “disrespectful.” Never was thought encouraged—just reverence and blind obedience. Unable to quench my doubts, I kept asking. And I kept getting unquestionable answers to what I realized later are unanswerable questions. Finally, I just quit going. I couldn’t half-believe in anything so vital. Religion to me is essentially all I believe. It is all my loves and belief in the potential of a better world. It is also a constant reinforcer and reminder to try to do better.

So two years later, there I was, finally hearing a man who was not only aware of the changes going on in our way of life, but who was trying to guide these changes in a fruitful direction. Not just any man, I realized, but I was listening to the leader of a growing and socially acceptable religion talk to me about what were my beliefs. This was a find, for I was looking for a religion that was unified, consistent, and reasonable, and at the same time respectable in the community. I don’t want my children, in their formative younger years, to be rejected by their culture because “they’re atheists” or “they don’t go to church.” I want to let them be old enough to make responsible decisions before they are labeled and rejected. This man would bring them the best that religion offers. He is convinced of man’s potential goodness. He knows that love and brotherhood will be the saviors of the world. He preaches, “Don’t compromise your beliefs! Stand up for your convictions. You will be no less guilty because everyone was wrong and you were just a member of the system.” Did I go to sleep? Not when he was talking to me, about my convictions, right now, today. For the first time in my life I hated to see the end of a sermon.

This secularism and humaneness in a religion came as a complete shock. It inspired confidence to know that other people were coming to the same conclusions I had by using the same thoughtful processes. Never had I felt so unhypocritical while shaking a minister’s friendly hand. I look forward to the peace of mind I expect when I have fully realized the effect of this new faith in man and in myself.

Uncle

JOSEPH PECKOS

Rhetoric 102, Theme 2

A PARTICULARLY STUBBORN WINTER HAD CARRIED ITS dying remains into March of that year: snowdrifts piling, blowing, re-piling in small swirls about the yard. But the season was nothing to be angry about, for I loved the winter, especially the Canadian winter. In the large ranch home in which my family lived, my favorite pastime was to look secretly from my bedroom out into the night and silently watch the flow of the snowflakes between the pines, beneath the moon.

One certain night had been more than beautiful, and, as a result, time had slipped past me as I sat at the edge of my bed, my face pressed against the coolness of the glass. In the living room the radio droned in a static hum. My parents had already taken the early train to Quebec and were not expected to return for several days. I knew my aunt, a muddled woman whose few years had taken too much from her, would be sitting at the radio's right, ruffling her year-old magazines.

It was snowing, but lightly enough that I could see the glow of our neighbor's home a mile across the plain, the light of the house blinking and glimmering with the erratic intensity of the wind and snow. My cheek to the glass, I strained at the angle of the window and looked south to catch a glimpse of the St. Lawrence. Outside the window, a heavy yet soft pounding started and just as quickly stopped. I looked north. Propped on the wooden porch stood Uncle, his arms leaning strongly on his cane-braces, his eyes scanning the night snow.

Uncle was nothing less than the greatest story teller in the world. Many evenings I spent on the carpet, Uncle sitting in the large pillow sofa and violently waving his arms with the excitement of the story. His tales of the war were my favorites, told with a levity, but never dismissing the horror of actual battle. Often when I skated at the river, my friends would come to me and ask if I had heard any new stories from Uncle. I would tell them, and they would laugh and look at each other, all of them wishing they had such an Uncle.

I sat at the window curious, as Uncle jerked and swayed on his braces to a point about fifteen yards from the house. He stood there a great while, finally shuffling and resting upon my boat-plane-rock which lay at the edge of the pines. He wore no coat and trembled noticeably with his arms about him, the quiet gusts of snow twirling at his legs continually, softly. I couldn't understand why he was without a jacket, but the thought of this act pleased me. Many times I had run outside to the shed in the cold, leaving my coat behind, only to be whipped upon return for this negligence.

Both my back and my strong sense of independence took a beating from these episodes, and I knew I would respect anyone with authority enough to stand above my parents' command on this issue. And Uncle sat there, in the outdoors, coatless and shaking, yet without mind to the cold.

His attention was fixed in the direction of the St. Lawrence. I didn't know if Uncle loved the St. Lawrence, but for that matter I didn't know any of Uncle's loves. I knew him for his stories though. Yes, there would never be another storyteller like Uncle.

My eyes again gazed toward the St. Lawrence and saw nothing. The snow had begun to fall more heavily, and even Uncle began to fade in the shroudlike covering of the night and snow. The pines seemed to tower so high above him, as man over the insect; tall and strong they were, shaking against a wind which Uncle actually seemed to enjoy. Uncle's figure suddenly began to move, hobbling for the house. I watched in interest as he trudged across the yard and paused at the foot of the porch. His head turned in the direction of my bedroom window. Shocked, I leaped into the covers of my bed, praying that he hadn't noticed me up so late. His braces thumped the slats of the porch, and I heard the screen door close very softly. In the living room the radio was playing.

The next day Uncle died. My parents were very careful to explain to me exactly what infection caused his nervous system to collapse and how he probably felt no pain. But I wasn't interested. I wanted Uncle back, for I missed his stories greatly.

It's An Ad, Ad, Ad, Ad World

WILLIAM IKLER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 5

B ZZZZ. . . .

"Frank! The alarm. . . c'mon, wake up."

"No doubt about it, Barbara, we need a new mattress. One we can sleep *on*, not *in*."

"Maybe you only have that morning back-ache-ache again. Why not try Doan's Pills? Millions of other people do. They're an analgesic and a mild diuretic to the kidneys."

"I'd better pick some up today when I'm at my local drug or cosmetic counter. Have the children bundle up this morning. It looks like cream of wheat weather to me."

"I think I'll start our day the O.J. way, too."

"Turn around, Barb. You don't have. . .that isn't midriff bulge, is it?"

"I'm afraid so, dear. My living longline was eating me out of house and home, so I had to get a Maidenform. You wouldn't believe the crazy dreams I've been having lately. Why, one was so obscene, I'm beginning to get worried."

"I know exactly what you mean. The living stereo has been acting up so much recently, I may have to get a cage for it!"

"Breakfast is ready, kids. Come to where the flavor is."

* * *

"This sure doesn't taste like tomato juice, Mommy."

"That's because it's eight juices great, David. What do you think of the pancakes, you two-fisted pancake-eaters?"

"Grrreat! ! !"

"Barbara, they're indescribably delicious."

"Mine are finger-lickin' good, Mommy."

"Outstanding—and they are mild. In fact, they have a taste that's springtime fresh."

"Well, kids, I like to give the best to you each morning. After all, nothin' says lovin' like somethin' from the oven. Have one, have another. It's that kind of pancake."

"Thanks, Mommy. I just can't stop eatin' em. Please pass the high-priced spread."

"Breakfast was terrific, honey. You might become a legend in your own time. Bye, kids!"

"Frank! You forgot to brush. . . ."

"Can't—no time."

* * *

"Frank, isn't that Lester Green behind those Foster Grants?"

"Why, yes it is, Scott. You notice that the closer you get, the better he looks? I'll introduce you. Scott Tishew, shake hands with L.S. Green."

"Glad to meet you, L.S., but confidentially, it's like shaking hands with a lobster or something. When your hands get as rough as the work you do, you should use Cornhusker's Lotion. Nine out of ten doctors recommend it."

"Thanks, Scott. My best friends wouldn't tell me."

"It's concentrated. Just a little dab'll do ya."

"You know, Scott, you've changed. Sometimes the least embarrassment, emotional stress, or tension would. . . ."

"What happened to me, Frank, was Compoz. A simple pill called Compoz. I'm a new man."

"Well, Scott, what with the great job you did on the Lever Brothers TV contract, and the extra hours down at the agency, we've decided to make you assistant manager."

"Assistant manager! How nice."

* * *

"Set the alarm for six o'clock, dear. I have to be at the agency early."

"Okay, Frank. You know, the funniest thing happened to David today. He came running into the house shrieking, 'Mommy, two big hands just set a new house down in the vacant lot!' I told him not to worry, because it was probably just an insurance gimmick. He was almost as terrified as the time he saw his first white knight."

"It's getting late, dear. We'd better get some safe and restful sleep, sleep, sleep. Goodnight."

"Nytol."



Rhet as Writ

Then she gathers all the dirty clothes together along with the Tide, bleach, fabric softener, and off they go to the laundry mat.

* * *

The youth today no longer feels that sex is a sin. He no longer tries to hold back what must come forth.

* * *

We all have to human at some time and are seen most of the time doing just that.

* * *

Rather we find that a single concept of sgnificant or insgnificant importance to the well-being of mankind entered the mind slowly and softly. It was then norished and reformed many times before the final statement was made.

* * *

In our own country today we have many people who are living sub-standard lives.

* * *

The world would survive, nicely, I suppose, by staying here on Earth. But we would be missing something.

* * *

Perhaps the major reason that there is little cross-breeding among animals is . . . the variety of size.

* * *

And yet he can almost succeed in being so ambiguous because the terms he uses are intrinsically vague.

* * *

The small pigmy horse mated with a higher level such as a zebra to arrive at an offspring of higher level than the pigmy horse. Then the offspring mates with someone higher and after many matings of two different levels the human came about.

* * *

Communication by a mouth to mouth means allows ideas and knowledge to pass from person to person more quickly and efficiently than picture writing or sign language ever could.

* * *

Perhaps you're just dieing to talk to that cute girl in your botany class. Call her and start talking about the thing nearest her heart, her major.

* * *

Rhetoric teaches the student to organize his thoughts before attempting intercourse.

* * *

The syndicate has a vice-like grip on these people.

* * *



AWARDS

THE CALDRON will continue its policy of giving awards to the writers of the five best themes in each issue. The winners will be selected by the votes of the members of the freshmen rhetoric staff.

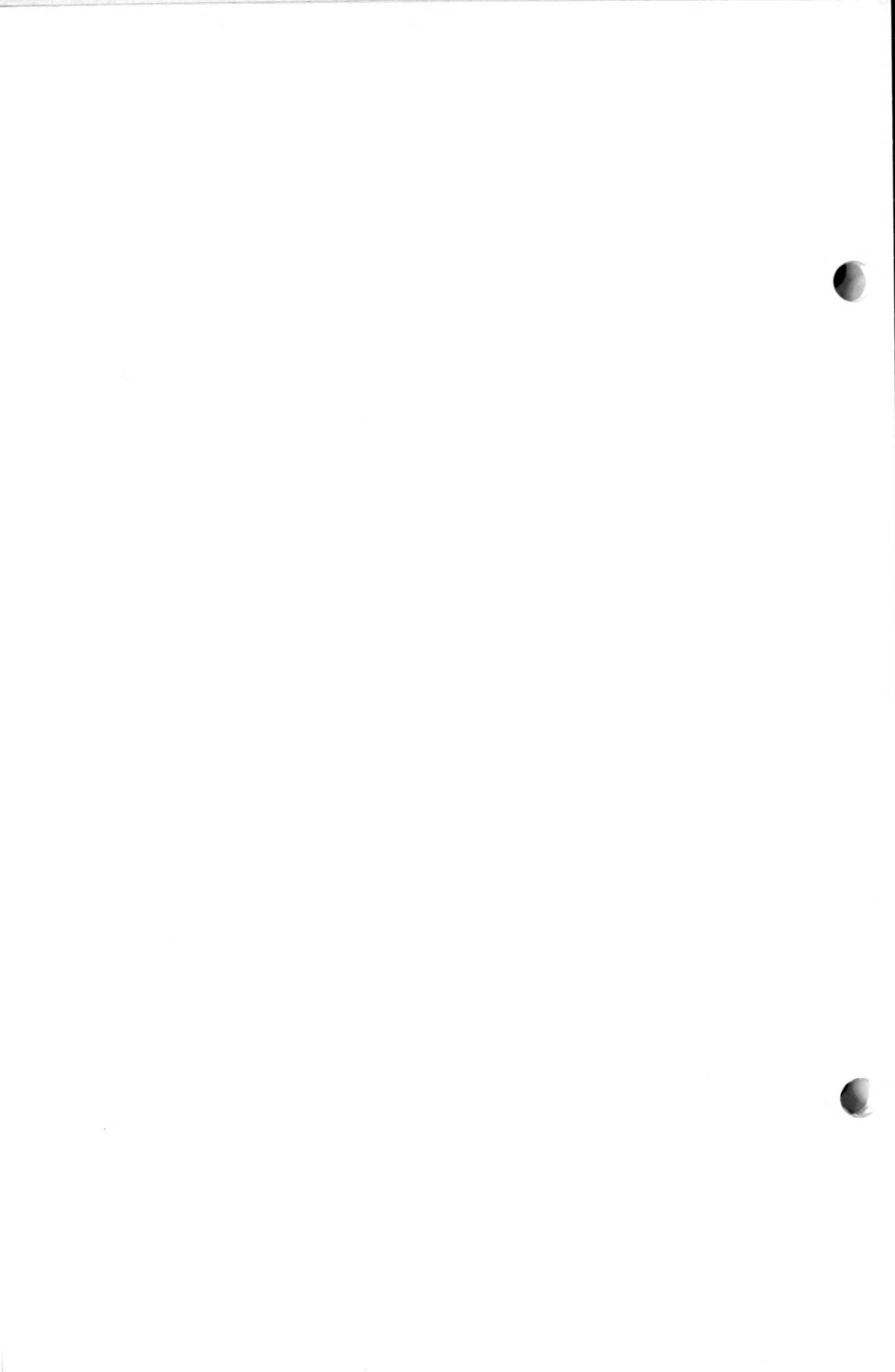
The schedule of awards is as follows:

- First:** Fifteen dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Second:** Ten dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Third:** Five dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Fourth:** Five dollars worth of books
- Fifth:** Five dollars worth of books

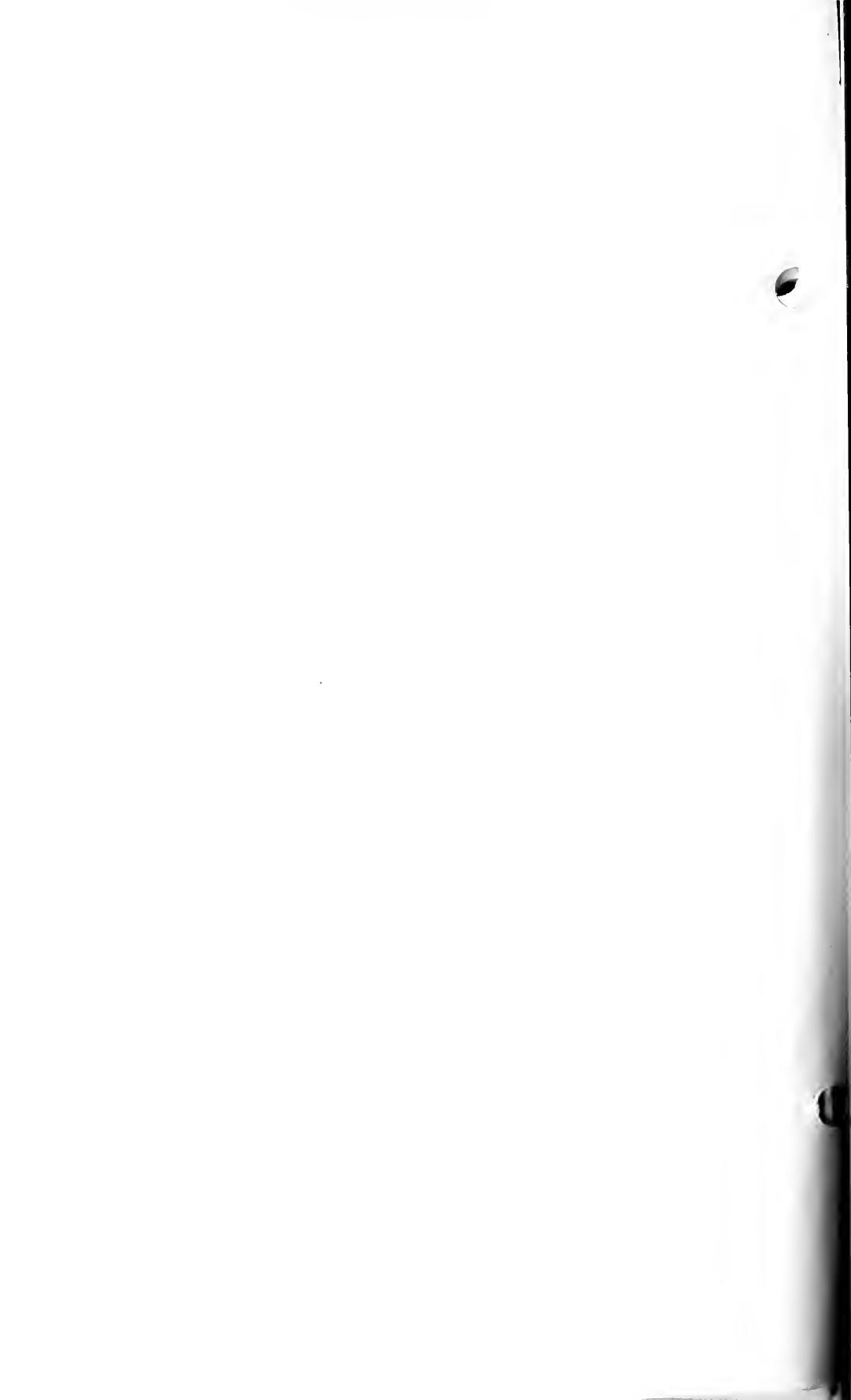


We wish to thank the following bookstores for their generosity in providing prizes:

- Campus Book Store**
- Follett's College Book Store**
- Illini Union Book Center**
- Illini Union Book Store**

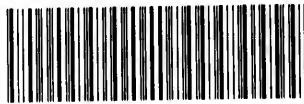








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